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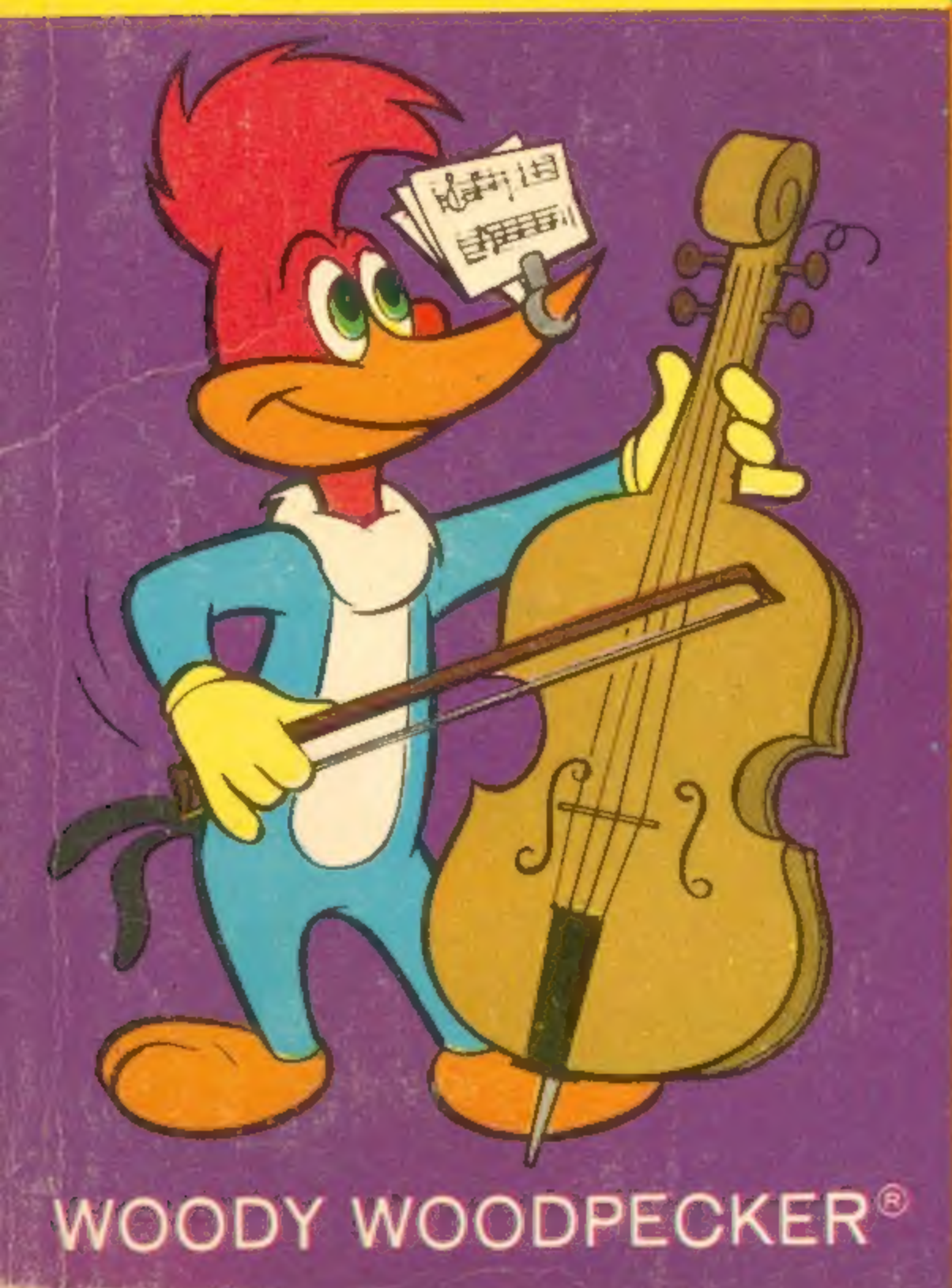

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GOLDEN COMICS DIGEST

MAY 1969

NUMBER 1

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BUGS BUNNY

THE HAREBRAINED HARE

GEE WHIZ! I HAD THE AWFULLEST DREAM LAST NIGHT! I JUST CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND!

HOME OF BUGS BUNNY ESQ.

SOMETIMES DREAMS MEAN SOMETHING... LIKE WARNINGS ...OR SOMETHING YOU SHOULD DO!

OR *NOT* DO!

OR *SHOULD'VE* DONE!

I WON'T REST EASY TILL I FIND OUT WHAT THIS DREAM MEANT... AND I KNOW JUST THE PERSON WHO CAN HELP ME FIND OUT! ...OLD SWAMI BEEBAH, DOWN IN THE SLIMY SWAMP!

SHORTLY...

BUGS BUNNY! WHAT BRINGS YOU DOWN TO SLIMY SWAMP?

I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT I'D LIKE YOU TO FIGURE OUT!

SWAMI BEEBAH FORTUNES TOLD CHEAP!

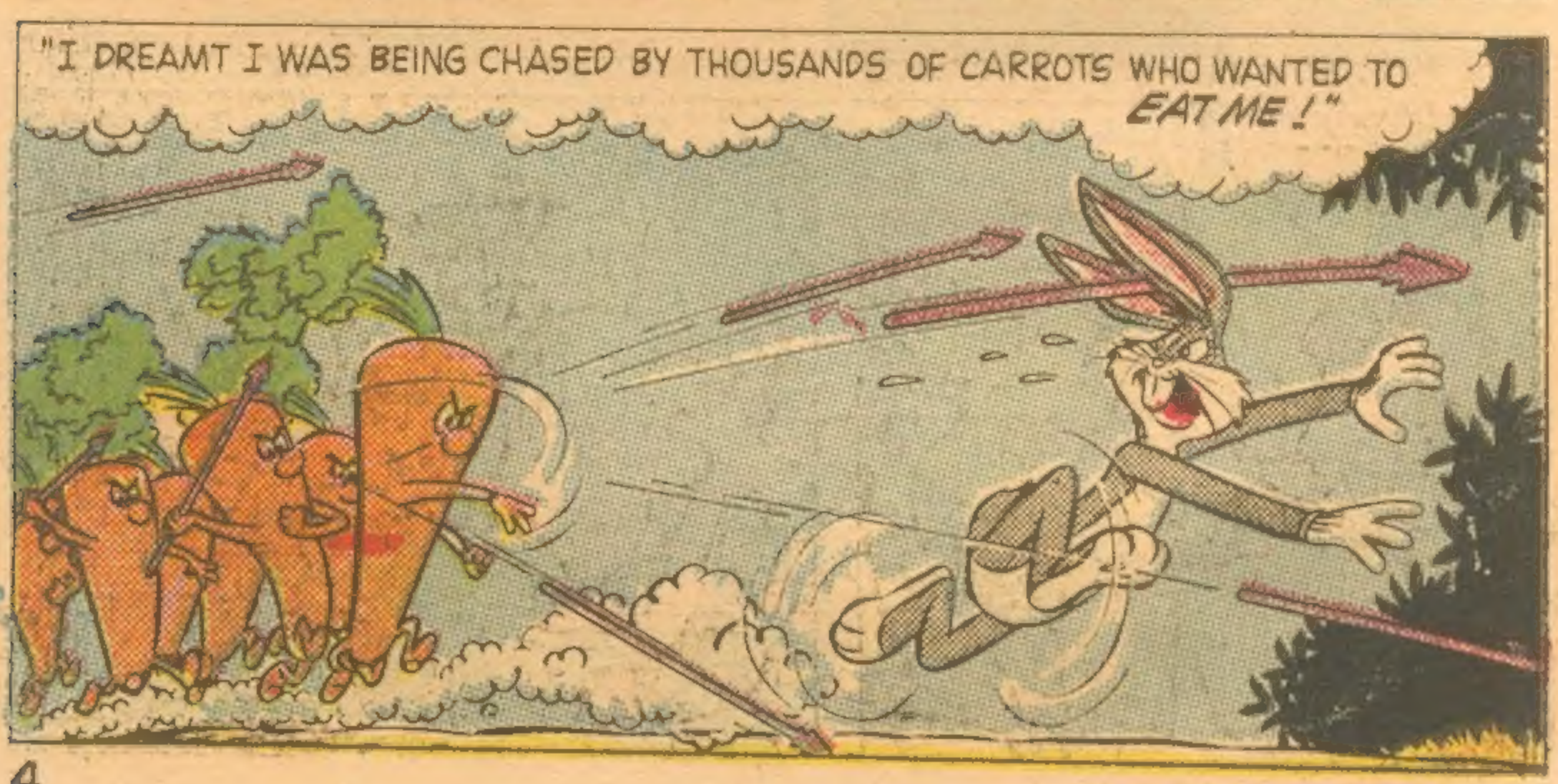
DREAMS ANALYZED. (SLIGHT EXTRA CHARGE FOR NIGHTMARES.)

COME IN! COME IN! HAVE A SEAT WHILE I DUST OFF THE CRYSTAL BALL!
THANKS! IT ISN'T OFTEN I DREAM, BUT WHEN I DO, IT'S A LULU!

OOPS! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!
OW!
WHISK!

DREADFULLY SORRY! I KEEP FORGETTING I HAVE A HEAVY BEARD! LUCKY THE BALL LANDED ON YOUR FOOT AND NOT THE FLOOR! IT MIGHT HAVE BROKEN!
YES, WASN'T IT?

NOW, TELL ME ABOUT THIS DREAM, AND I SHALL CONSULT THE MAGIC CRYSTAL BALL FOR THE ANSWER!
IT WAS HORRIBLE! AWFUL!


"I DREAMT I WAS BEING CHASED BY THOUSANDS OF CARROTS WHO WANTED TO EAT ME!"

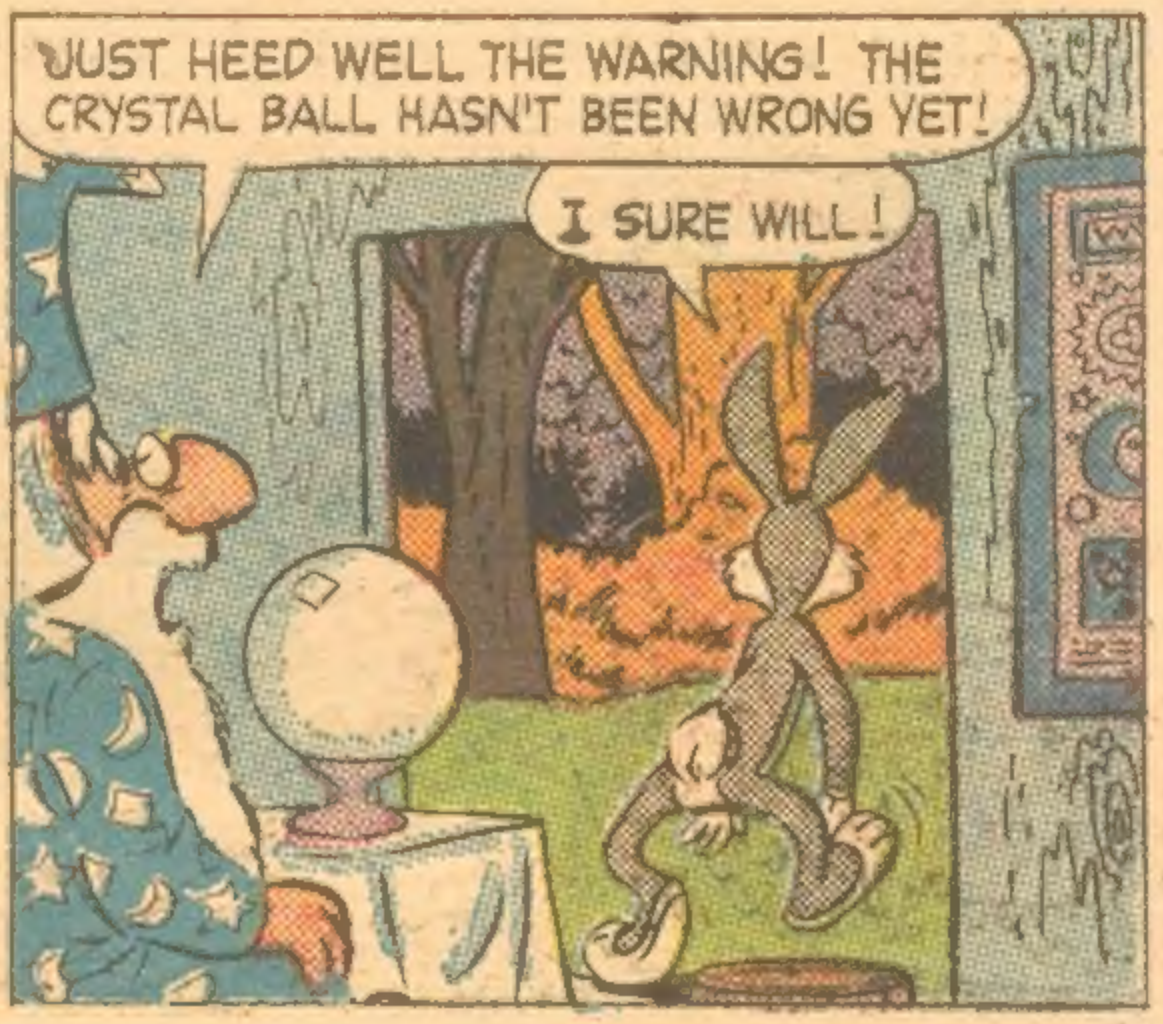
I STILL GET GOOSE BUMPS THINKING ABOUT IT!
QUIET, PLEASE! I AM ABOUT TO GO INTO A TRANCE!

I SHALL GAZE INTO THE MYSTERIOUS DEPTHS OF THE CRYSTAL BALL, AND THERE WILL BE THE ANSWER TO YOUR DREAM!

HOCUS-POCUS MINNY MINNY MOCUS! CRYSTAL BALL, COME INTO FOCUS! I SEE AN IMAGE COMING CLEAR! IN THE FORM OF ONE THAT YOU MUST FEAR!
F-FEAR? WHO? WHAT? WHY?

HE HAS A HEAD WITHOUT ANY HAIR! HE PLANS TO DO YOU GREAT HARM — SO BEWARE!
A HEAD WITHOUT HAIR? WHO IS IT?

THE CRYSTAL BALL REVEALS NO MORE! THE TRANCE IS OVER! FIFTY CENTS, PLEASE!
OKAY, HERE... AND THANKS FOR THE WARNING!


JUST HEED WELL THE WARNING! THE CRYSTAL BALL HASN'T BEEN WRONG YET!
I SURE WILL!

A GUY WITH A HEAD WITHOUT ANY HAIR, HUH? HE PLANS TO DO ME GREAT HARM, HUH? THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON I KNOW WHO FITS THAT DESCRIPTION AND THAT'S *ELMER FUDD!*

HAVE YOU ANY FUTURE? FIND OUT FROM SWAMI BEEBAH 50¢

MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU HAVE NO FUTURE!

GOSH! FUDDSY'S NEVER GONE OUT OF HIS WAY TO HARM ME BEFORE! HE'S ALWAYS HAD TRAPS IN HIS CARROT PATCH, BUT *THIS* IS *DIFFERENT!*

WELL, I'M *SURE* GOING TO BE ON MY GUARD! MAYBE I BETTER GO HOME AND MAKE SURE THE PLACE HASN'T BEEN BOOBY-TRAPPED OR SOMETHING!

MEANWHILE, ELMER, TOO, HAS A PROBLEM...

THAT'S THE BIGGEST CAWWOT I'VE EVER WAISED! IT'S A CINCH TO WIN *GWAND PWIZE* AT THE INTERNATIONAL CAWWOT SHOW TOMOWWOW!

KEEP AWAY

SCWAM

FOR YEARS I'VE DWEAMED OF WINNING THE GWAND PWIZE, BUT MY CAWWOTS HAVE NEVER BEEN *BIG* ENOUGH! THIS YEAR IT WILL BE DIFFEWENT THOUGH!

GWAND PWIZE for Biggest Cawwots

MY ONLY PWOBLEM IS TO KEEP THAT WASCAL WABBIT FWOM FILCHING THAT BEAUTIFUL CAWWOT!

I'VE TWIED TWAPS...VICIOUS DOGS...ARMED GUARDS... *EVEWYTHING*, BUT NONE OF THEM WORK!

DANGER CAWWOT TWAP!

BEWARE-VICIOUS DOG!

WOVER

DANGER ELECTRICAL FENCE

I CAN'T STAND GUARD NIGHT AND DAY ANY LONGER! (YAWN!) I NEED MY BEAUTY SLEEP TO BE FWESH AND ALERT AT THE CAWWOT SHOW TOMOWWOW!

THERE MUST BE A WAY TO PWEVENT HIM FWOM SPOILING MY CHANCES TO WIN! IT MEANS EVEWYTHING TO ME!

CONCENTWATE, ELMER, CONCENTWATE!

YES, OCCASIONALLY, EVEN ELMER GETS A BRAINSTORM..

I'VE GOT IT! AS GWEAT, GWEAT GWANDPA FEEBIE FUDD USED TO SAY—"IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT 'EM, JOIN 'EM!"

SNAP

IT'S GOING TO COST ME SOME MONEY, BUT I JUST HAVE TO KEEP HIM AWAY FWOM THAT CAWWOT FOR *ONE MORE DAY!*

LATER...

WELL, I'VE CHECKED EVERYTHING IN THE PLACE! ELMER HASN'T HIDDEN ANY TRAPS HERE THAT COULD HARM ME!

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

OH-OH! WH-WHO'S THERE?

NO ANSWER!...GOLLY... DARE I GO UP AND SEE? IT MIGHT BE SOME TRICK OF ELMER'S!

OH, SHUCKS! I CAN'T CRINGE IN MY BURROW LIKE A SCARED RABBIT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! IT MIGHT ONLY BE THE MAILMAN OR SOMETHING!

NOBODY HERE...WHAT'S THIS? A BUNCH OF CARROTS WITH A NOTE ON IT!

HOME OF BUGS BUNNY ESQ.

"FWEE SAMPLE, COURTESY OF YOUR LOCAL CAWWOT GWOWER TO ENCOUWAGE INTEWEST IN CAWWOTS!"

HMM! I'M SUSPICIOUS!

HEH, HEH! THOSE WERE THE BIGGEST AND CWUNCHIEST CAWWOTS I COULD FIND AT THE MARKET! *THEY* SHOULD KEEP HIM HAPPY TILL TOMOWWOW!

GOOD GWAVY! HE THWEW THEM INTO THE BUSHES!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! MAYBE THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH OF THEM! MAYBE HE WAS INSULTED OR SOMETHING! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT MORE!

I'LL HAVE A *BUSHEL* OF THEM *SENT* OUT! I BETTER GET BACK AND STAND GUARD OVER THAT CAWWOT! I DON'T DARE LEAVE IT ALONE TOO LONG!

A BIT LATER...

HEY, ARE YOU BUGS BUNNY? I'VE GOT A PACKAGE FOR YOU!

SAM'S DELIVERY SERVICE

HOLD IT, DOC! STAY RIGHT THERE!

HE MIGHT BE FUDDSY IN DISGUISE! I'LL HAVE HIM SAY SOMETHING!

SAY "THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE CARROTS!"

HUH? THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE CARROTS! WHY?

NOTHING!...ONLY DROP THE PACKAGE, AND THANKS!

HE'S NOT ELMER, THAT'S FOR SURE!

YOU'RE WELCOME!

SHORTLY...

I DELIVERED THE PACKAGE, MR. FUDD, AND HE ACCEPTED IT!

GOOD! NOW MAYBE HE'LL BE SATISFIED!

?

!!

LATER...

CLANK! RUMBLE! GRIND!

OH, OH! NOW WHAT? ANOTHER OF ELMER'S TRICKS?

RUMBLE!

YIKE!

The Saturday Morning Carrot Times

SUFFERING SNOWSLIDES! BURIED BY A CARROT AVALANCHE!

ORDINARILY, I COULDN'T THINK OF A NICER THING TO HAVE HAPPEN, BUT I'VE GOT TO BE SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYTHING!

HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? DID YOU DUMP THOSE CARROTS AND *WHY?*

HOME OF BUGS BUNNY ESQ.

YEP! WE DUMPED 'EM, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHY!

SLAM!

SAM'S PRODUCE WHOLESALE VEGETABLES

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHY? I DON'T LIKE MY HOME USED AS A GARBAGE DUMP!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN—GARBAGE?

LISTEN, LOP-EARS! WE ONLY SELL A-1, FIRST GRADE, HIGH QUALITY VEGETABLES!

OKAY! OKAY! I APOLOGIZE ALL OVER THE PLACE! I WAS JUST WONDERING WHY YOU DUMPED THEM HERE!

ALL WE KNOW IS SOME CHARACTER CALLED US AND ORDERED A TRUCKLOAD OF CARROTS DELIVERED TO BUGS BUNNY! ALL WE DID WAS FOLLOW ORDERS!

?!

TELL ME, DID THIS CHARACTER PRONOUNCE CARROTS "CAWWOTS"?

COME TO THINK OF IT, HE DID!

WELL, TAKE 'EM BACK—EVERY ONE! I DON'T WANT THEM!

IF YOU SAY SO!

HOME OF BUNNY BSQ.

THIS IS TOO MUCH! I'M GOING OVER AND HAVE A RABBIT-TO-MAN TALK WITH ELMER AND TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT DASTARDLY PLOT HE'S DREAMED UP!

SHORTLY...

WHAT?!! HE DIDN'T WANT THAT TWUCKLOAD OF A-1, FIRST GWADE, HIGH QUALITY CAWWOTS? VEWY WELL! GOOD-BY!

OH, ME, OH, MY! TIME IS GETTING SHORT AND THAT WABBIT IS PWOBABLY GETTING HUNGWIER! HE'LL BE AWOUND AFTER MY PWIZE CAWWOT TONIGHT UNLESS I DO SOMETHING DWASTIC!

I'M GOING OVER AND HAVE A MAN-TO-WABBIT TALK WITH THAT WASCAL... UH-OH! HERE HE COMES!

LISTEN, ELMER! I'VE GOT A CARROT TO PICK WITH YOU! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF DUMPING ALL THOSE CARROTS ON ME! WAS THERE SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH THEM?

THERE WAS *NOTHING* WRONG WITH THEM, WABBIT— SCOUT'S HONOR!

THEY WERE THE BEST CAWWOTS I COULD FIND TO GIVE YOU!

DO YOU MEAN YOU JUST *GAVE* THEM TO ME? WHY?

YES! YES! I JUST WANTED TO GIVE YOU SOME CAWWOTS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

SHUCKS, FUDDSY! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE!

??

WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN LOTS SIMPLER JUST TO ASK ME OVER IN THE FIRST PLACE?

MY PWIZE CAWWOT!

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

HANDS OFF!

MEANWHILE . . .

GOODNESS! I'VE MADE A TERRIBLE ERROR! I MUST TELL BUGS AND APOLOGIZE, OR MY REPUTATION IS RUINED!

SWAMI BEEBAH

AH! THERE HE IS! BUGS! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

OKAY, BUT MAKE IT QUICK! I'M IN A HURRY!

THAT DREAM YOU HAD, WHERE YOU WERE BEING CHASED BY A MOB OF CARROTS . . . YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHAT IT MEANT, BUT I MADE A MISTAKE!

THE REAL MEANING OF THE DREAM WAS THE FACT THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE YOUR USUAL CARROT SNACK AT BEDTIME! RIGHT?

YES! I WAS TEMPORARILY OUT OF CARROTS! FUDDSY WAS GUARDING HIS PATCH TOO CLOSELY!

3-BUT HOW ABOUT THE LITTLE BALD-HEADED MAN I WAS TO BEWARE OF THAT YOU SAW IN THE CRYSTAL BALL?

I JUST REALIZED THAT WAS A REFLECTION OF MY NOSE.

SO I WANT TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIFTY CENTS BACK!

KEEP THE FIFTY CENTS, SWAMI.

BLAM!

BLAM!

YOU WERE RIGHT THE *FIRST* TIME!

TWEETY and SYLVESTER

THE FARM FROLIC

I M CERTAINLY GLAD MY SISTER INVITED US TO SPEND A WEEKEND OUT IN THE COUNTRY! THIS AIR WILL DO US ALL GOOD!

HUMPH! A FRESH AIR TWEETY BIRD WOULD DO ME BETTER!

SWANNY, I DON'T WANT TO STAY COOPED UP IN MY CAGE. I D L KE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE WIDE-OPEN SPACES!

SCREECH

CERTAINLY! YOU TWO RUN ALONG AND PLAY WH.LE I GOSSIP WITH MY SISTER; KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR TWEETY, SYLVESTER!

I LL KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR H M, ALL RIGHT: HEH, HEH.

WHAT DOES TH S MARVELOUS COUNTRY A.R MAKE YOU THINK OF, SYLVESTER?

COUNTRY FRIED TWEETY BIRD!

TSK, TSK! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A ONE-TWACK MIND! CAN'T WE JUST ENJOY OURSELVES OUT HERE?

ZIP!

OOF!

HEH, HEH! THIS IS WHAT I CALL ENJOYING MYSELF! I'LL CORNER YOU IN THAT BARN!

YOU COULDN'T CORNER A BLOCK OF WOOD!

THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY IN THE HAY, HEY? HEH, HEH! BESIDES BEING BRILLIANT, I'M A POET!

HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!

I'M WEADY! I'M WEADY!

TEE, HEE! NOW YOU'RE WEALLY IN THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES!

YIPE! I'VE BEEN *TWEETY-TRICKED!*

WELL, AT LEAST I'M LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE A HAYSTACK UNDER ME!

FLOP!

OWWWWW!

BUT UNLUCKY THAT THERE IS A *PITCHFORK* IN THE HAYSTACK!

I'LL GET YOU, YOU... *(GULP!)*

WOW. LOOK AT THAT! I'VE BEEN WASTING MY TIME WITH A MEASLY MOUTHFUL LIKE TWEETY: THAT'S WHAT I CALL A *REAL BIRD!*

I CAN'T GRAB THIS HONEY OF A HEN RIGHT HERE! IT'D PROBABLY LET OUT A SQUAWK AND THEY'D COME RUNNING FROM THE HOUSE!

HEH, HEH! IT'LL BE EASY TO TRAP THAT BIRD! HE'S NOT WISE TO ALL MY TRICKS LIKE TWEETY IS!

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, PUDDY?

OUT OF MY WAY, PUNTSZE. I'M AFTER *BIG GAME!* YOU DON'T INTEREST ME!

(ULP!) I DON'T?

GEE, I FEEL SO UNWANTED: SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG IF PUDDY'S NOT AFTER ME. I BETTER KEEP MY LITTLE BLUE EYES OPEN!

SHORTLY...

HEH, HEH. THIS MAY BE A *CORNY* IDEA, BUT I'LL BET IT WORKS! I'LL HAVE A CHICKEN DINNER TONIGHT!

NOW I SEE PUDDY'S WHOLE EVIL SCHEME! HE'S AFTER THAT CHICKEN!

I THINK YOU AND I WILL *BUTT* INTO HIS PLAN, MR. GOAT!

SOWWY, OLD GIRL, BUT THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

GOODNESS! WHEN IT COMES TO DINNER, IT SURE ISN'T HARD TO PLEASE A GOAT!

MUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

HERE SHE COMES! SHE'S CERTAINLY A NOISY EATER!

CRUNCH! MUNCH!

GOT'CHA!

!?

BONK!

COWWECTION, PUDDY! *WE* GOT *YOU!*

(J'LP!) WHO ASKED YOU TO TH S DINNER PARTY?

BUT- BUT- BUT- BUT-

SILLY PUDDY! NO WONDER THE GOAT KEEPS BUTTING HIM, HE KEEPS *TELLING* HIM TO!

THUMP!

THUD!

THOMP!

SHORTLY... THAT GRUMPY GOAT AND TWEETY MAY HAVE WON THE FIRST ROUND, BUT I DON'T GIVE UP SO EASILY!

HEH, HEH! I'LL CHARM THAT HEN INTO HAVING DINNER WITH ME! AND I WON'T FORGET THE FRYING PAN!

IT'S WORKING! I GUESS HANDSOME CATS MAKE HANDSOME ROOSTERS!

GOODNESS. IT LOOKS LIKE I WON'T HAVE TO PWOTECT THAT HEN ANY MORE! SHE FOUND HERSELF A WOOSTER WHO'S AS BIG AS SYLVESTER!

GWEETINGS, SIR! I'M GLAD TO SEE THE HEN HAS A BIG AND STWONG FWIEND!

(ULP!) TWEETY MUSTN'T GET WISE OR HE MIGHT SIC THAT GOAT ON ME AGAIN!"

ER... WHAT'S THE FWYING PAN FOR?

OH, THAT. HEH, HEH. IT'S NOTHING. I JUST PICKED IT UP SOMEWHERE!

I CAN ALWAYS GET ANOTHER FRYING PAN! I DON'T WANT HIM TO GET SUSPICIOUS!

WE REALLY MUST GO NOW!

SO LONG!

UH-OH! SOUNDS LIKE YOU HIT SOMETHING!

(ULP!) I HOPE IT'S NOT WHAT I THINK IT WAS!

YIPE! IT WAS!

I TOT I TAW A PUDDY TAT!

RRRRIP!

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR LECTURES!

I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU GET THE POINT!

BAM!

OWWW! I GOT THE POINT, ALL RIGHT!

POOR PUDDY! HE WOULDN'T SETTLE FOR LITTLE ME! HE WANTED A BIGGER MEAL!

SPLAT!

AND THAT'S WHAT HE GETS FOR MAKING A *PIG* OF HIMSELF!

IT'S MOMENTS LIKE THESE THAT MAKE ME THINK OF BECOMING A VEGETARIAN!

HONEY BUNNY

JUMBLED JEWELRY

HONEY BUNNY HAS DROPPED HER JEWELRY BOX AND AS SHE LOOKS AT ITS CONTENTS, SHE SEES TWO OF MOST OF HER JEWELRY ITEMS. THERE ARE THREE OF ONE ITEM, ONE OF ANOTHER, AND TWO THINGS THAT DO NOT BELONG IN A JEWELRY BOX. WHAT ARE THEY ?

ANSWERS: 3 RINGS - 1 CUFF LINK - A POWDER PUFF AND A THUMB TACK

MERLIN the MAGIC MOUSE

CHICKENING OUT

AH, YES, SECOND BANANA, MY BOY! TONIGHT WE OPEN IN CHEYENNE! PLAYED THERE BACK IN NINETEEN AND FORTY-NINE! THEY LOVED ME THERE!

Z Z Z

YIKE!

YEOW!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

S-SOMEBODY DOWN THERE DOESN'T LOVE US!

WE'RE SHOT DOWN! HIT THE SILK!

FWOOF!

PRESTO ATASCADERO ESCONDIDO! ONE PARACHUTE! GRAB MY TAIL!

FWIT!

GIT YORE HANDS UP, YOU SNOOPERS!

YEAH, THEY LOOK LIKE RATFIELD SPIES, ALL RIGHT, PAW!

S-SPIES? US? YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, SIR!

I AM A MAGICIAN, SIR! A FLYING SORCERER, YOU MIGHT SAY! HEH-HEH! AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT... SECOND BANANA!

G-GLAD TO MEET YOU... I GUESS!

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A MAGICIAN TO ME! I THINK THOSE DOGRATTED *RATFIELDS* SENT YOU TWO RAUNCHY RODENTS TO SPY ON US *CATFIELDS!*

LEAPING LEGERDEMAIN! WE'VE DROPPED IN ON A MOUNTAIN FEUD!

HONESTLY, SIR! I AM BUT A SIMPLE MAGICIAN! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU...

NO TRICKS, NOW!

NO TRICKS! HEH-HEH! (GULP!) NOW, FOR MY FIRST TRI...ER, BIT OF MAGIC, I WILL PRODUCE A RABBIT FROM MY HAT!

I DON'T LIKE RABBIT! I LIKE CHICKEN—*FRIED* CHICKEN! WITH MASHED POTATOES AND LOTSA GRAVY!

F-FRIED CHICKEN? OF COURSE! (GULP!).

NEVER HAD ANY CALL FOR THAT!

!

UH, HOW ABOUT FILET MIGNON, MEDIUM RARE?

OR MAYBE CAVIAR?

OR PERHAPS TAMALES?

OR WOULD YOU SETTLE FOR A NICE PIZZA?

I SAID FRIED CHICKEN!

YOU'RE NO MAGICIAN! YOU'RE A SPY! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT WE DO TO SPIES!

BLAM! BLAM!

HEY!

IT'S TH' RATFIELDS!! THEY MUST HAVE SNEAKED UP ON US WHILST WE WERE FOOLIN' WITH THESE DRATTED SPIES!

BL BL BL M!

ZING!

ZING!

HIT TH' DIRT!

HEY, YOU RATFIELDS! WE GOT TWO OF YOUR DAD-RATTED SPIES! DROP YOUR SHOOTIN' IRONS OR WE'LL BLAST 'EM!

HAW! WHAT SPIES?

PSST, BANANA! GET ME MY HAT!

THIS IS ANOTHER OF YOUR CRUMMY CATFIELD TRICKS! WE GOT YOU PINNED DOWN, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

PISMO-GISMO — MAKE WITH THE TRICKS! LI'L OL' HAT, GET US OUT OF THIS FIX!

FRIED CHICKEN!!

AND *MORE* FRIED CHICKEN!!!

FWOOP!!

So...

NOTHING LIKE FRIED CHICKEN TO SETTLE A FEUD!...YESSIR, SECOND BANANA...THEY *LOVED* US DOWN THERE!

CHOMP!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

GULP!

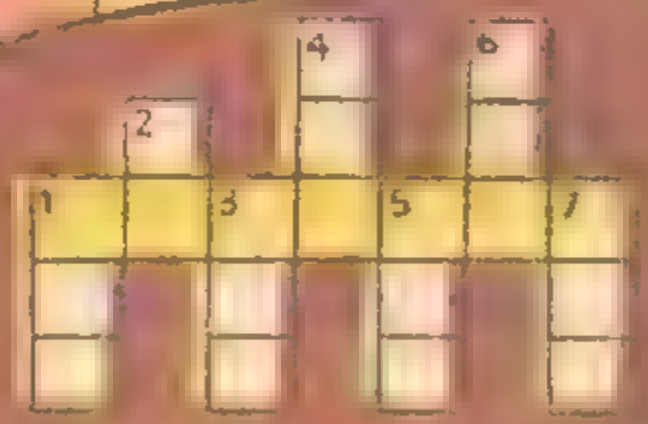
Little PANCHO VANILLA

The SPORTING GAME

SOMETIMES I WEESH FIGHTING THE BOOL WAS NOT THE FAVORITE SPORT HERE IN CHILIVANIA!

BUT, PAPACITA, THEENK HOW SEELY AND UNBRAVE YOU'D LOOK IF YOU HAD TO FIGHT THE THEENG THAT EES ONE OF ENGLAND'S FAVORITE SPORTS!

TO FIND OUT WHAT SPORT LITTLE PANCHO MEANS, WORK THIS PUZZLE AND THE SHADED AREA WILL REVEAL THE ANSWER.



DOWN

1. FELINE
2. EITHER
3. FROZEN WATER
4. CIRCLE PART
5. LOCK OPENER
6. TO LOOK
7. A BEVERAGE

ANSWER:

1. CAT 2. OR 3. ICE 4. ARC
5. KEY 6. SEE 7. TEA (CRICKET)

Beep Beep
THE ROAD RUNNER

FLY BOYS

(SIGH!) THOSE BEEPS ALMOST *FLY* WHEN THEY'RE CATCHING FLIES! THEY'RE TOO SPEEDY FOR ME!

WE'RE THE MOST VALUABLE BIRDS IN THE NATION.

ZIP!

SLAP!

BZZZ!

SLAP!

SWISH!

ZOOM!

SNAP!

IT'S BECAUSE WE REDUCE THE FLY POPULATION!

BUT MAYBE I CAN CATCH THEM WITH ONE OF MY DASTARDLY INVENTIONS!

WELL, BOYS, WE GOT RID OF *THAT* SWARM OF FLIES!

AS INSECT CIDERS, WE SHOULD TAKE FIRST PRIZE.

HERE COME SOME MORE! OUR WORK IS NOT DONE!

BZZZZ!

WE'RE GLAD TO SEE THEM! FLY-CATCHING IS FUN!

LATER...

IF I CAN GET THOSE FLY BOYS INTO THIS GUIDED BIRDHOUSE, I CAN BRING THEM RIGHT HOME TO ME!

THE CONTROL BOARD IS ALL SET UP! I'M READY!

THERE! I GOT THE LAST ONE, BROTHER!

NOW WE CAN REST T LL WE SEE ANOTHER!

AND SO...

NOW TO GET THIS BIRD PAD ON A LAUNCH NG PAD! HEH, HEH.

WHAT IS TH S THAT WE SEE, DAD?

IT S A KIND-LOOKING MAN WITH A BIRD-HOUSE, LAD.

WELL, WELL! YOU RE JUST THE FEATHERED FR ENDS I VE BEEN HOPING TO F ND!

WHY WOULD HE BE WANT NG TO F ND *US*, DADDY?

IT LOOKS LIKE HE CAME TO MAKE US *HAPPY!*

I AM ERECT'NG THIS MEMOR AL B RD BUNGALOW FOR YOU, N GRAT TUDE FOR YOUR UNTIRING SERVICE TO MANK ND!

THIS .S AN HONOR WE LL NEVER FORGET!

IT'S A GIFT FOR US HE'LL NEVER REGRET!

ENTER, NOBLE ROAD RUNNERS!

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, I FEAR!

WE'RE ALL CHOKED UP!

SNIFF!

IT GETS US RIGHT *HERE!*

SOB!

THEY'RE GOING IN! I'LL GET READY FOR THE COUNT-DOWN!

THOUGH WE MAY RUN AND WE MAY ROAM...

WE'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT A HOME!

TEN, NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN...

RATS! THE RED LIGHT! THEY LEFT THE HOUSE!

GET THEM, BOYS! NO ONE RESTS TILL WE ELIMINATE THIS NEW FLOCK OF PESTS!

SLAP!

THE LAST OF THE BLZZERS BIT THE DUST!

NOW WE CAN STAY HOME, I TRUST!

AH! THEY RE ALL IN THE HOUSE AGA N! SO ANOTHER COUNT-DOWN! TEN, NINE..

THERE'S A FEW THAT ALMOST GOT AWAY!

WE'LL GET *THEM, TOO,* IF IT TAKES ALL DAY!

BZZZ!

BLAST THE LUCK! THIS TIME, I'LL COUNT *UP* TO TEN! ONE, TWO...

THE BEEPS ARE IN THE HOUSE AGAIN, BUT THEY'LL LEAVE IF THEY SEE THIS SWARM OF FLIES COMING.

BZZZZZ.

SO I'LL LURE THEM IN HERE WITH A DISH OF HONEY!

BZZZZZZZ!

...THREE, FOUR TWO, ONE, *ZERO!*

BZZZZ!

WELL, I'LL BE A CANDIED SWEET POTATER.

OUR LITTLE HOME HAS AN ELEVATOR!

IT WENT *STRAIGHT UP*, BUT COMING *DOWN*, IT SEEMS TO TAKE THE LONG WAY *'ROUND!*

HOORAY! EVERYTHING'S A-OKAY!

(GLOAT!) IT CAME RIGHT IN AS I PLANNED!

GLOAT!

NOW, HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE WE WOUND UP *HERE?*

I DON'T KNOW, BUT OUR DUTY'S *CLEAR!*

TO GET RID OF THESE FLIES WILL TAKE ALL *YEAR!*

?

BZZZZ!

BZZZZ!

AACK!

THOSE BEEPS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE!

SWAT!

SLAP!

I CAN'T STAND IT! NOW I'LL HAVE TO INVENT SOMETHING TO GET *RID* OF THESE BEEPS!

SLAP!

COOL CAT

the HUNTER'S HABITAT

AH-H, THE PEACE AND TRANQUILITY THAT PERMEATES MY ADORABLE ABODE, THE JUNGLE...

KAW! KAW!

KOO! KOO!

BUT THE PEACE IS SO FRAGILE THAT IT'S SHATTERED BY A TINY LITTLE...

SLICK!

AWK!

OOPS!

OOK!

GOT'CHOO AT LAST, YOU ELUSIVE FELINE!

BLAM!

CORRECTION, PLEASE... EVEN MY SHADOW IS A GIANT STEP AHEAD OF YOU, MR. HUNTER!

OH! WELL, I CAN *RUN*, TOO...

HOOF!

TCH! TCH! IN YOUR CASE THOSE TREES ARE THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL!

BAH! I'LL JUST TAKE HIGH LEAPING STEPS, AND...

CAREFUL NOW, MY DEAR BALLERINA...

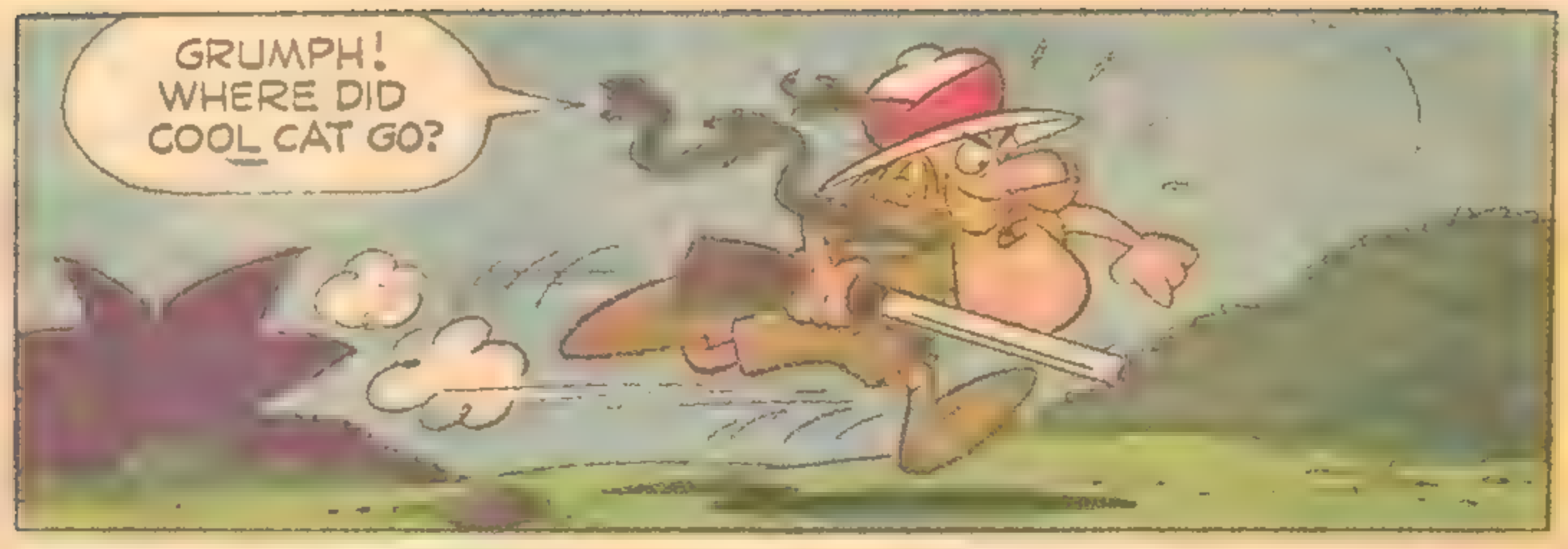
ARGH! SPUT! HARFK!

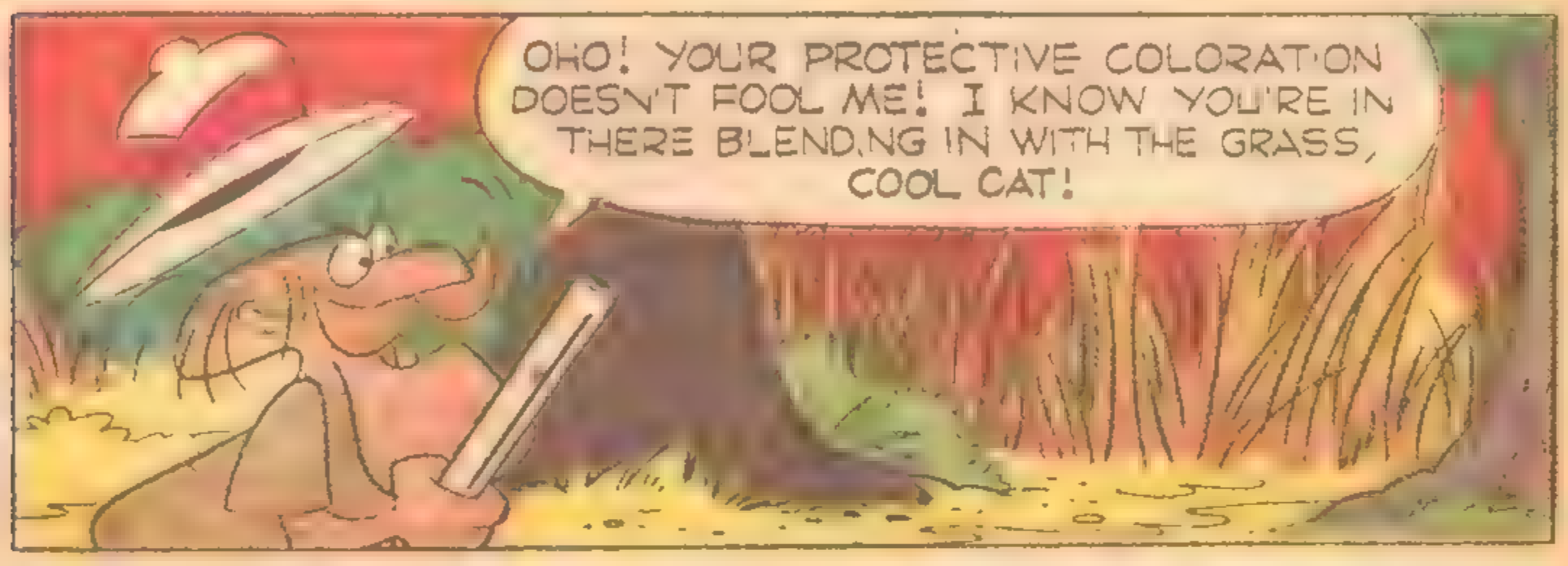
THE GREEN STRANGLER STRIKES!

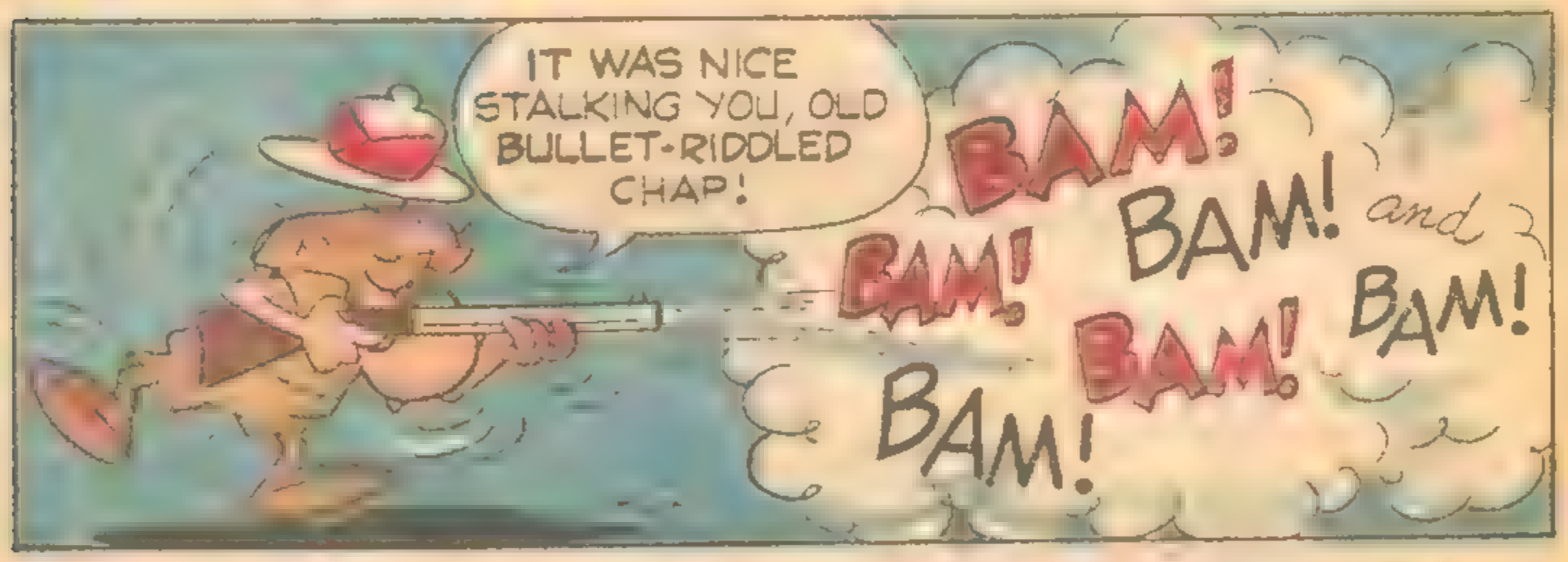
MY TRUSTY SCOUT KNIFE WILL MAKE MINCE-SNIPS OUT OF THIS ENTANGLE-MENT!

AND MEANWHILE, THE PRINCE OF THE JUNGLE DEPARTS FOR OTHER PARTS! HEH-HEH!

ZIP!


GRUMPH! WHERE DID COOL CAT GO?


OHO! YOUR PROTECTIVE COLORATION DOESN'T FOOL ME! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE BLENDING IN WITH THE GRASS, COOL CAT!


IT WAS NICE STALKING YOU, OLD BULLET-RIDDLED CHAP!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
and
BAM!

EEK! MY CAMP WAS BEHIND THE GRASS! NOW I HAVE AN AIR-CONDITIONED TENT AND A PERFORATED JEEP!

AND NOW THE PEACE OF THE JUNGLE IS RENT ONLY WITH CRIES OF ANGUISH...

:SOB!:
BOO-HOO-HOO!
:SNIFFLE!:

I HATE TO SEE A GROWN HUNTER CRY, BUT HE DID IT TO HIMSELF!

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, OLD CRY-BABY... AND LET'S ANALYZE WHAT'S GOING WRONG...

HMM! HMM! HMM!
HUM-DINGER THINKING!

SAY, THE BASIC TROUBLE IS THAT I'VE BEEN MEETING COOL CAT IN *HIS OWN HABITAT...*

ARGH! FOILED AGAIN!

HISS!

GRAB!

BUT IF I COULD DEAL WITH COOL CAT IN *MY* STOMPING GROUNDS... *CIVILIZATION*... THEN THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT!

ALL I NEED IS A DISGUISE AND A FEW AIRPLANE TICKETS! HEH-HEH!

So...

GET AWAY FROM IT ALL! (MEANING TRIGGER-HAPPY HUNTERS!) **FLY** TO THE STATES *and* TASTE CITY LIFE!

AIRPLANE TICKETS... ONLY ONE BUNCHA BANANAS!

I'D BE A DODO NOT TO GO-GO!

LATER... AIRBORNE...

ER... DO TICKET SELLERS ALWAYS FOLLOW THEIR CUSTOMERS?

OF COURSE! I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU GET ALL THAT'S COMING TO YOU! HEH-HEH!

OH, BOY... IMAGINE A SMALL-TIME JUNGLE CAT LIKE ME ABOUT TO SET FOOT IN THE CONCRETE FOREST OF CIVILIZATION!

AIRPORT TERMINAL

MY HEART IS POUNDING IN MY CHEST WITH JOYOUS ANTICIPATION!

LEAD IS GOING TO BE POUNDING THERE NEXT, COOL CAT... NOW THAT I'M MEETING YOU ON *MY* GROUND...

KISS ALL NINE OF YOUR LIVES FAREWELL AT ONE BLOW, YOU DEFEATED FELINE!

OH-OH! I SMELL A RAT IN TICKET-TAKER'S-TOGS!

EEK!

HALP!

GANGSTER!

EEEEK!

ARGH! THERE'S NOTHING MORE DANGEROUS THAN A CROWD OF COWARDS!

all FLIGHTS

AHA! THERE'S MY PREY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF STAMPEDE BOULEVARD! STOP, YOU STRIPED BULL'S-EYE!

TCH! TCH! DIDN'T HE SEE THAT HERD OF IRON-CLAD HIPPOS COMING?

BEEP-BEEP!

BEEP!

HONK!

BEERP!

VROOM!

VOOM!

NOW THAT I'M MEETING COOL CAT ON *MY OWN GROUNDS* I'M GETTING *GROUND* TO A *PULP!* ULP!

AHA! MIGHT KNOW HE'D SEEK REFUGE IN THE *ONLY* JUNGLE FOLIAGE AROUND...

BLAM!

(ULP!) A HOTEL DOORMAN!

HALP! SNIPER!

IT'S THE SAME NUT WHO TERRORIZED THE AIRPORT!

HOTEL SWELL

AW-W-W-

I—I CAN EXPLAIN IT ALL...

HOTEL SWELL

SURE...TELL IT TO THE JUDGE!

WELL, SO MUCH FOR THE LEAD-PEDDLER!

AND SO, COOL CAT RETURNS TO HIS OWN HABITAT...

TO EACH HIS OWN, I SAY — THE HUNTER IN A CIVILIZED JAIL — ME, UNDER A NATURAL TREE... AH-ME!

PORKY PIG

TRAGIC MAGIC

HEY, CICERO, WAIT UP! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!

SURE, PORKY!

GOSH, YOU LOOK AS EXCITED AS A KID WITH A NEW TOY!

YOU'LL BE EXCITED TOO, WHEN YOU SEE WHAT I'VE GOT IN THIS BOX!

WELL, THERE SHE IS! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

HMMM! A MAGIC SET! THAT'S KEEN, PORKY!

MAGIC SET

WELL, SEE YOU LATER!

?

CICERO! AREN'T YOU GOING TO STICK AROUND AND LET ME SHOW YOU SOME MAGIC TRICKS?

GEE, I CAN'T, PORKY! I'M ON MY WAY TO PLAY BASEBALL WITH THE FELLOWS!

AW, COME ON! ONCE YOU SEE SOME OF THE SWELL TRICKS I CAN DO, YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT PLAYING BASEBALL!

WELL ...UH...

MAGIC SET

NOW FIRST, I'LL MAKE YOUR BASEBALL DISAPPEAR RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES!

BUT, PORKY...

WATCH CLOSELY NOW! FIRST I DROP THE BALL INTO THIS HAT... THEN I WAVE THE MAGIC WAND AND SAY *ABRACADABRA!*

PRESTO! THE BALL IS GONE!

?

TAP! TAP!

MAGIC SET

THAT WAS KEEN! BUT NOW MAKE MY BALL APPEAR AGAIN!

HA, HA! I CAN'T! (*GULP!*) THAT'S ONE PART OF THE TRICK I HAVEN'T LEARNED YET!

MAGIC SET

OH, FINE!

BUT NEVER MIND THAT! WAIT UNTIL I GET THIS BLINDFOLD ON AND I'LL SHOW YOU AN EVEN BETTER TRICK!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE OR I'LL MISS THE GAME FOR SURE! SAY, THAT LITTLE DOG GIVES ME AN IDEA!

OKAY! I'M READY!

SNIFF! SNIFF!

WAIT A MINUTE, PORKY! CAN YOU CHANGE ME INTO A PUPPY DOG WITH YOUR MAGIC WAND?

UH... ER, YES! OF COURSE!

THEN LET'S SEE YOU DO IT!

HA, HA! I'LL JUST PUT MY HAT ON THIS DOG!

HA, HA! I REALLY CAN'T, BUT I'LL SEE IF I CAN FOOL CICERO!

BASEBALL GAME, HERE I COME! BOY, WON'T PORKY BE SURPRISED WHEN HE TAKES OFF THAT BLINDFOLD!

?

OKAY! HERE I GO!

ABRACADABRA... BOW-WOW! I WAVE MY MAGIC WAND AND ZINGO — YOU ARE A PUPPY DOG! SPEAK, BOY, SPEAK! HA, HA!

?

HMMM! THAT SURE SOUNDS DOGGY!

RUFF! RUFF!

I'D BETTER TAKE OFF THIS BLINDFOLD AND...YIPE! OH, NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD *REALLY* TURN YOU INTO A PUPPY DOG! HONEST! CICERO, SPEAK TO ME!

ARF!

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF! (GULP!) CICERO, COME BACK!

YAP! YAP!

YAP! YAP! YAP!

THERE! I'VE GOT YOU, LITTLE FELLER!

OH, NO! THE DOGCATCHER GOT CICERO!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T TAKE *HIM* TO THE POUND!

WHY NOT? HE DOESN'T HAVE A LICENSE!

OF COURSE HE DOESN'T HAVE A LICENSE! HE'S MY LITTLE NEPHEW, CICERO!

OH, SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW!

THERE, THERE! IT'S OKAY NOW, CICERO!

WHAT?? HIS NEPHEW, CICERO??

ARF!

DON'T WORRY, CICERO! I WON'T LET HIM GET YOU!

HEY! YOU – COME BACK HERE!

OFFICER! A MAN IS TRYING TO TAKE MY NEPHEW AWAY FROM ME!

WHAT? WHERE IS YOUR NEPHEW?

RIGHT HERE! THIS LITTLE DOGGY IS CICERO, MY NEPHEW!

ARF!

!?!

COME ON, BOYS — COME WITH ME! IF YOU'RE GOOD, MAYBE I CAN GET YOU A CAGE TOGETHER!

WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

HELP!

COME BACK HERE!

GET HIM, OFFICER!

GEE, THIS IS A SUPER BASEBALL GAME... HEY! THAT'S PORKY!

GOT 'EM!

HELP!

OMIGOSH! HE MUST STILL THINK THAT LITTLE PUPPY IS ME! I'D BETTER GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!

BUT, OFFICER — I CAN EXPLAIN!

OH, YEAH!

OFFICER! WAIT!

YIPE! CICERO!?

BUT YOU...I MEAN, THIS PUPPY - I... ????

(GULP!) I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, OFFICER!

OKAY! BUT THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD!

(GULP!) WELL, SIR, IT WAS THIS WAY! IT ALL STARTED WHEN PORKY GOT A MAGIC SET AND...

SHEESH!

LATER, AND ALL IS WELL...ALMOST...

GEE, PORKY, I'M REALLY SORRY! HONEST! PLEASE DO SOME MORE TRICKS FOR ME WITH YOUR MAGIC SET!

NO! I JUST DID MY LAST TRICK WITH THAT MAGIC SET — I MADE IT DISAPPEAR! AND IF YOU'LL LOOK UP THE STREET YOU'LL SEE HOW I DID IT!

?

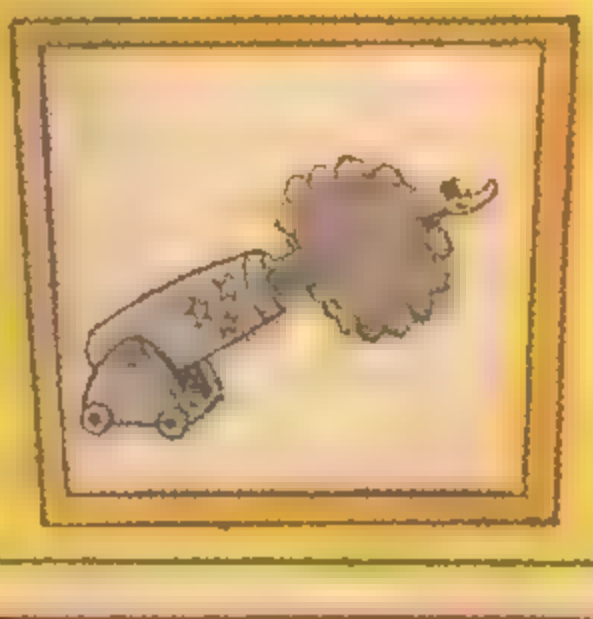
HA, HA, HA! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, PORKY!

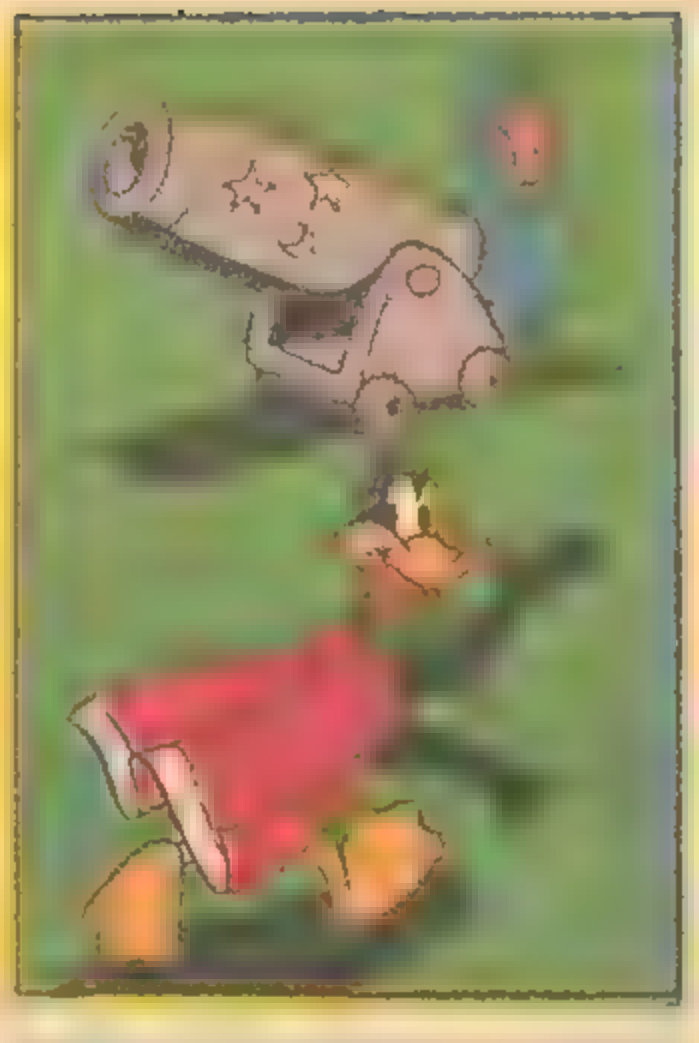
MAGIC SET

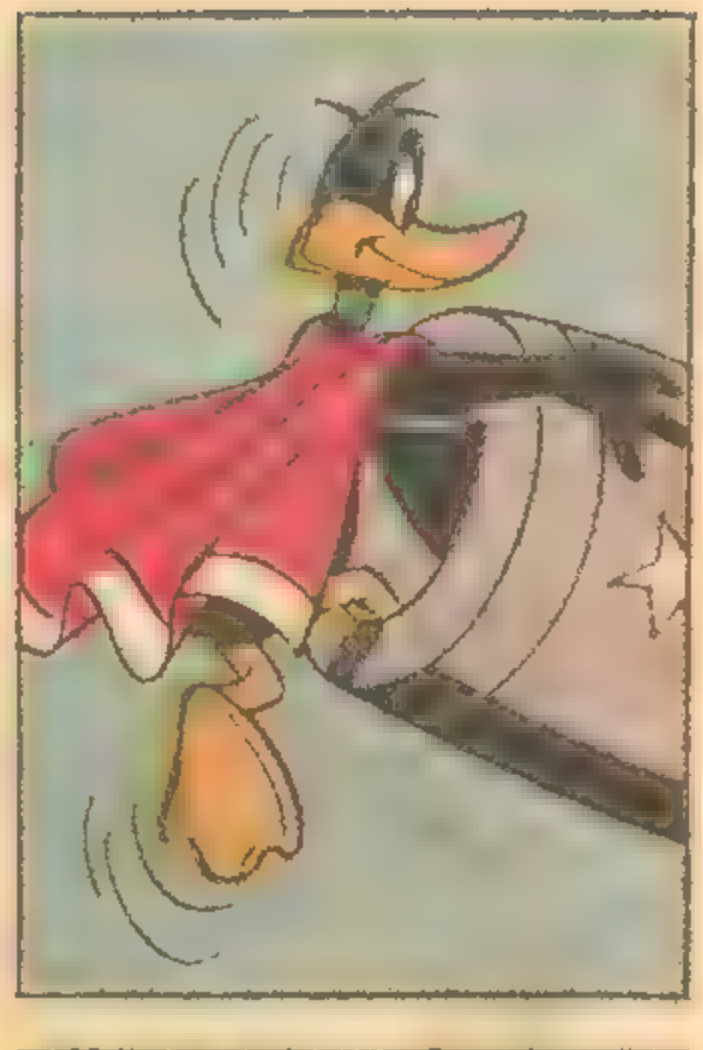
RUBBISH TRUCK

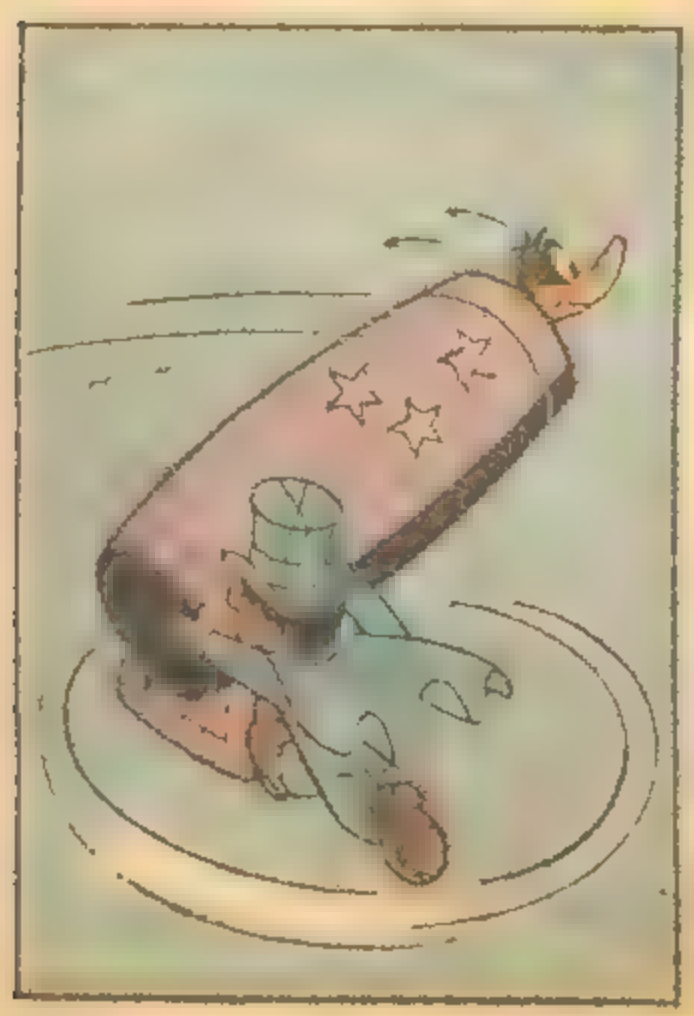
A GOLDEN GIGGLE

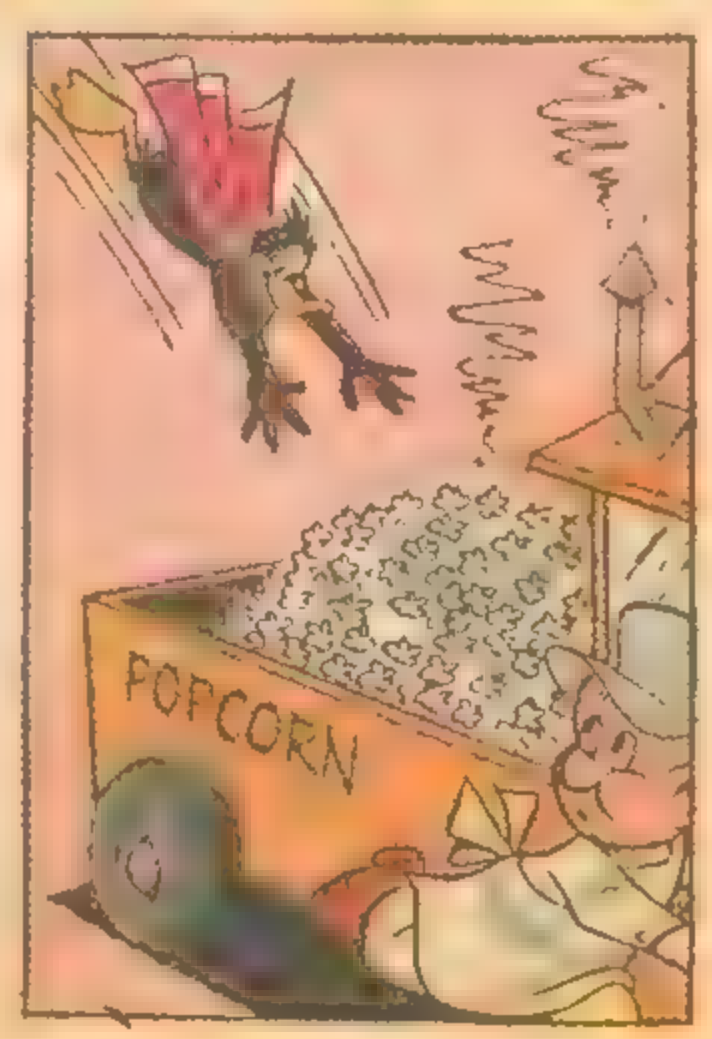
Daffy Duck











LITTLE DOGIE

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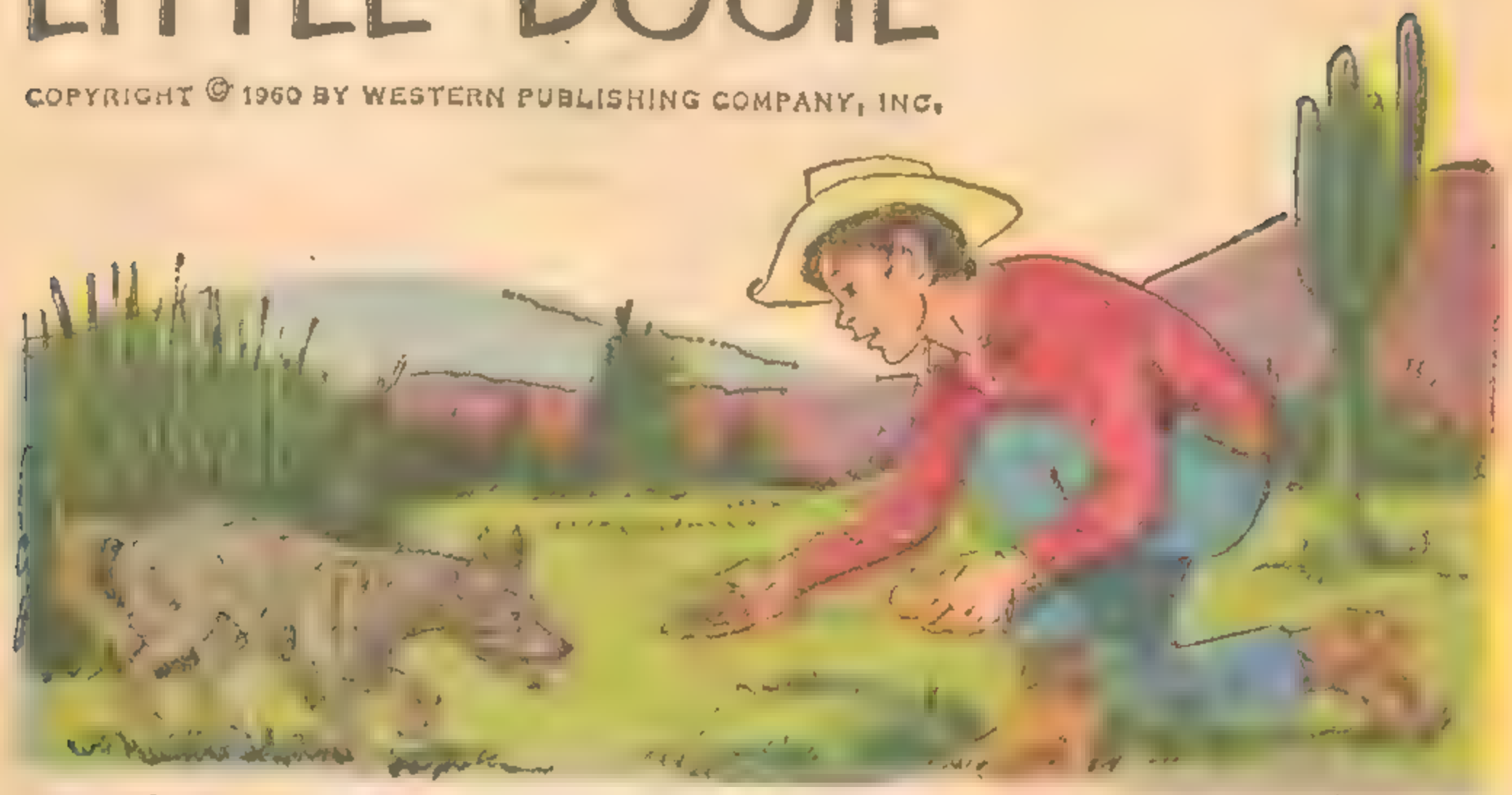


I was thirteen when I found Little Dogie—just the age for a boy to have a dog. Little Dogie was a coyote, though, so I knew better than to take him up to the ranch house. I called him that because he had no mother and my dad and the cowhands called the motherless calves little dogies.

I found the orphaned coyote down the creek a ways from our ranch house, and I took him milk and meat scraps every day. It took a while to really make friends with him. My folks never knew that I had a pet hidden out down on the creek.

By the time I'd had him a year, he was just like a dog. I'd take food to him and whistle him in, and he'd bounce around me, reaching for the food. And sometimes I'd get down on my knees and scuffle with him the way you do with a dog.

Then came that evening when I went down with his grub. I whistled and he didn't come. I waded across the creek a couple of times, checking all the places where I usually found him, but no sign of him. Then suddenly, I froze! For I heard a pack of hunting dogs in the distance! And I remembered then that my dad had said that a couple of hunters

with dogs were in the valley to rid the section of coyotes.

I listened in agony as the pack swung away to the south. I just knew they were after Little Dogie. I tried to reason with myself that there were lots of other coyotes on the range, but I still was sure they were after my pet. And it turned out that they were.

Twilight was settling when Little Dogie came up the creek and stopped near where I stood. His coat was brush-

torn and matted with burs, his tongue was lolling out, and his legs were shaking with fatigue. I called to him, but he paid no attention to me; he was listening to the approaching dog pack.

There was a big oak tree there on the edge of a low cutbank. He sniffed the tree, then went over the bank. I hurried down there and found that he had a den in under the tree roots. I heard the dogs coming closer, and panic filled me, pounding in my ears like thunder, for I knew that the dogs would trail my coyote right to his den, and the hunters would twist him out and kill him. I hesitated for just a moment and then went into action.

I didn't know where, but somewhere I'd heard that a dog could not scent his quarry if he got smoke in his nose. I scurried around in the twilight and frantically gathered leaves and brush until I had a pile of it, then I set it afire on the windward side of the oak so the smoke would curl around the base of it. I hoped

it wouldn't smoke the coyote out. Then I took off my boots and socks and held them over the fire.

When the dog pack arrived, they got into the smoke and began moaning and sneezing and slobbering as they tried to find the coyote's scent. Then two men with guns rode up and asked what I was doing there. I told them I had waded the creek and was drying my boots and socks, which was the truth. The dogs were quiet by then, having given up their quarry.

One hunter said, "The coyote's lost for good. The smoke has killed his scent."

The other one said, "The dogs have had enough for today, anyway. The hunting is mighty poor around here. No use bothering to hunt this section another day." And they whistled up the dogs and rode into the twilight. I was so happy I wanted to cry, and I almost did.

I left the meat scraps I'd brought near the oak tree and went home. The next evening, when I went down to feed Little Dogie, he showed no signs of the hunt. He was full of life and as ready as ever to romp and play with me.

TOM and JERRY

PUPPET SHOW

OLD THOMAS SEEMS TO BE HAVING A PLEASANT DREAM! LET'S WAKE HIM, TUFFY!

OKAY! BUT WE'D BETTER DO IT FROM A SAFE PLACE, JERRY!

IF WE YELL DOWN THE RAINSPOUT, HE CAN'T GRAB US!

GOOD! WE CAN MAKE A GETAWAY FROM HERE!

Z-Z-Z-Z

THOSE MICE!!

BANG! BANG!

GET UP! LOOK ALIVE!

THEY RE RIGHT OUTSIDE HERE!

HEH, HEH! WE CAN STAY UP HERE TILL HE COOLS OFF!

SNAP OUT OF IT!

UH-OH! HE'S ALREADY COOLED OFF!

WE'RE NOT SAFE UP HERE NOW!

SPLASH

WHEREVER YOJ ARE, I LL GET YOJ FOR THAT!

SIZZLE!

SPLUTTER!

IN FACT, WE'RE NOT EVEN SAFE IN THE YARD!

LET'S HIDE OUT HERE AT THE NEIGHBOR KID'S HOUSE NEXT DOOR!

HE WON'T SEE US BEHIND THESE TOYS!

POOF!

IF WE EVER GO BACK HOME, IT'LL BE WAR!

HEY! SPEAKING OF WAR...

WHAT A CRAZY WEAPON *THIS* IS!

OH; IT ONLY SHOOTS SMOKE!

SURE! BUT LISTEN... BZZ...BZZ...

SO LET'S BORROW IT!

JUST AS WE FIGURED! TOM'S HAVING BREAKFAST!

GOOD! NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

IF ONE OF THOSE MICE *EVER* SHOWS HIS FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN, I'LL...

YOU'LL DO JUST AS YOU RE TOLD, THOMPSON!

DON'T MOVE! THIS IS A DISINTEGRATOR GUN! I GOT IT OFF A SPACESHIP!

WHY, *YOU*...

WATCH OUT! I'VE GOT A NERVOUS TRIGGER FINGER!

GIMME THAT THING!

YOU RE LUCKY! I *MISSED YOU!*

THAT'S MY CUE TO ZIP INTO THE SMOKE AND GRAB THE PANCAKES!

AND HIDE 'EM BEFORE THE SMOKE CLEARS AWAY!

THE PANCAKES!! *THEY'RE GONE!*

I TOLD YOU THIS GUN'S FOR REAL! I MISSED YOU, BUT I DIS.NTEGRATED THE PANCAKES!

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, PUSSYCAT! IF YOU'RE NOT GOOD, I'LL...

NO! NO! NOT THAT!

THAT WEAPON COULD MEAN THE END OF CIVILIZATION!

IT MUST BE DESTROYED!

YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU DO!

SHORTLY...

COME ON OUT WITH THAT TIN TOY, BOY!

HERE I COME, CHUM!

CRASH!

THAT DID IT! HEH, HEH!

NOW WHO'S AFRAID OF YOU MEASLY MICE?

YOU ARE!

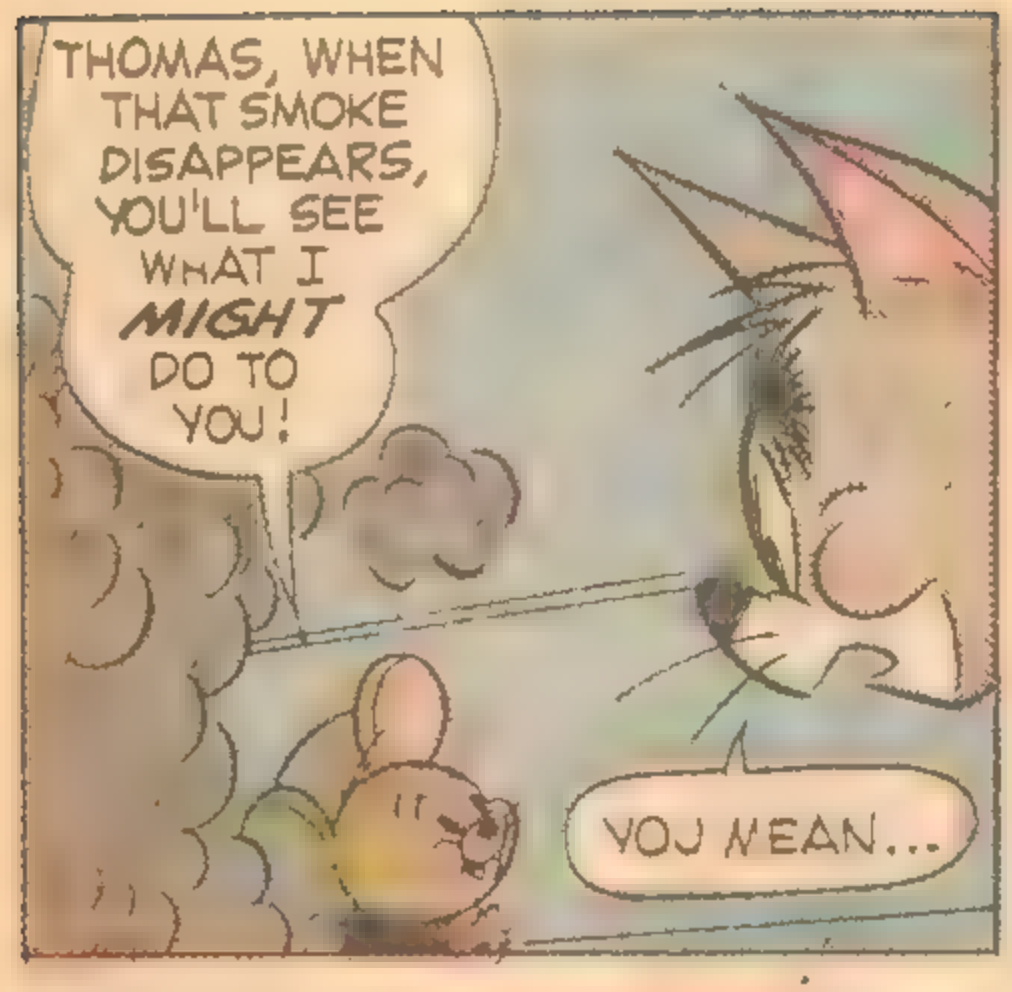
THAT HAPPENED TO BE MY *HORN* YOU SMASHED!

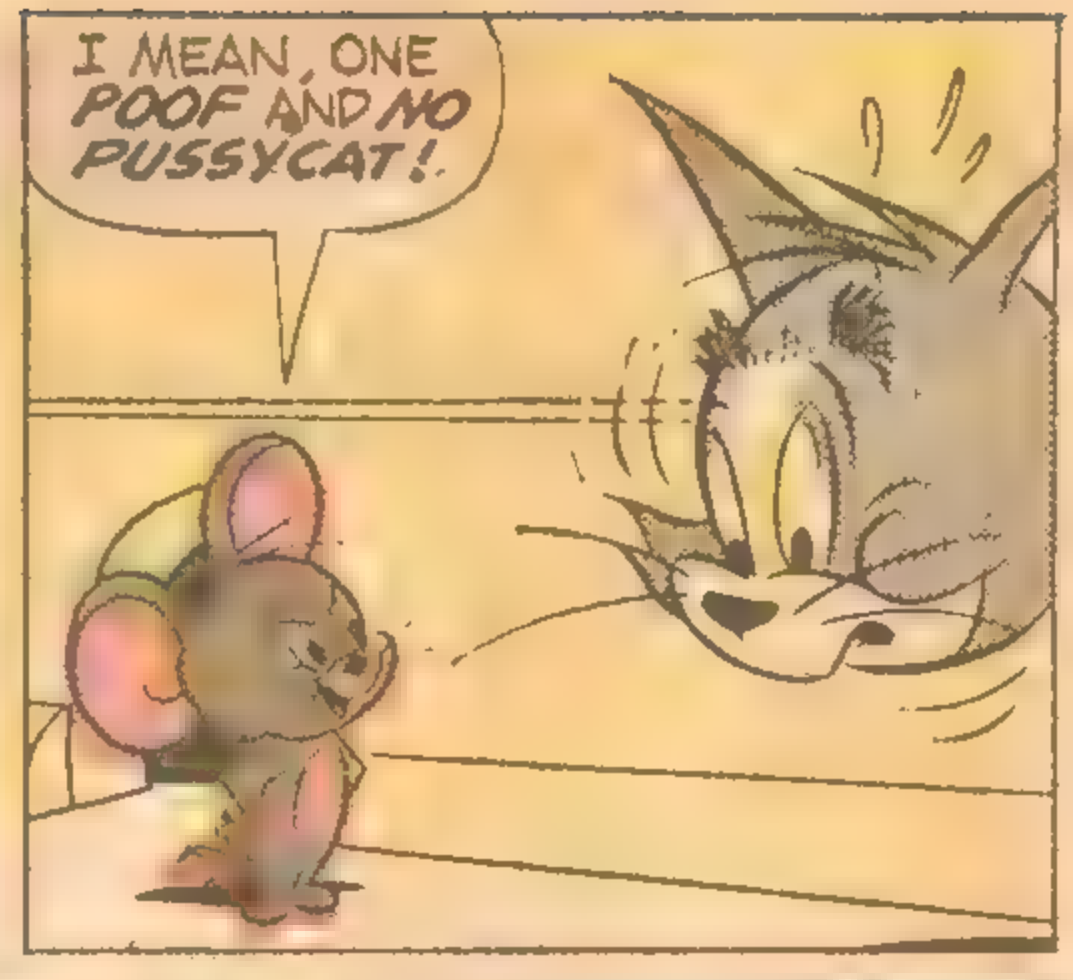
WATCH IT!

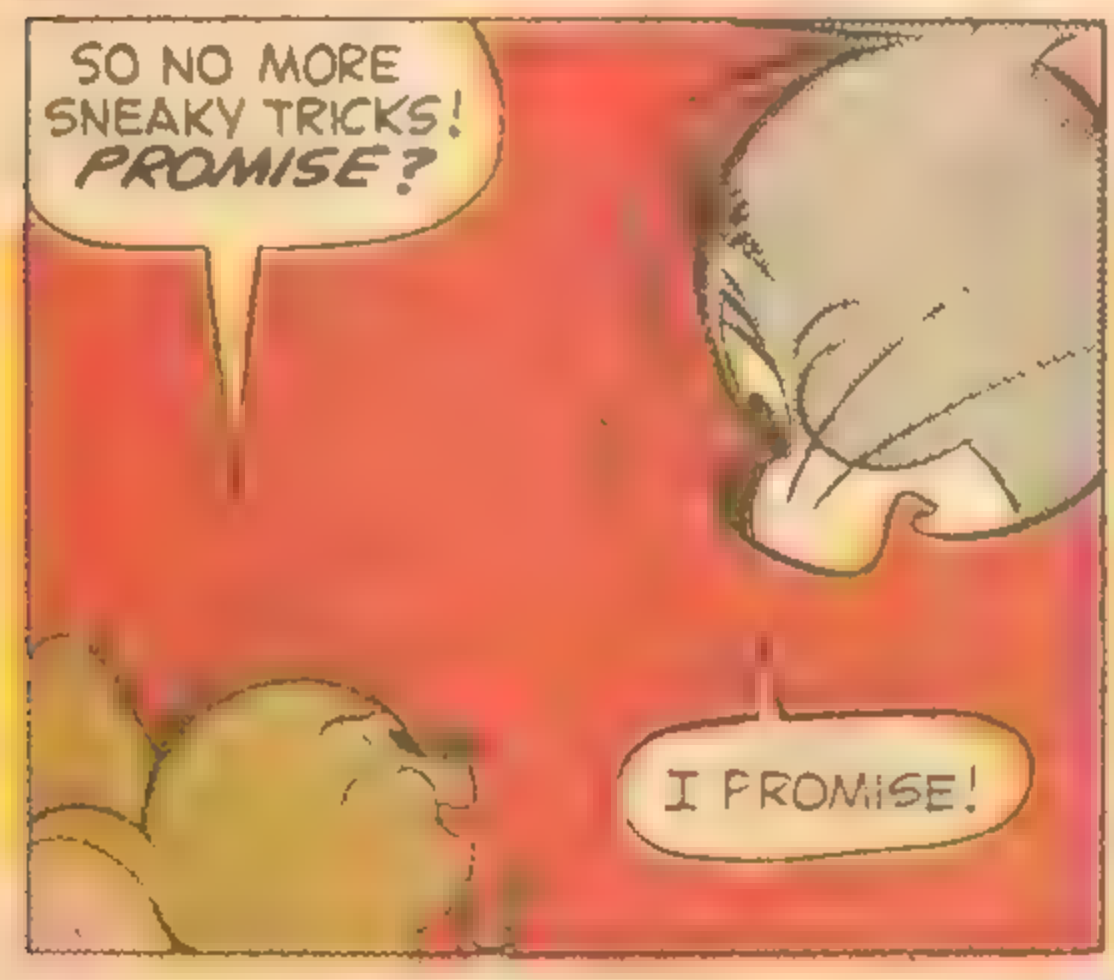
THE HORN'S NO GOOD NOW, SO WE'LL GET RID OF IT!

HA! HA! I'LL JUST ZIP INTO THE SMOKE, GRAB THE HORN, AND HIDE IT! WE'LL *REALLY* FOOL HIM!

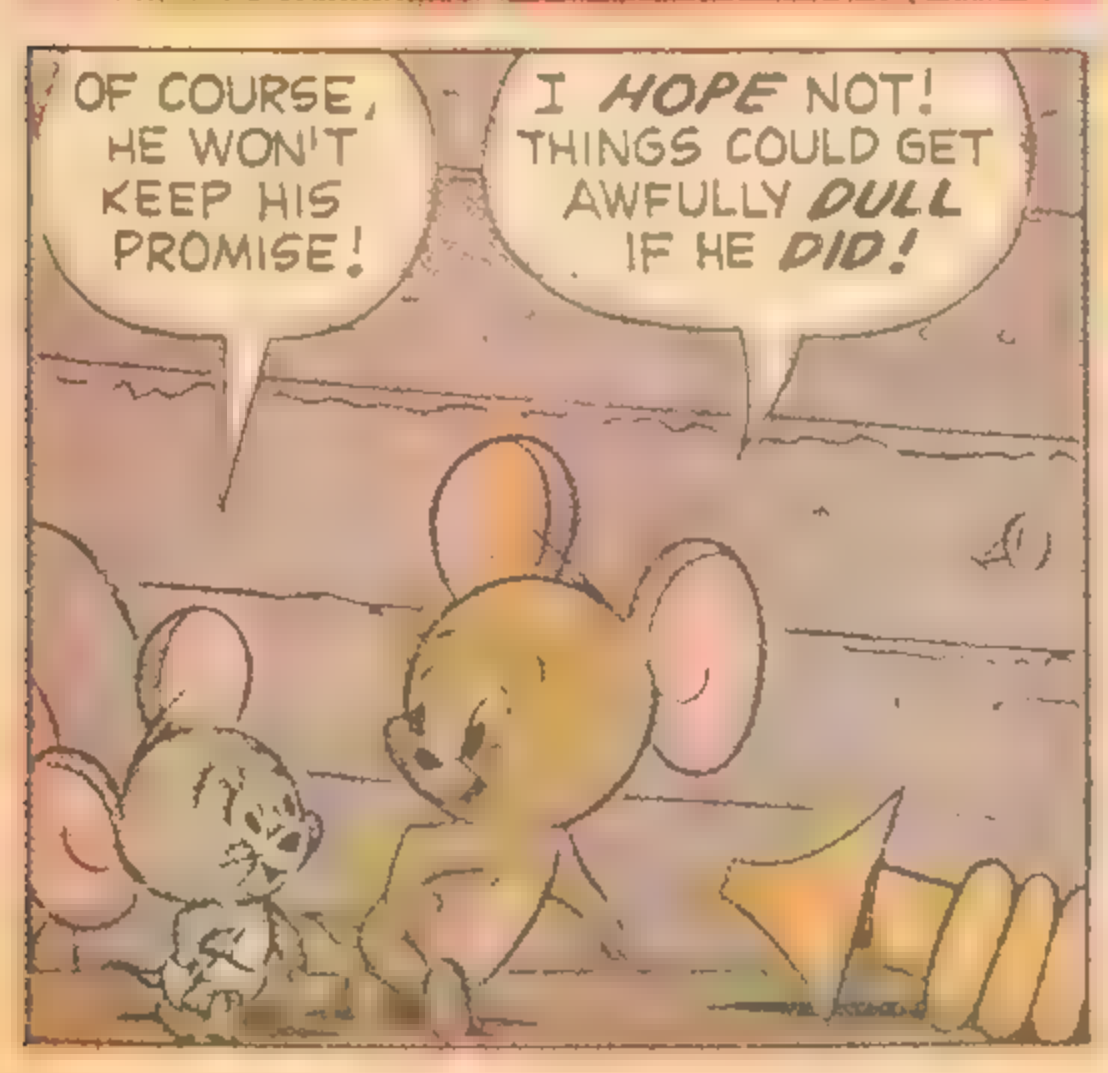
AACK!

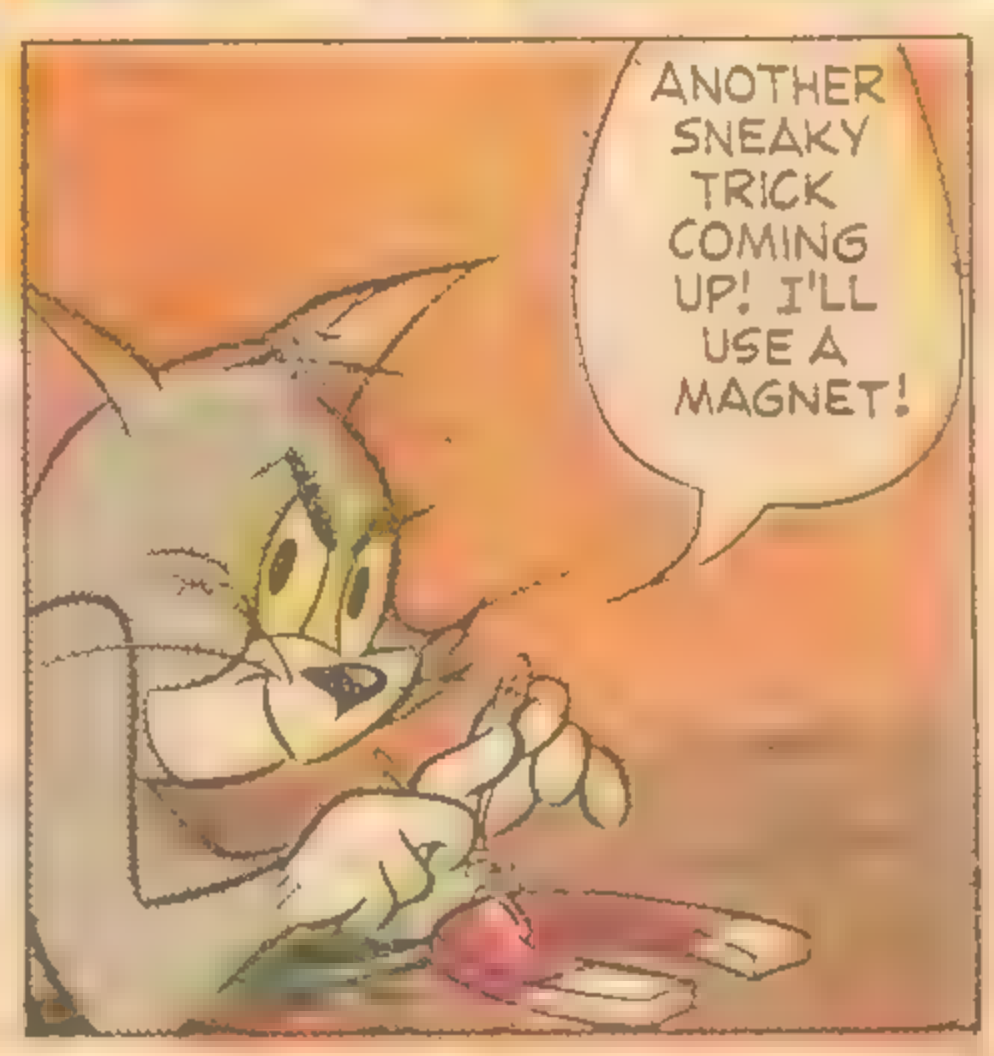

THOMAS, WHEN THAT SMOKE DISAPPEARS, YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MIGHT DO TO YOU!
YOU MEAN...


I MEAN, ONE POOF AND NO PUSSYCAT!


SO NO MORE SNEAKY TRICKS! PROMISE?
I PROMISE!

BUT I HAD MY FINGERS CROSSED!


OF COURSE, HE WON'T KEEP HIS PROMISE!
I HOPE NOT! THINGS COULD GET AWFULLY DULL IF HE DID!


ANOTHER SNEAKY TRICK COMING UP! I'LL USE A MAGNET!

HMM... I WONDER WHAT HE'LL TRY?

I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL SOON KNOW!

GRAB IT, QUICK!

NATURALLY!

WHAT'LL WE DO *NOW*, JERRY?

WHEN I PULL THE TRIGGER, YOU SCOOT INTO THE SMOKE ...GRAB THE MAGNET AND HIDE IT!

HAW! HAW! I GOT IT *THIS* TIME!

NOW!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

POOF!

THE MAGNET!! IT... IT'S GONE!

NOW THEN, PUSSYCAT!

OH. P-PLEASE! DON'T SHOOT!

AND I'LL PROMISE ANYTHING!

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TRUST YOU!

YOU RE *RIGHT!*

!

BLAM!

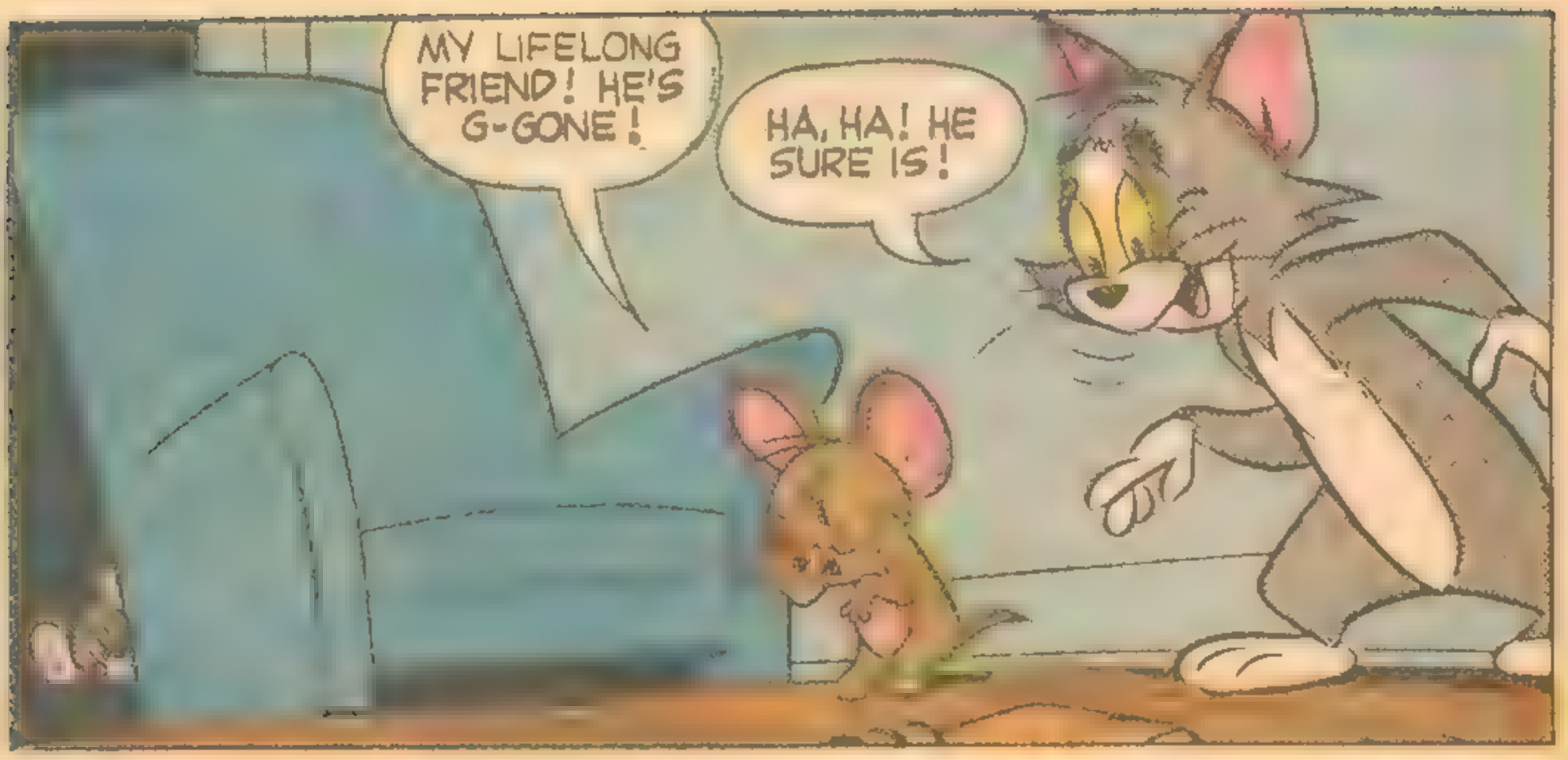
YOU *CAN'T!*

IT'S SURE GOT A HAIR TRIGGER, HASN'T IT?

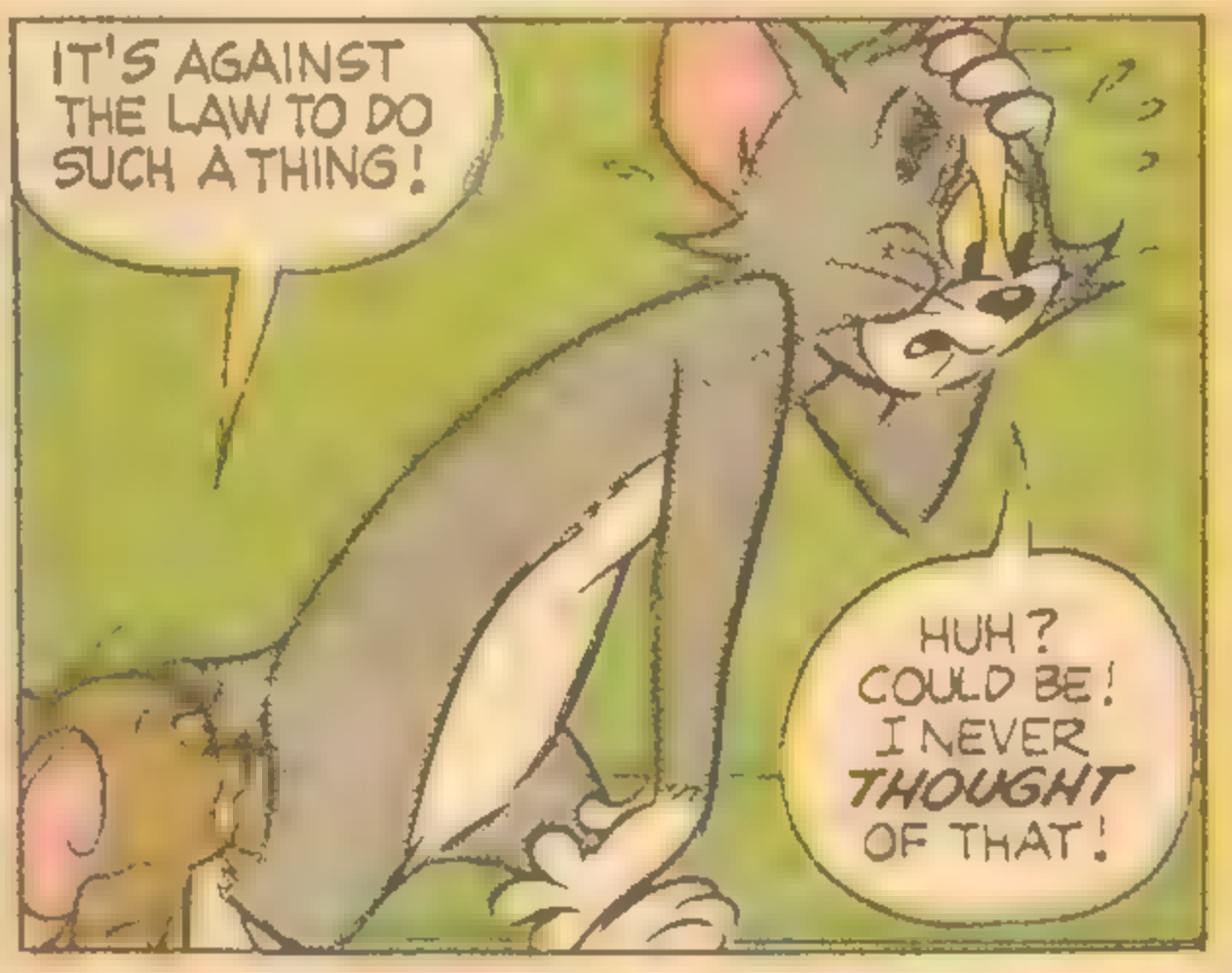
(GASP!) YOU DISINTEGRATED POOR LITTLE TJFFY!

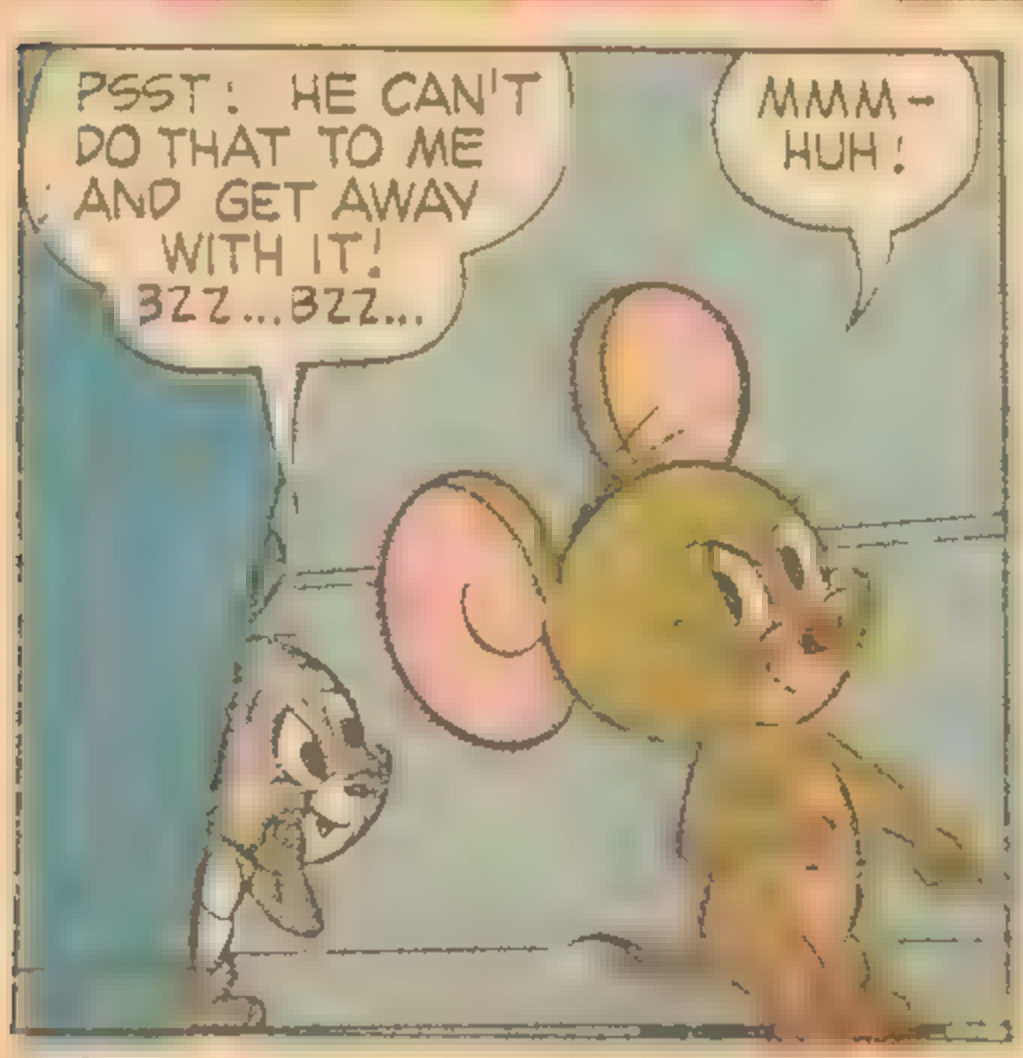
I DID?

THAT'S MY CUE TO VAN SH!


MY LIFELONG FRIEND! HE'S G-GONE!
HA, HA! HE SURE IS!

DO YOU REALIZE YOU'RE GUILTY OF MOUSEYCIDE?
WELL, HOORAY FOR ME!


IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO DO SUCH A THING!
HUH? COULD BE! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!


PSST: HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT! BZZ...BZZ...
MMM- HUH!

I'LL DO IT!

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO?

I'M CALLING THE POLICE!

OH, NO, YOU'RE NOT!

!

THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

POOF!

CHUCKLE!

WELL, SO I'LL EVAPORATE, TOO!

HI, BROTHER SPOOK!

I GOT RID OF THE ONLY WITNESS! HYUK! HYUK!

BUT I MUSTN'T GET CAUGHT WITH THIS WEAPON!

AHA! I JUST THOUGHT OF A WAY TO GET RID OF IT!

HEY, WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT GUN BACK TO THE NEIGHBOR KID!

C'MON! I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN DO IT! LET'S GO OVER TO THE NEIGHBOR KID'S HOUSE AGAIN!

WE'LL BORROW HIS TOY SPACEMAN SUIT FOR A WHILE!

MEANWHILE...

NO ONE WILL EVER FIND THIS GUN BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO *ELIMINATE ITSELF!* (CHUCKLE!)

FIRST, I PLACE ONE END OF THE GUN INTO THIS OLD PIECE OF HOSE, AND THEN I PULL THE TRIGGER, AND...

OKAY! GET READY... SET ...JUMP!

GIVE ME BACK MY GUN, EARTH CAT!

AACK!

CLICK!

POOF!

ACK! I SHOT MYSELF!

SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR PLAYING WITH DANGEROUS WEAPONS!

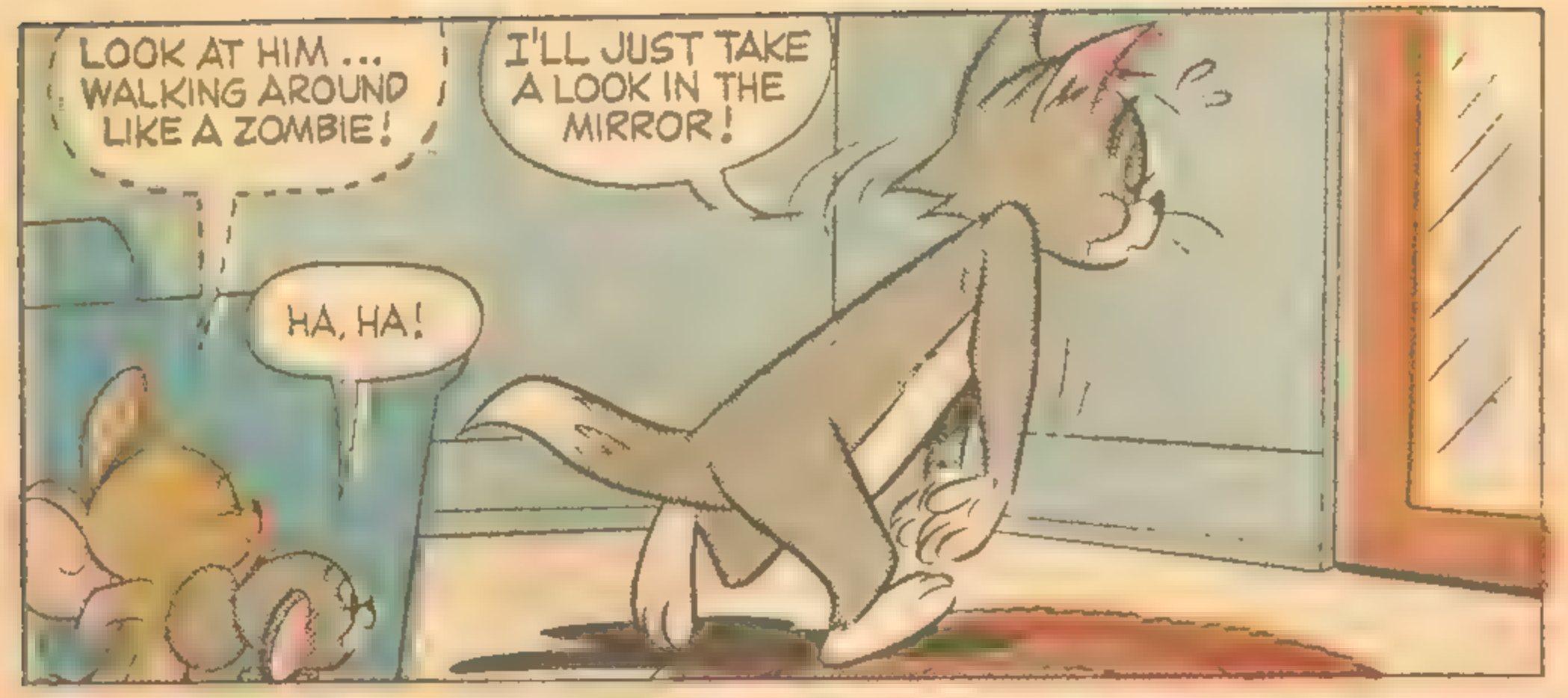
BUT... I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

I DON'T *FEEL* MUCH DIFFERENT!

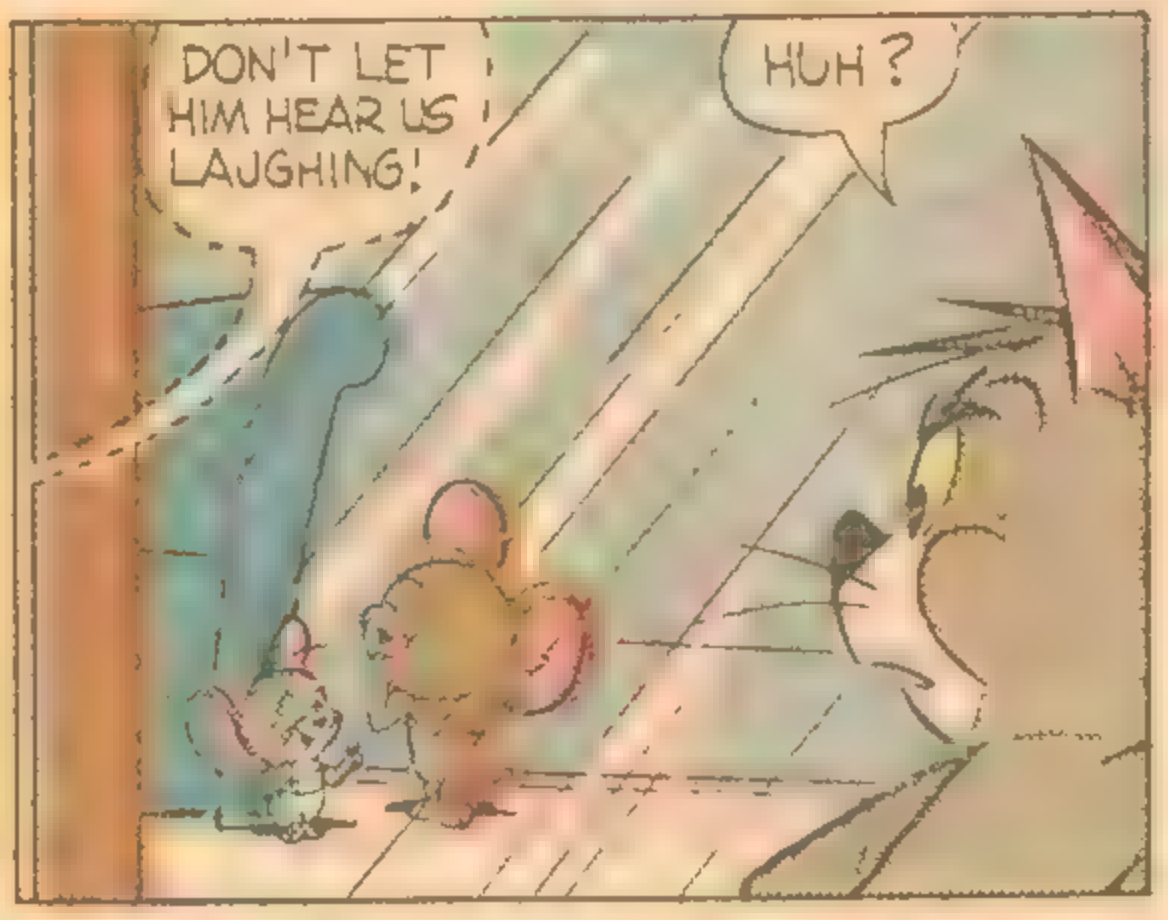
I WONDER IF I'M INVISIBLE!

DO WE DARE GO IN?

SURE! IF WE DON'T LET HIM SEE US!

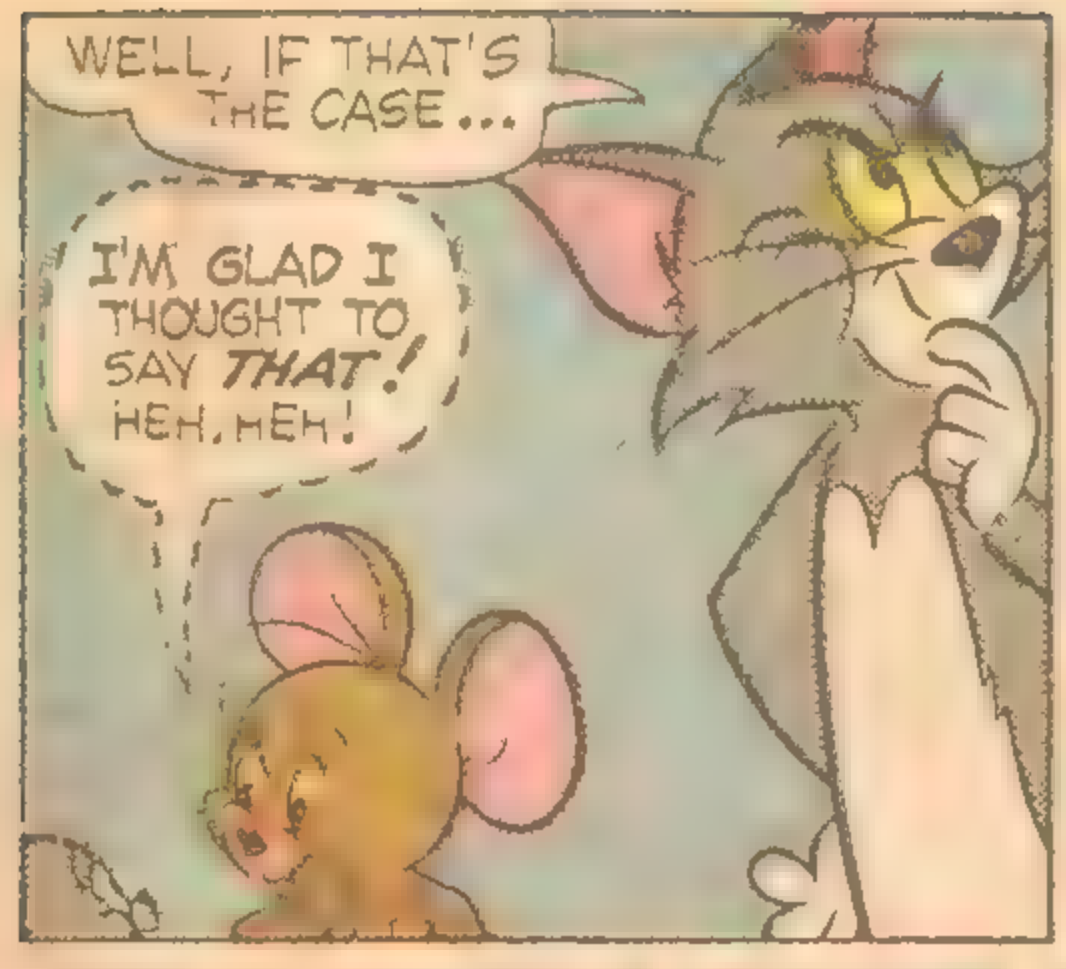

LOOK AT HIM ... WALKING AROUND LIKE A ZOMBIE!
I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK IN THE MIRROR!
HA, HA!

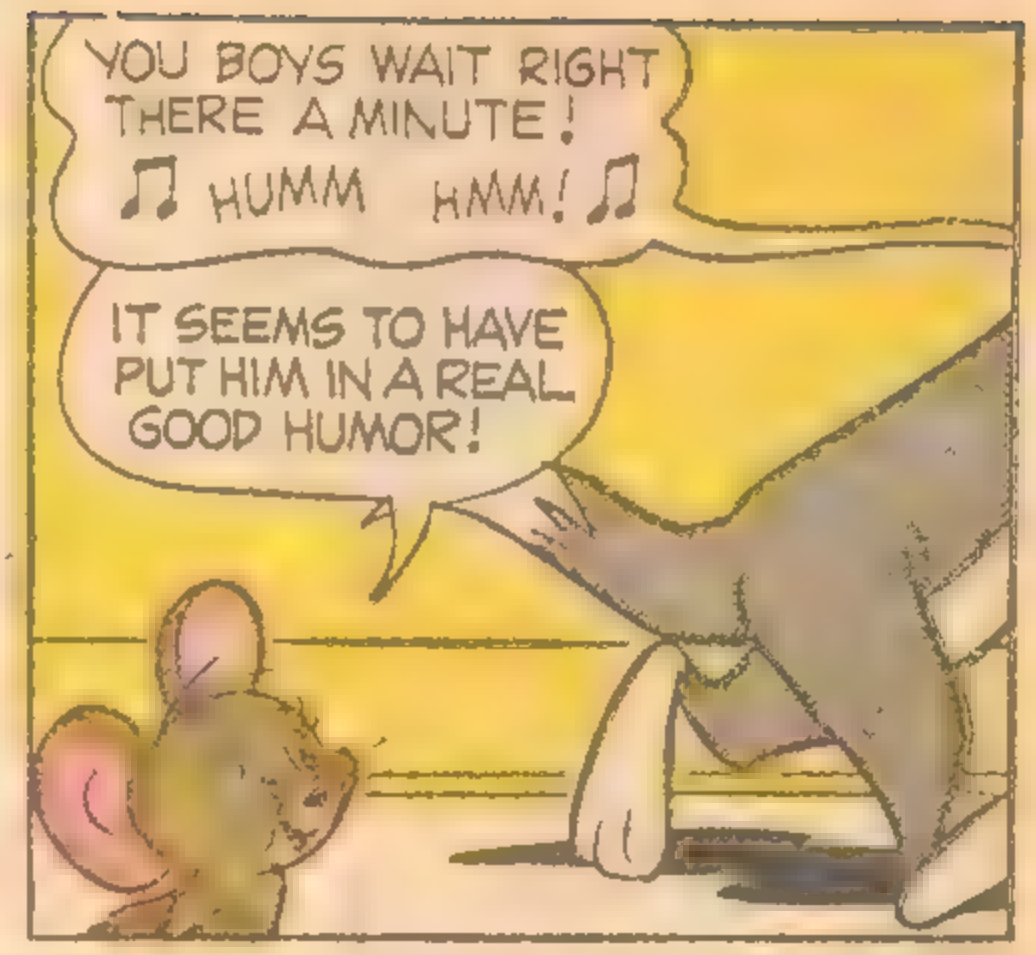
WHY, THAT'S ME, I THINK!


DON'T LET HIM HEAR US LAUGHING!
HUH?

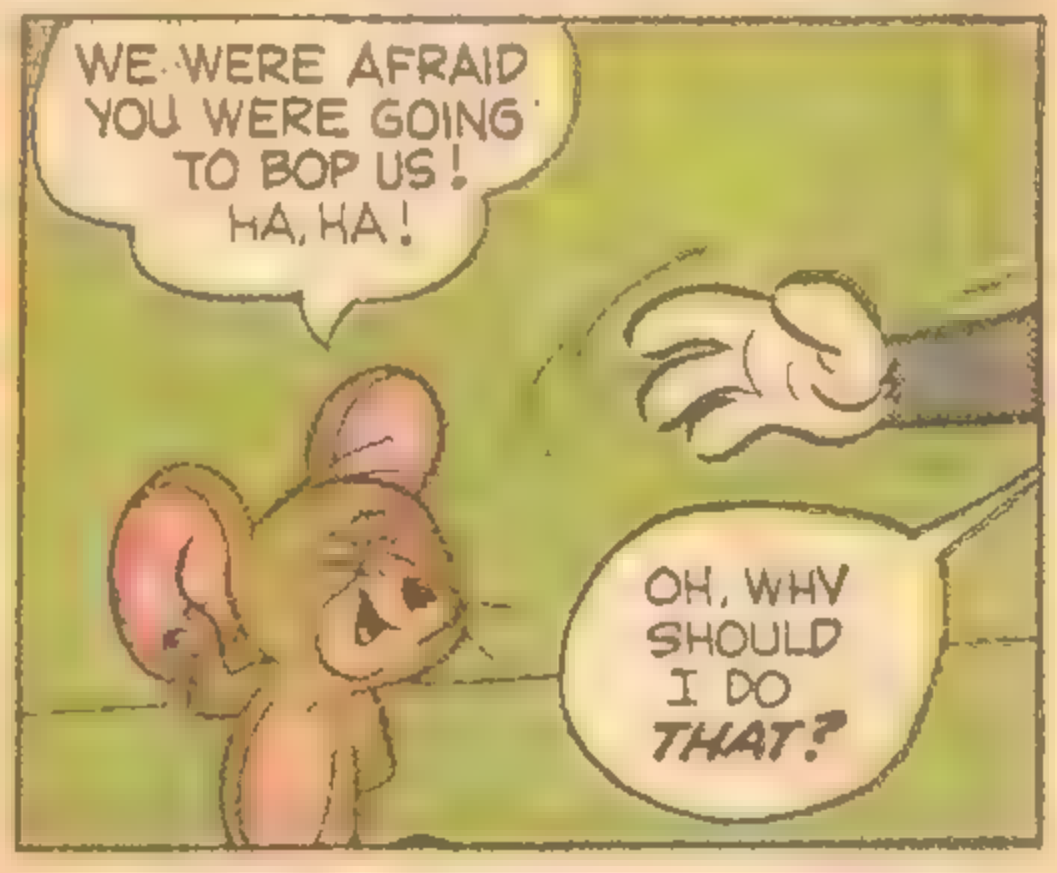
HEY! WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON AROUND HERE?
WHY...ER... UH...

YOU'RE JUST HAVING A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!
OH, SO THAT'S IT? I'M STILL DREAMING?


WELL, IF THAT'S THE CASE...
I'M GLAD I THOUGHT TO SAY THAT! HEH, HEH!


YOU BOYS WAIT RIGHT THERE A MINUTE!
♫ HUMM HMM! ♫
IT SEEMS TO HAVE PUT HIM IN A REAL GOOD HUMOR!

I VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!
GEE, THANKS!


WE WERE AFRAID YOU WERE GOING TO BOP US! HA, HA!
OH, WHY SHOULD I DO THAT?

WHEN YOU CAN DO IT TO EACH OTHER!
POW!
WHAP!
SOCK!

LITTLE QUACKER

FEARFUL FELLA

IT IS SUNRISE, AND LITTLE QUACKER AWAKENS WITH AN UNEASY SENSE OF SOMETHING AMISS...

HO-HUM! ER... UM... OH, MY!

Z Z Z Z Z Z

A SEA MONSTER HAS ME BY THE LEG!

HALP! UNCLENCH THE SEA MONSTER FROM MY LEG, SOMEBODY! *HALP! HALP!*

BUT THIS IS A *POND*, AND NOT A *SEA*—AND WHO AM *I* TO HELP?

WELL... MAYBE *H.O. BUG* CAN HANDLE A MERE *POND* MONSTER! KEEP YOUR BEAK UP, LITTLE QUACKER!

HURRY-HURRY-HE'S CHOKING MY LEG!

HUH? THE POND MONSTER IS ALL A FIGMENT OF HIS IMAGINATION— IT'S JUST A ROPE!

IT FEELS EVEN WORSE, NOW! *HALP!*

BEHOLD! ONLY A MERE OL' ROPE HAS HOLD OF YOUR LI'L LEGGY-BONE, BOY!

OOPS! *NOW* I REMEM-BER...

I TIED MYSELF TO SHORE LAST NIGHT 'CAUSE I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT *SLEEP-PADDLE!*

AND I WASTED *RESCUE-ISM* ON YOU!

SAY... YOUR *POINTER* IS TIED UP, TOO!

LET'S SEE... WHAT WAS THAT A REMINDER OF...

OH, YES! I'VE GOTTA HAVE *DOC STORK* EXAMINE ME RIGHT AWAY!

HUH? YOU AILING, FELLA?

A FELLA NEVER KNOWS WHEN HE MIGHT BE ABOUT TO BE STRICKEN WITH A HORRIBLE DISEASE!

GOOD GRAVY! LITTLE QUACKER WORRIES MORE THAN A BALLOON IN CACTUS COUNTRY!

DOC STORK

So...

HMM... YOUR HEARTBEAT SOUNDS WORSE THAN A FIDGETY CRICKET—

GULP!

DOC STORK

AND YOUR BREATHING REMINDS ME OF A CHEAP VACUUM CLEANER THAT KEEPS SHORTING OUT!

WH-WHAT IS IT, DOC... *DUCK FEVER?*

YOU'RE JUST TOO FUSSED-UP ABOUT *YOURSELF,* LITTLE QUACKER!

GET YOUR MIND OFF YOURSELF AND QUIT WORRYING!

HOW CAN I? MY WHOLE LIFE REVOLVES AROUND *ME!*

HMM... HOW ABOUT HELPING ME TAKE A *HEALTH POLL* OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD? ASKING FOLKS ABOUT THEMSELVES WILL MAKE YOU FORGET ABOUT *YOU!*

OH, BOY! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!

HEH! FIRST STOP... THE *HAWK* HOUSEHOLD!

HAWK

ONE WAY

(HUFF-PUFF!) ALL THIS CLIMBIN' COULD GIVE A FELLA A CRAMPY BODY!

WATCH YOUR STEP

OUCH!

...NOT TO MENTION NICKS, SCRATCHES, AND PLUCKED OUT FEATHERS!

CLIMB AT YOUR OWN RISK

PUFF-PUFF ✳ WHEEZE! MA'AM—HOW OLD ARE YOU? ✳GASP✳

WHAT?

HOW *DARE* YOU ASK A LADY HER AGE! I'M *YOUNG*, CAN'T YOU TELL?

SWOF!

OOG!

B-BUT IT'S ALL PART OF DOC STORK'S POLL ON THE HEALTH OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

OH—IN THAT CASE, FIRE AWAY, SIR!

GOOD GRIEF! D-DO YOU ALWAYS LET YOUR YOUNG'UNS PLAY ON THE BRINK OF THE NEST AND... AND A DISASTROUS FALL?

THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE IS *YES!*

WELL, *I* CAN'T STAND IT— IT'S MAKING *ME* A NERVOUS WRECK!

NOW HOLD ON—

THEY CAN'T FLY, BUT NEITHER CAN THEY *FALL*, 'CAUSE I TIED THEIR LEG-BONES TO THE NEST!

CLEVER WOMAN!

BUT *YOU'RE* TOO HEAVY TO BE OUT ON OUR LIMB! YOU—YOU *EEK!*

CR-R-A-C-K!

HALP! WE CAN'T RUN TO THE TRUNK!

ULP!

F-FAREWELL, MA'AM! YOU'LL HAVE TO MAIL IN YOUR ANSWERS TO THE POLL!

MY POOR TIED TIKES!

SNAP!

EEK!

PEEP! WEEP!

EH? THE WHOLE WORKS FLIPPED OVER AND THEY'RE GENTLY SETTLING EARTHWARD!

ONLY LITTLE QUACKER IS NOT SO FORTUNATE...

I NEVER DID FINISH MY SOLO INSTRUCTION AT FLIGHT SCHOOL!

WALP!

OOF! A THORNY ROSE BUSH!

MY BABIES... YOU'RE NOT EVEN SCRATCHED!

IT WAS *FUN*, MOM!

BUT *ME*... UGH! I'M MORE OF A NERVOUS WRECK THAN EVER—AND I DIDN'T EVEN GET ONE BIRD POLLED!

OH, WHAT'S THE USE? WHEN I'M NOT FEARFUL FOR MYSELF I'M A WORRYWART ON BEHALF OF OTHERS!

HALP! HALP! SINCE YOU LEFT THE POND, LITTLE QUACKER, A DEVOURIN'-TYPE MONSTER HAS TAKEN OVER THE PLACE!

HOW AWFUL! LET'S INFORM ELROY EAGLE AND HIS *AIR PATROLLERS!*

AW, CUT IT OUT, LITTLE QUACKER... THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT! *YOU* CAN DO IT!

H-HEY! IS *THAT* THE *DEVOURING MONSTER?*

SCAT OUT OF THIS POND, YOU STICKY-TONGUED FIEND! GRR AND STUFF!

GROINK!

YAY! LITTLE QUACKER HAS FOUND HIS PLACE IN LIFE AT LAST — BUG-DEFENDER AND POND-HERO!

BRAVO!

YAY!

OUR HERO!

FUZZY and WUZZY
OUT ON A LIMB

FUZZY AND WUZZY HAVE A HIGH-MINDED VISITOR. CONNECT THE ALPHABETS AND THE NUMBERED DOTS TO SEE WHO IS OUT ON A LIMB.

DROOPY and the MECHANICAL MONKEY

YIPE! I THOUGHT RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME AND BEING INDEPENDENT WOULD BE FUN!

S-S-ST!

GRRR!

BUT FINDING A BITE TO EAT IS TOO COMPETITIVE FOR PEACEFUL OLD ME!

HMM! IF I COULD FIND A JOB THAT PAID EVEN A TEENSY SALARY, I COULD *BUY* MY MEALS WITH NO FUSS OR FIGHTIN'!

HA! CATCHING HATS IS A JOB I CAN DO EASILY!

(SIGH!) BUT THIS JOB PAYS OFF WITH A FRIENDLY *PAT* ... AND A DOG CAN'T EAT *THAT!*

THANKS, SPORT!

OH, WOE! HOW TO FIND A JOB THAT PAYS *MONEY* RATHER THAN *PATS!*

HEY, JERRY! OUR FRIEND DROOPY HAS A PROBLEM THAT MIGHT BE SOLVED WITH A *TOY* FROM US!

I'VE GOT A TOY THAT WILL SET HIM UP IN A PAYING BUSINESS!

HUH? IT'S POURING DOWN *PACKAGES!*

GOSH! AND IT'S NOT EVEN MY BIRTHDAY!

TO DROOPY FROM Jerry Mouse

A TOY ORGAN-GRINDER MUSIC BOX WITH A MECHANICAL MONKEY ON TOP!

AND THE MONKEY'S HOLDING A CUP THAT PEOPLE CAN DROP MONEY INTO!

HOT-HOUND-DOGS! I AM IN BUSINESS!

I'LL PERFORM HERE ON THE CORNER WHERE LOTS OF PEOPLE PASS BY!

MY WHAT A TALENTED DOGGIE! MUST BELONG TO A VAUDEVILLE ACT!

HERE'S A BRIGHT SHINY PENNY FOR YOU, POOCHY-KINS!

POOCHY-KINS! UGH! WHAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH TO MAKE A CENT!

BUT HERE COMES A BUSINESS-MAN TYPE OF HUMAN: I'LL BET HE HAS *LOTS* OF MONEY!

YIKE! GUESS HE'S TOO BUSY *MAKING* MONEY TO STOP TO GIVE ANY OF IT AWAY!

TWO MORE APPOINTMENTS . THEN TO CATCH MY PLANE TO CHICAGO!

SWISH!

OH, WELL! THIS LADY SHOPPER APPEARS TO BE IN NO HURRY!

DRAT! SHE CAN'T SEE ME FOR ALL HER BUNDLES!

BUT THIS FAMILY MAN IS BOUND TO STOP LOOK, LISTEN, AND PAY OFF!

BUY ME A MONKEY MUSIC BOX, PAPA!

ME, TOO!

BAW!

IF YOU BUY THEM EACH A MUSIC BOX, THEN I WANT A NEW DOLL!

OH-OH! HE'S IN NO MOOD TO PASS THE BUCK TO ME!

TOOT!

THE NOON WHISTLE: I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE PATH OF ALL THOSE GOING TO LUNCH!

LUNCH?! (GULP!) I'VE BEEN RUN-AWAY-FROM-HOME ALL MORNING AND ONLY EARNED ONE CENT TOWARD MY FEED!

ONE CENT DONATED BY AN OLD LADY! HMM...

THIS JOINT IS JAM-PACKED WITH OLD LADIES!

IT SEEMS THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE WHERE MY TALENTS WILL BE REWARDED...

I'LL BECOME WEALTHY!

HOW CUTE! A DOGGIE ORGAN-GRINDER!

OLD LADIES LOVE DOGS! HEH!

S-S-S-ST!

YIKE! THEY SEEM TO LOVE *CATS*, TOO!

MOUSER! BEHAVE!

MAYBE I'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK IN THE NEXT ROOM!

SHAME ON YOU, CAPTAIN KIDD!

YO-HO-HO!

YAP!

SURELY EVERY OLD LADY IN THIS PLACE CAN'T HAVE A JEALOUS PET!

BUT NEVER BEFORE WAS A DOG SO WRONG...

DOWN, FIDO!

HERE, ROVER!

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY PET RACCOON?

HE WENT IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS MY HAMSTERS... AFTER THAT MUSIC-GRINDING DOG!

ARF!

GRR!

POW!

SNARL!

(WHEW!) WHAT A HOWLING MENAGERIE!

I'LL NEVER EARN A LIVING WITH THAT THING!

TWOING!

HEY, DROOPY! WAS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE TOY WE GAVE YOU?

WELL, ER... IT WASN'T QUITE SUITED TO MY NEEDS!

BUT YOU RAN AWAY FROM HOME! YOU NEED TO EARN MONEY TO BUY FOOD!

WELL, I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA NOW! A *JUMP ROPE* IS MORE WHAT I NEED!

A JUMP ROPE?!

DON'T ARGUE! WE AIM TO PLEASE, NOT DISAGREE!

THIS WILL ALWAYS SERVE TO REMIND ME HOW LUCKY I AM TO HAVE A HOME!

IMAGINE... A DOG TYING HIMSELF UP!

PERSONALLY... I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T *SKIP* TOWN! HEH, HEH!

DROOPY

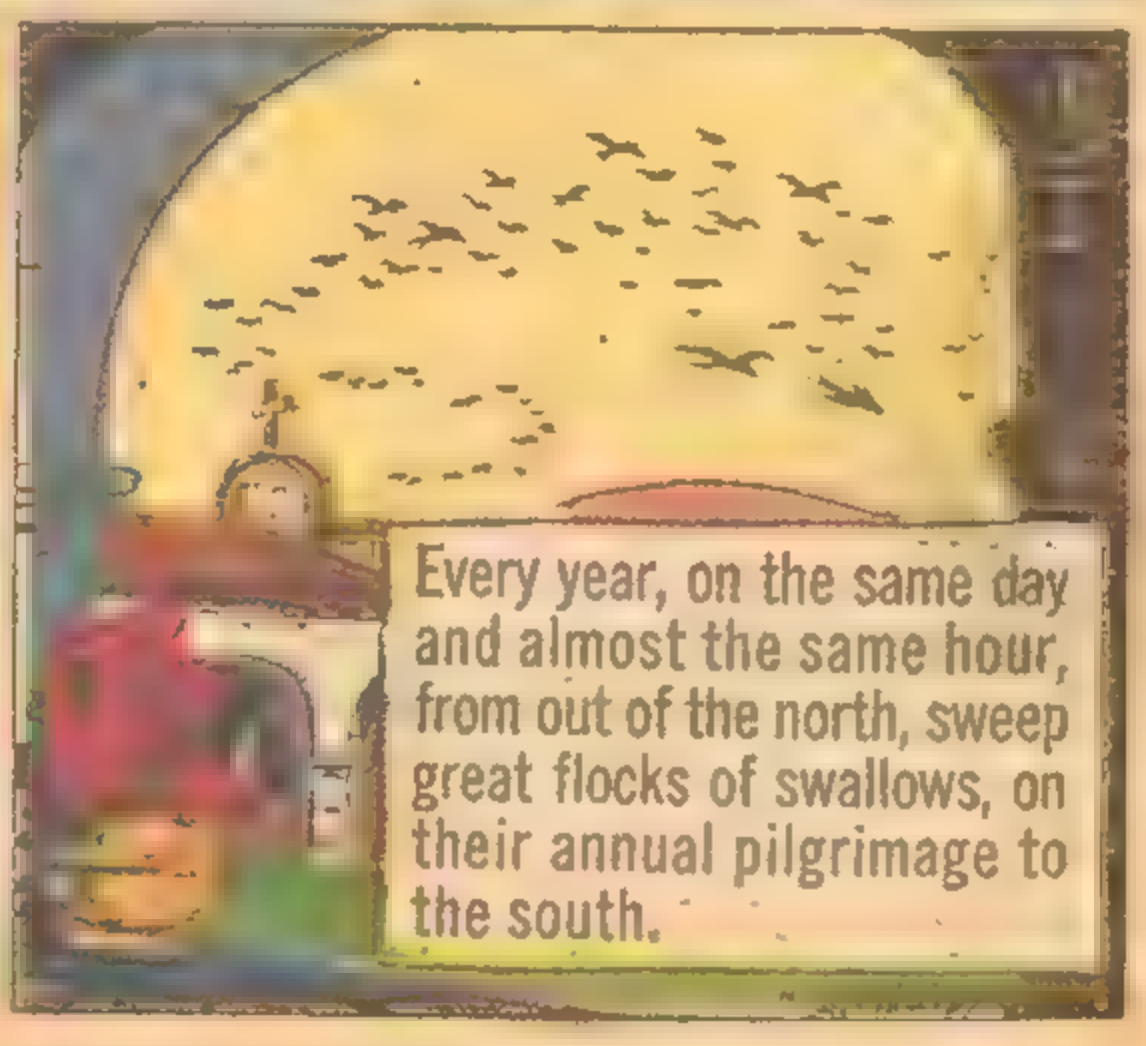
FIRST SWALLOW

Based on the M-G-M cartoon.
Copyright 1942 by Loew's, Inc.

In the middle of the San Juan Desert is an ancient Mission . . . Capistrano. Although the Mission is very, very old, it is still very beautiful.

The bells in the tower continue to peal forth their lovely and inspiring tones.

The crumbling vine-covered buildings rest serenely in their beauty...and it is here that there is found the legend of the swallows.



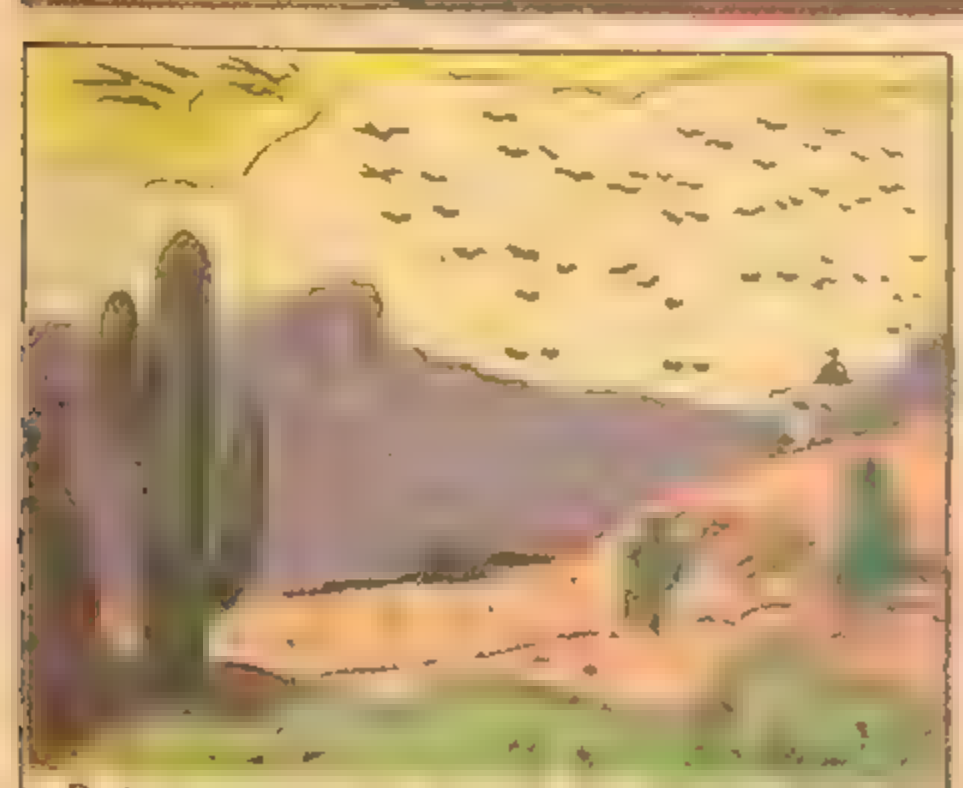
Every year, on the same day and almost the same hour, from out of the north, sweep great flocks of swallows, on their annual pilgrimage to the south.

Down the swallows come, over the Mission, and on the vine-covered walls they alight, happy at being at Capistrano once more.

How strange, people say, that the birds come every year at the same time. But it is not so strange, for a long time ago there were no birds here . . .

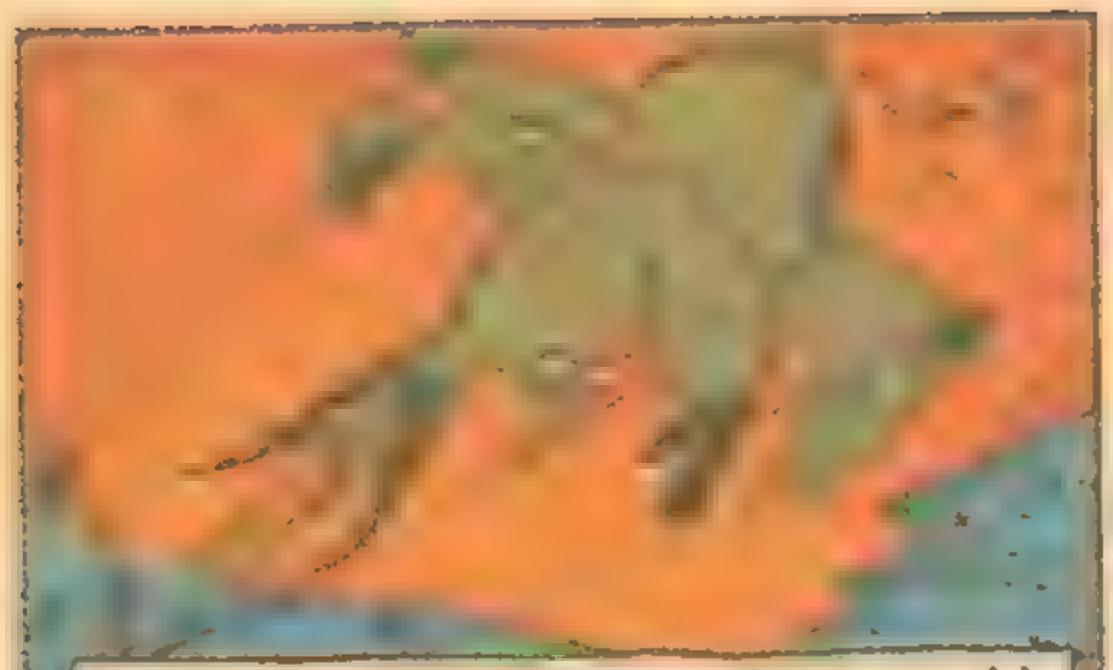
In those days, a kind old Padre would see the birds flying above, and would wish that sometime they would stop there, if only for a brief moment.

The little pepper tree in the Mission courtyard would sigh with loneliness, as the birds continued on their swift journey to the south.



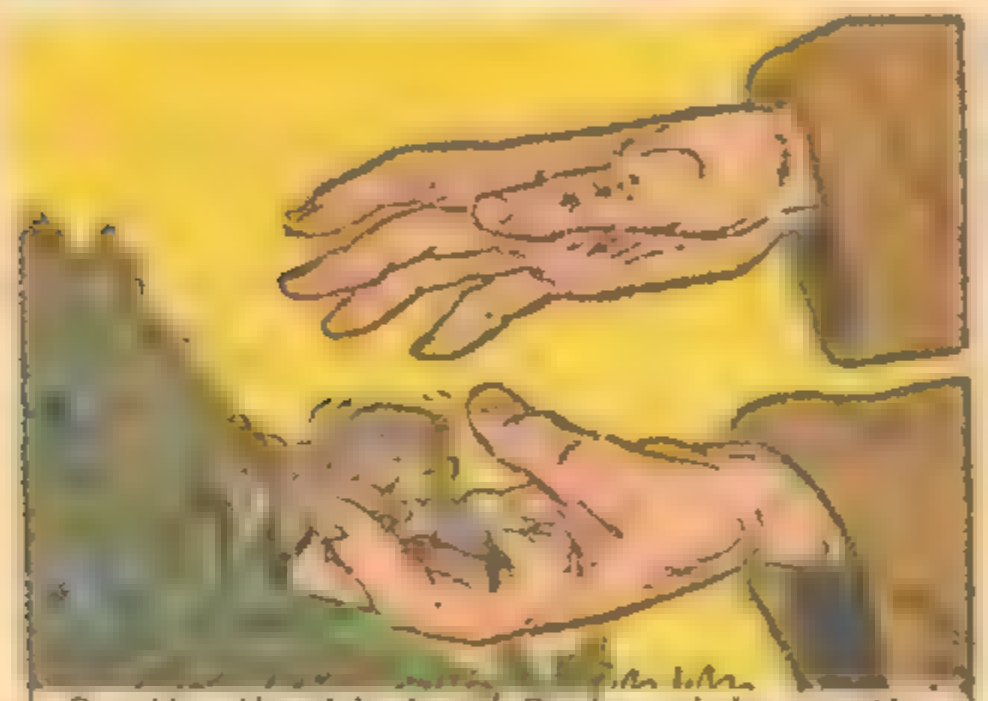
But one day, as great flocks of swallows fly over the Mission, an unusual thing happens...

A little one, much smaller than the rest, is too tired to go on, and he drops to a cactus plant to sit and rest.



Looking up, the little swallow sees his friends flying on without him. Spreading his wings and taking off once more, he tries to catch up with them.

But the little bird is much too weak and tired to continue the journey. Exhausted, he drops to the ground in the Mission Garden.



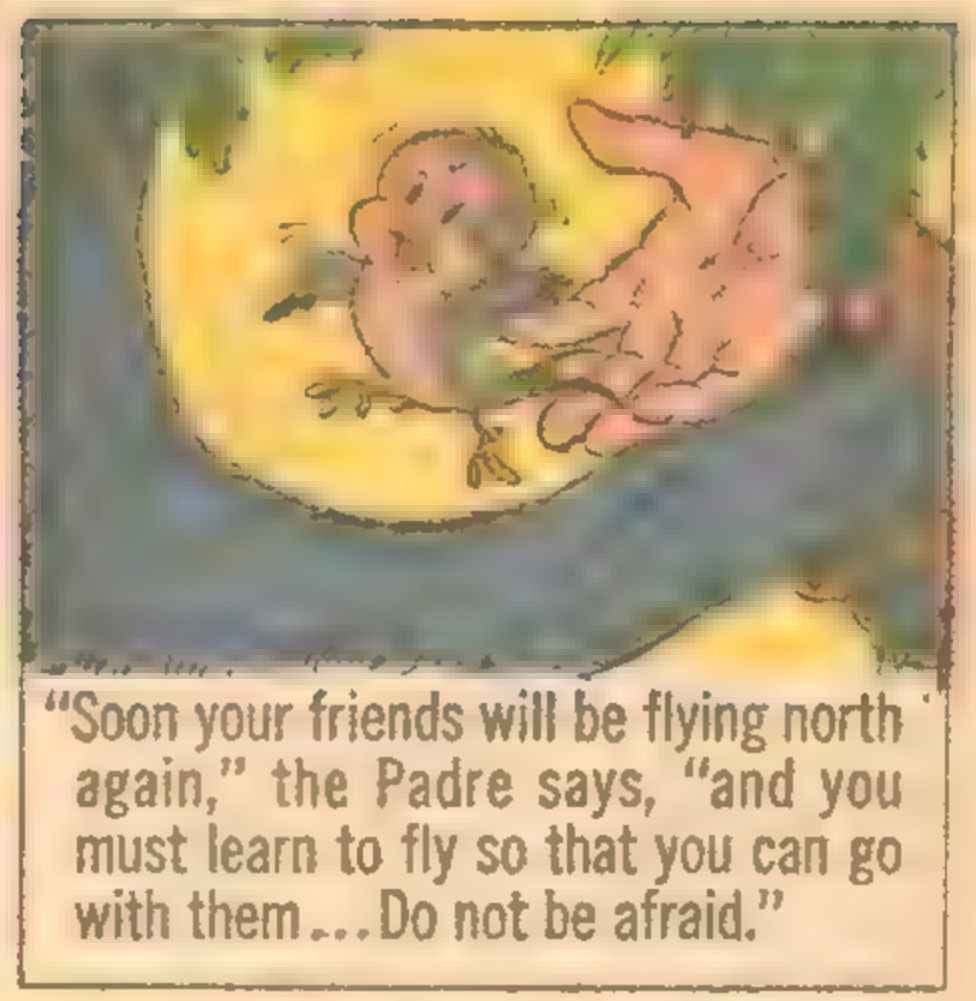
Gently, the kind old Padre picks up the little traveler. "Poor little one, he is too young to fly south," the Padre murmurs, as he takes the little bird into his study.

Tenderly, the Padre dresses the swallow's hurts. Then he places him in a basket, and through the long night, he keeps watch over his little visitor.

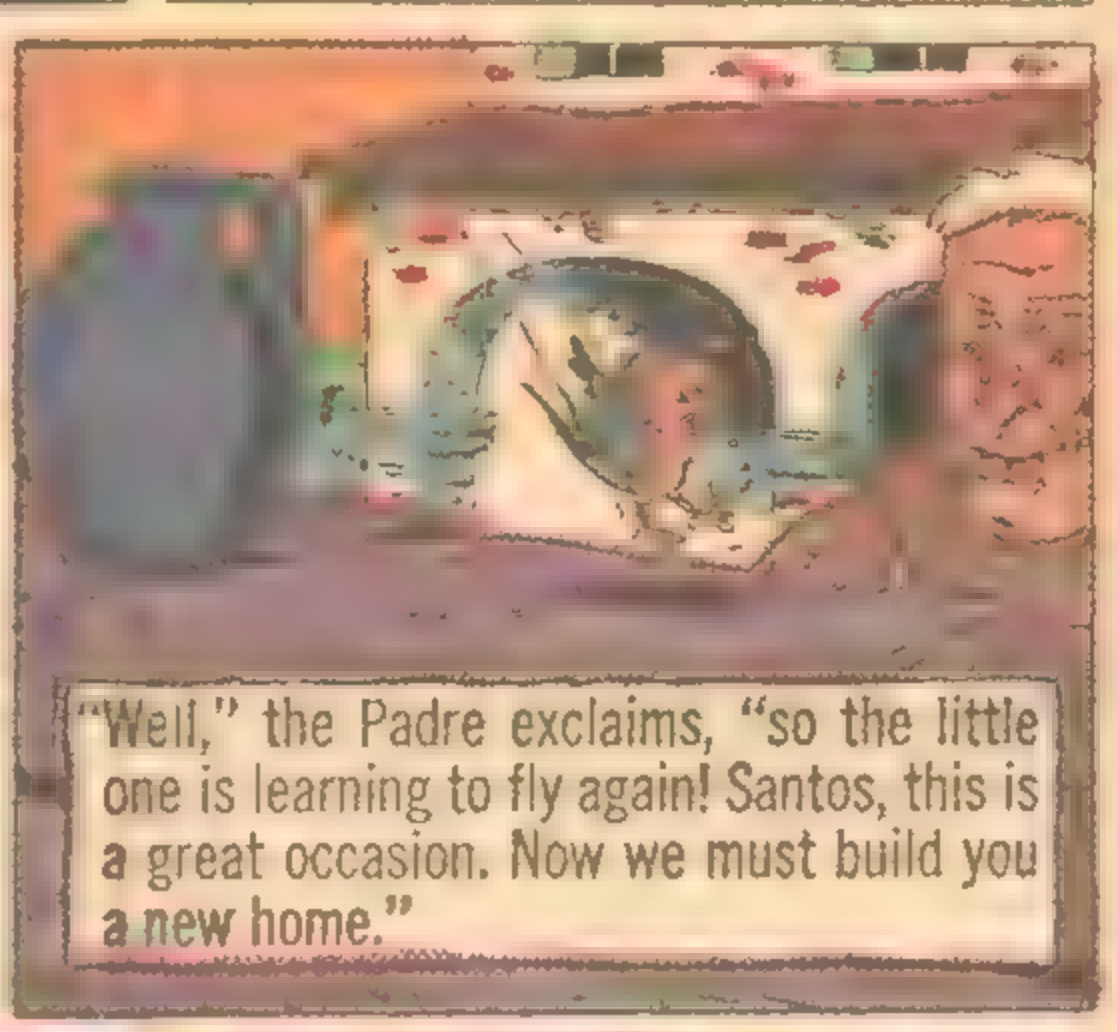
At last, the tiny bird opens his eyes. He seems to smile at the Padre. Then the Padre knows that the little one will be all right.

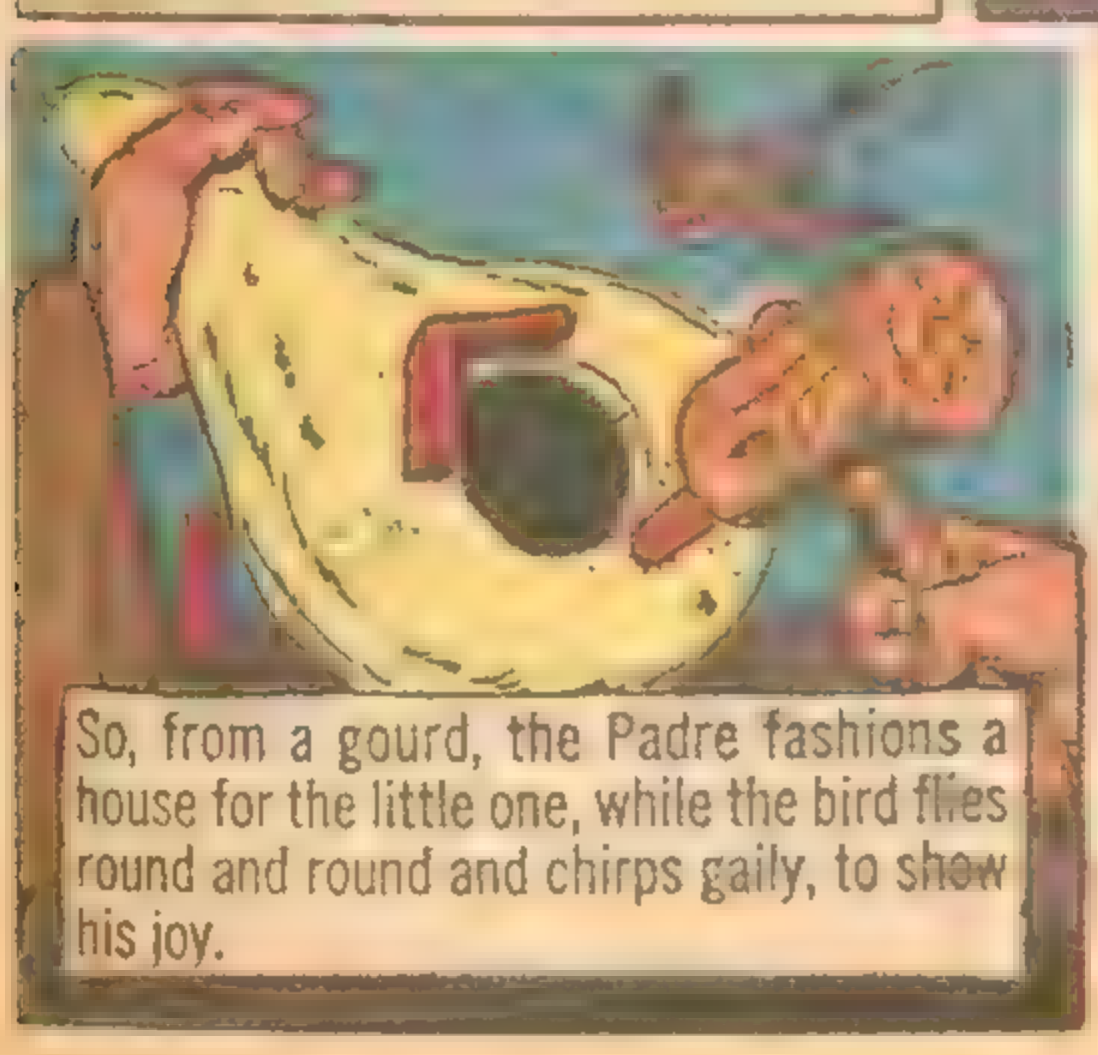
After many weeks, the little bird is well enough to hop about on the table. As the Padre writes, the little one plays a merry game with the moving pen.

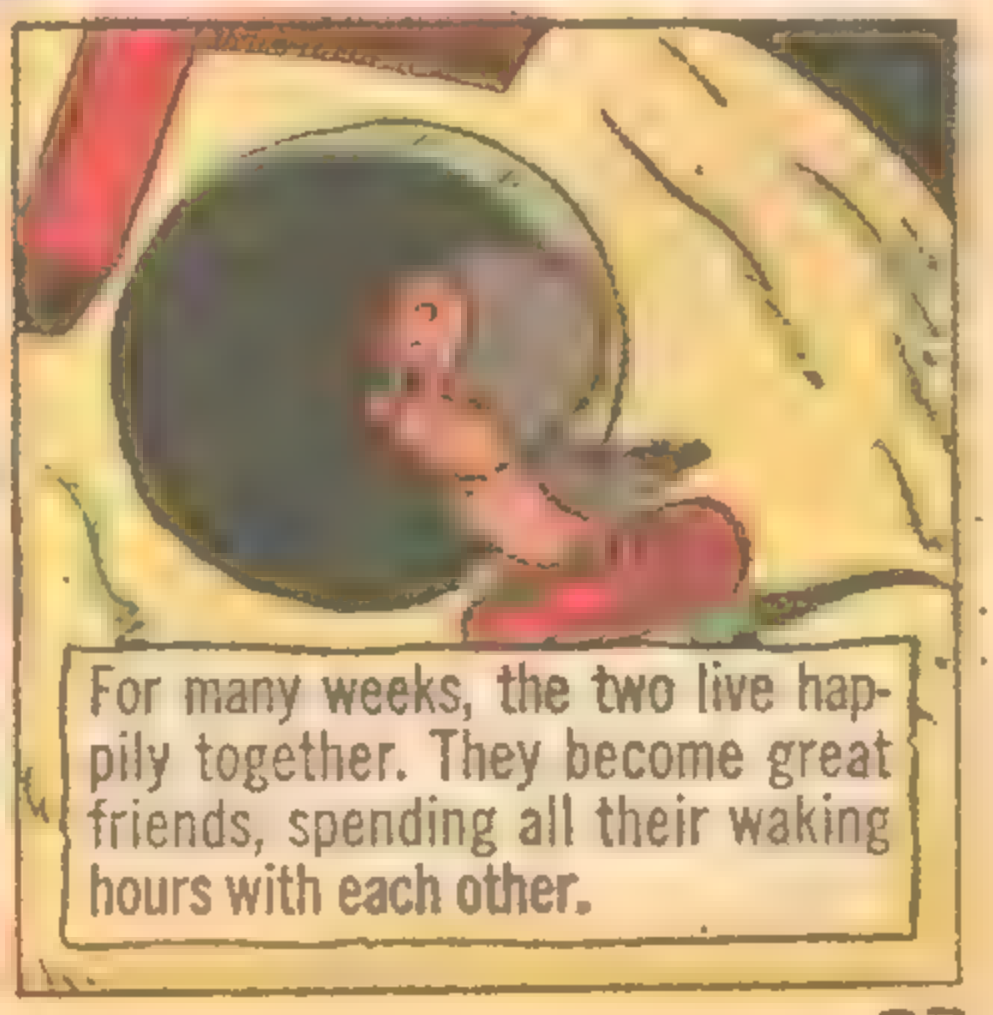
Suddenly, the little bird makes one great leap to the Padre's shoulder. Then the kind old Padre knows that the little one is ready to fly again, and he carries him out to the pepper tree.


"Soon your friends will be flying north again," the Padre says, "and you must learn to fly so that you can go with them... Do not be afraid."

The little bird is frightened, but after a few bad attempts, he takes to the air. Proudly he soars to the Mission wall and lands gracefully.


"Well," the Padre exclaims, "so the little one is learning to fly again! Santos, this is a great occasion. Now we must build you a new home."


So, from a gourd, the Padre fashions a house for the little one, while the bird flies round and round and chirps gaily, to show his joy.


For many weeks, the two live happily together. They become great friends, spending all their waking hours with each other.

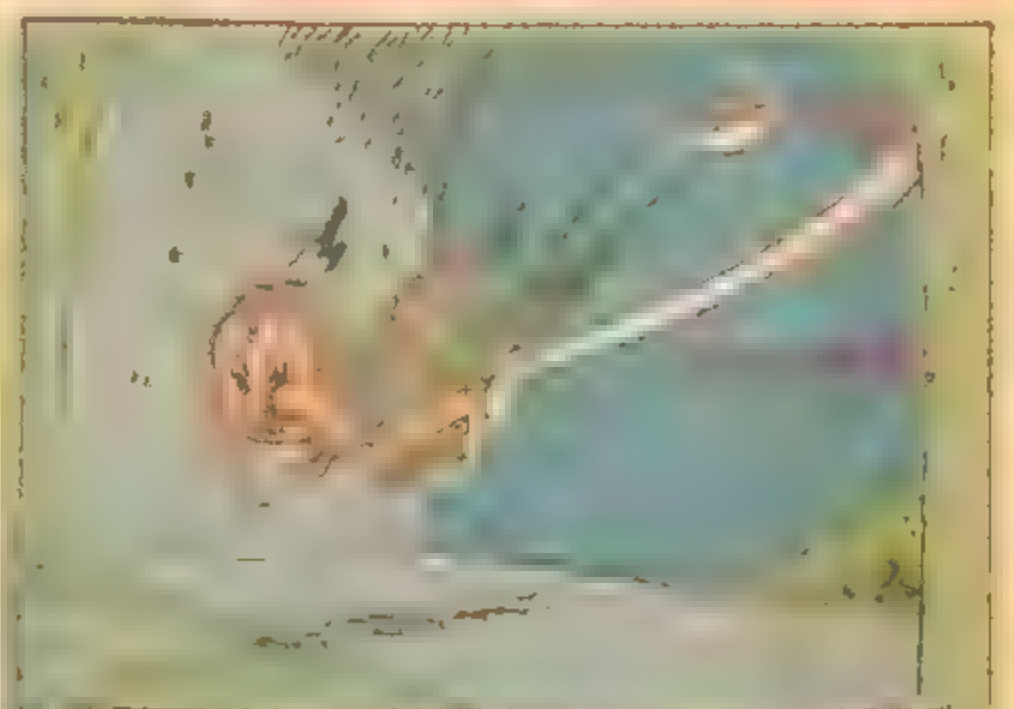
Together, the Padre and his little visitor explore the water of the well. The little bird would like to bathe in his bowl of water, but the Padre explains, 'No, no, little one. This water is not for the bath ... it is to drink."

Everywhere the Padre goes, the little bird goes with him. Even when he goes to ring the great bells in the Chapel.

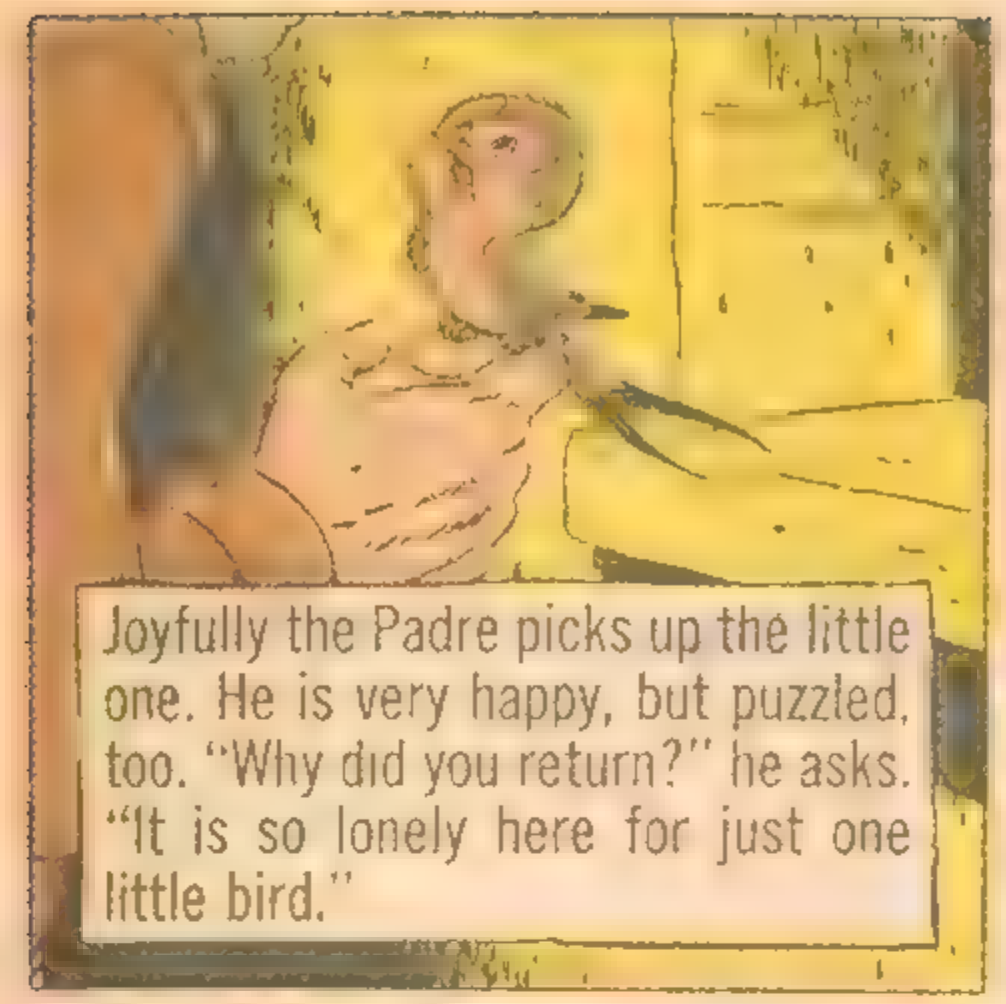
Then one day, the swallows go by again, winging their way north. The little one is overjoyed. Now he will see his friends again. But the Padre, too, has seen the birds.

The Padre is very sad, for now he knows his little friend must leave. But, "Come, you must hurry," he says, as he sends the little bird off.

That night, the Padre is very lonely. He wonders if he will ever see the little one again. He thinks of how the little bird used to come and sit on the window sill.



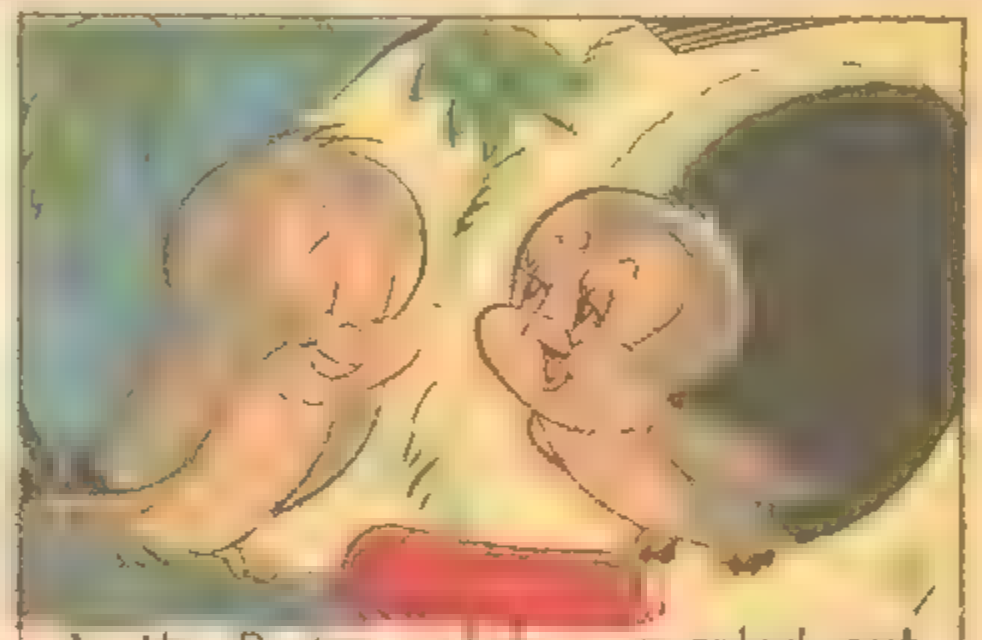
Suddenly, there is a soft rustle on the window sill. The Padre looks up in surprise. His little friend has returned.



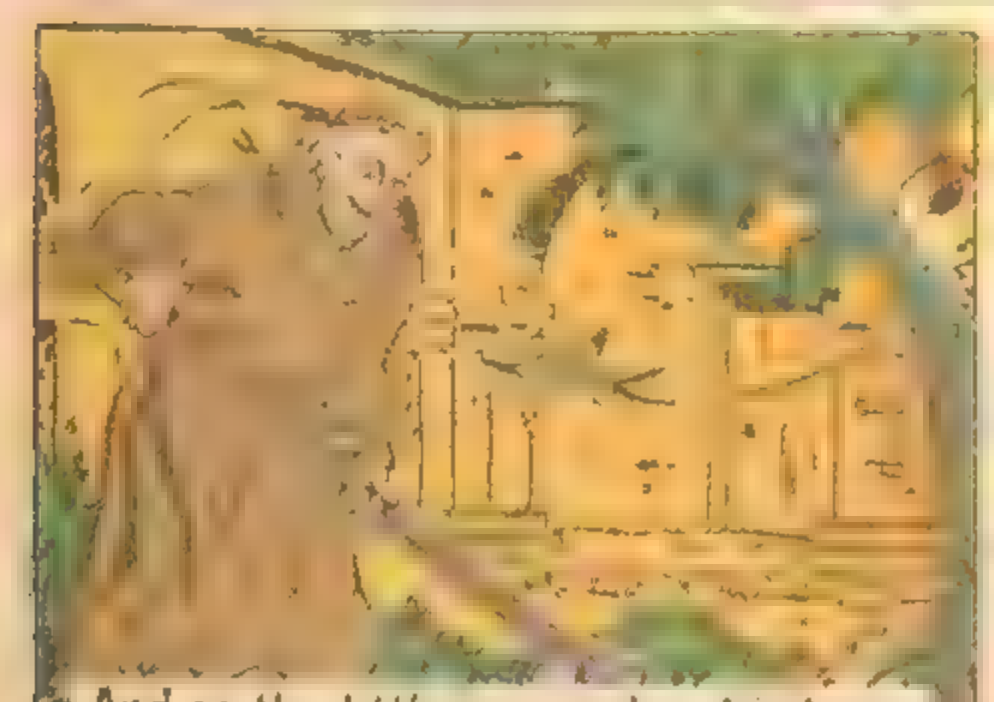
Joyfully the Padre picks up the little one. He is very happy, but puzzled, too. "Why did you return?" he asks. "It is so lonely here for just one little bird."

For a reply, the little one turns and flies out of the window. Chirping happily, he beckons to the Padre to follow him out into the garden.

Wonderingly, the Padre goes to the pepper tree, where he had put the little one's house. Excitedly, the little bird pecks on the door of his gourd home.



As the Padre watches, puzzled, out flies another little bird. It is the little one's mate. The Padre smiles happily, as his two little friends perch on his shoulders.

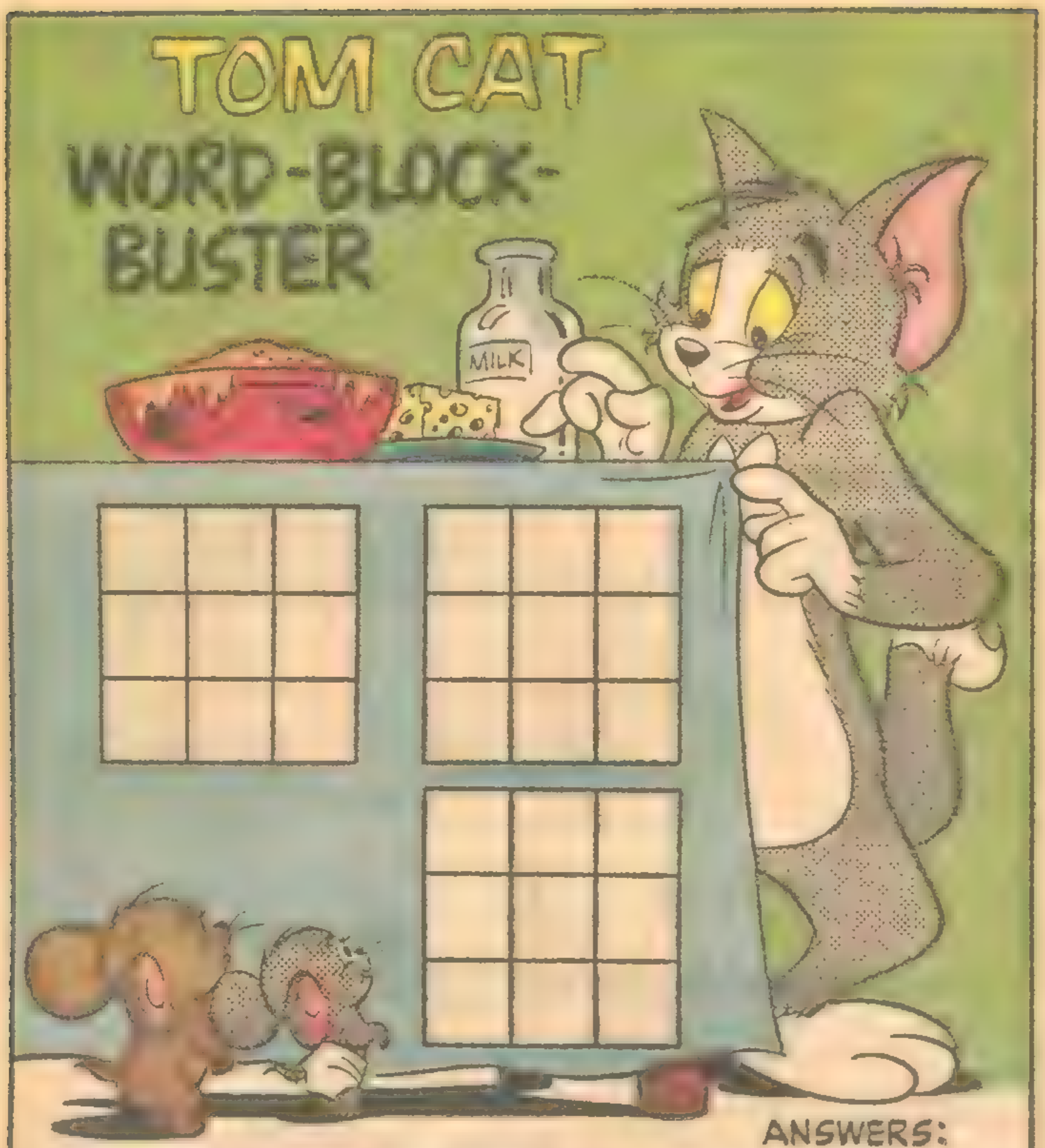


And so the little one makes his home there with his mate. The two birds and the kind old Padre were very happy together for many years.

And, though we are not certain, we think that is how the swallows first came to Capistrano. And that is why they return every year on the same day, at almost the same hour, to nest in the pepper tree beside the beautiful crumbling buildings.

TOM CAT

WORD-BLOCK-BUSTER



TOM HAS MADE A DEAL WITH JERRY AND TUFFY. THEY CAN SHARE DINNER WITH HIM AND HE WON'T ANNOY THEM IF THEY CAN MAKE THREE DIFFERENT WORD-BLOCKS IN THE SQUARES SHOWN, USING ONLY THE LETTERS T-A-E. EACH BLOCK MUST BEGIN AND END WITH A DIFFERENT WORD AND SPELL THE SAME WORDS BOTH ACROSS AND DOWN. THEY DID IT... CAN YOU ?

ANSWERS:

A	E	T
E	T	A
T	A	E

T	A	E
A	E	T
E	T	A

E	T	A
T	A	E
A	E	T

MOUSE MUSKETEERS

THE CASTLE CAPER

I'M *STILL* CHILLY, M'SIEJR POOSYCAT! MORE FIRE-WOOD!

YES, YOUR HIGH AND MIGHTY MAJESTY!

JUST *WHY* IS THIS OLD CASTLE SO DRAFTY AND CHILLY?

HMM... THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION, SIRE!

AS SOON AS I FND OUT THE ANSWER, I'LL... I'LL...

THAT'S IT... *MOUSE-HOLES* ARE LETTING IN ALL THE COLD AIR... NOT TO MENTION LETTING IN THE *MICE*, TOO!

ZIP!

OH-OH! I DETECT A DASTARDLY IDEA HATCHING IN THE FELINE'S NOGGIN!

BY USING SOME OF THE FIRE-WOOD TO BLOCK THE MOUSEHOLES I'LL SOON NEED *LESS* FIREWOOD TO WARM THE CASTLE!

THIS IS UNFAIR TO US MOUSE MUSKE-TEERS!

OH, FOR A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR TO CHAMPION OUR CAUSE AGAINST M' SIEUR POOSYCAT!

HMM...

-OLE SWEET HOME

WHYRS

WHY ALL THE SUDDEN CONCERN ABOUT OLD ARMOR, MON AMI?

HEH! WE SHALL CREATE OUR OWN DEFENDER, LITTLE ONE!

WAR TORN REVINANTS ROOM

WE'LL CALL HIM THE *BLACK KNIGHT* ...HEH... AND THEN WE'LL CALL M'SIEUR POOSYCAT'S BLUFF!

OUÍ! I AM IN LOVE WITH THE BLACK KNIGHT ALREADY!

NOW, TO ADD TO THE BLUFF, WE PLANT PLUMES IN ALL THE SURROUNDING SCENERY!

SO M'SIEUR POOSYCAT WILL THINK HE IS REALLY BESIEGED BY AN ARMY!

FINALLY...

TOUCHÉ, M'SIEUR POOSY-CAT!

EH? WHOSE BIG BLARING VOICE IS *THAT?*

TEE-HEE! SHOUTING UP FROM THE HEELS LIKE THAT IS LIKE YELLING THROUGH A B.G *MEGA-PHONE!*

HERE, KITTY-KITTY!

STOP PERSECUTING MICE, OR ME AND MY UNMERRY MEN WILL MAKE MINCEMEAT OUT OF YOU!

OH, YEAH...

M'S.EUR POOSYCAT HASTILY BUILDS A FIRE ON THE ROOF...

IF I GET RID OF THE.R LEADER, THAT ARMY MAY TURN TAIL AND FLEE!

I'LL POUR BOILING OIL ON HIM... AN OLD MEDI-EVAL TRICK!

SEA

THIS POOSYCAT DOESN'T S-SCARE .EASILY! ;GULP!;

MO

BUT THE ROYAL CHEF THROWS A ROYAL FIT! SO...

Royal Kitchen

OKAY- OKAY... KEEP YOUR ICKY OIL! I'LL USE PLAIN OLD HOT COALS TO ROUTE THAT LOUT!

HAVE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TIN SUIT TONIGHT, CHUM! HA-HA-HA!

AI-YI-YI! OUR TRICK HAS *BACK-FIRED!*

COR-RECTION, LITTLE ONE... IT HAS *DOWN-* FIRED ON US!

EH? WHO'S DIS-TURBING THE PEACE OF MY FAIR...THOUGH CHILLY... KINGDOM?

CRASH!

SAY... LOOK, LITTLE ONE... THIS HAPPENING GIVES ME ANOTHER IDEA!

AND MOMENTS LATER...

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HOW BADLY I...

OH, M'SIEUR POOSYCAT, I WANT YOU TO MEET TWO NEW ADDITIONS TO MY ROYAL COURT...

M'SIEURS MICE... ROYAL *INVENTORS* OF THE FIRST *POT-BELLIED STOVE!*

SURE BEATS YOUR OLD FIREPLACE, EH? TEE-HEE!

Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

TOO MANY BELLS

HELLO! MY NAME'S TYKE! YOU MUST BE OUR NEW NEIGHBOR!

MY NAME'S DINGALING!

Z!

THEY NAMED ME THAT BECAUSE I HAVE A BELL!

LET'S HEAR YOU RING IT FOR ME, DINGY!

SURE!

THIS IS THE WAY IT SOUNDS WHEN I JUMP A FENCE!

KERAUNG!

OH, BOY!

THE DINNER BELL!

?

?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR POP, PUP?

YOU'VE GOT ME, DINGY!

NO, SPIKE! IT'S NOT DINNERTIME YET!

I'LL RING WHEN IT'S READY!

I WAS *SURE* I HEARD A BELL!

LET'S REST IN THE SHADE HERE!

OH, I GET IT! THE SCHOOL BELL!

MIKE'S GOING TO BE LATE!

YOUR BELL MAKES ALL *KINDS* OF SOUNDS!

HEY, LOOK WHAT YOUR FATHER'S DOING NOW!

GOLLY!!

I'LL GET HIM THERE IN TIME!

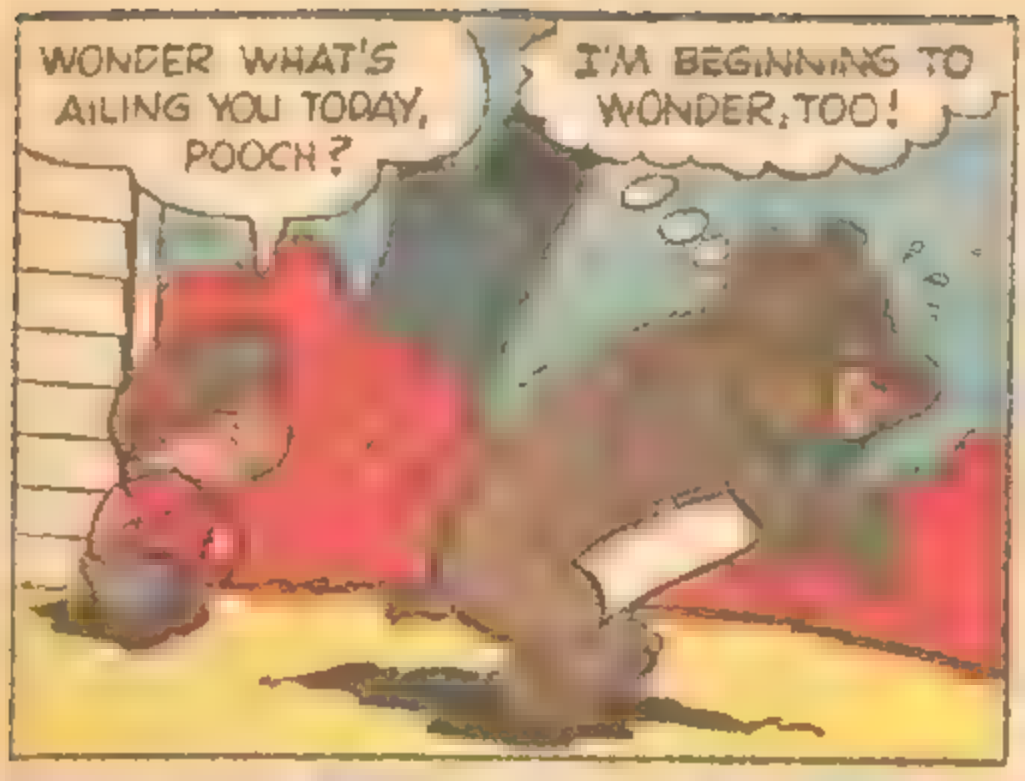
HE'S DRAGGING MIKE TOWARD THE SCHOOLHOUSE!

?

SPIKE! WHAT DID YOU HAUL ME UP HERE FOR?

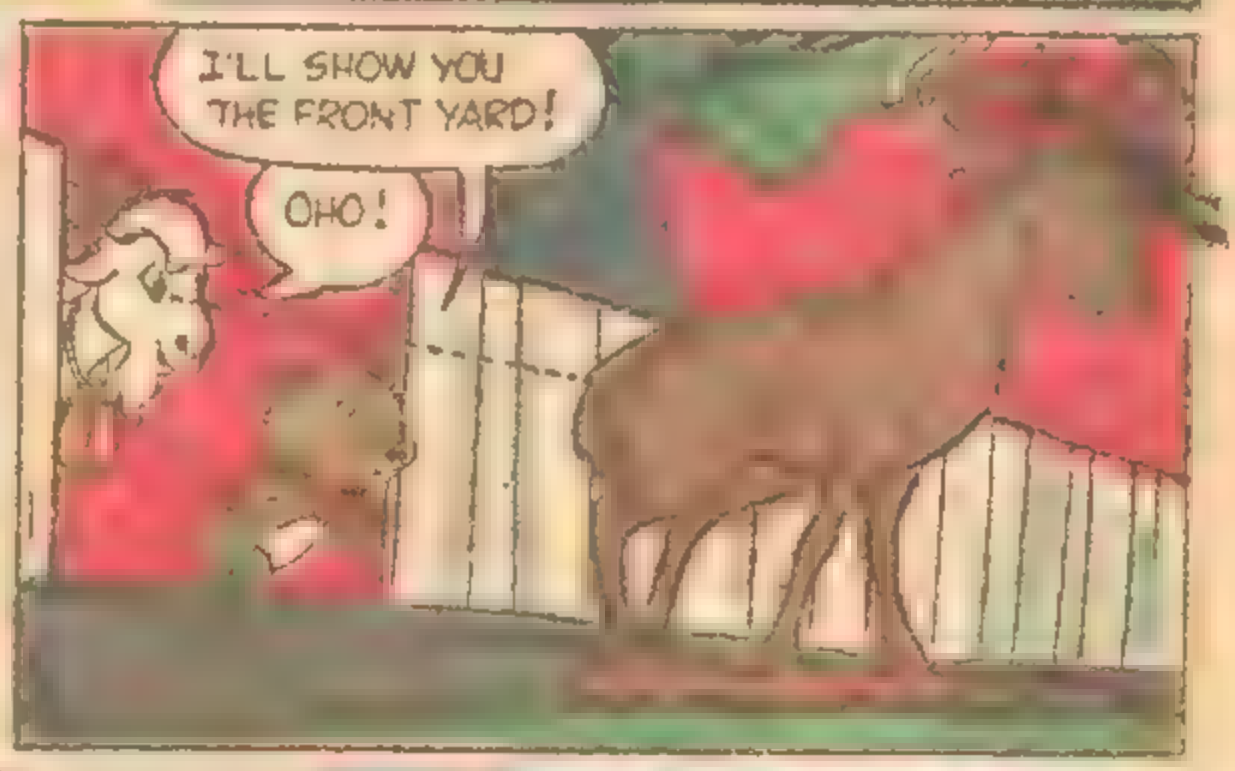
HUH?

PUBLIC SCHOOL #1 CLOSED FOR VACATION

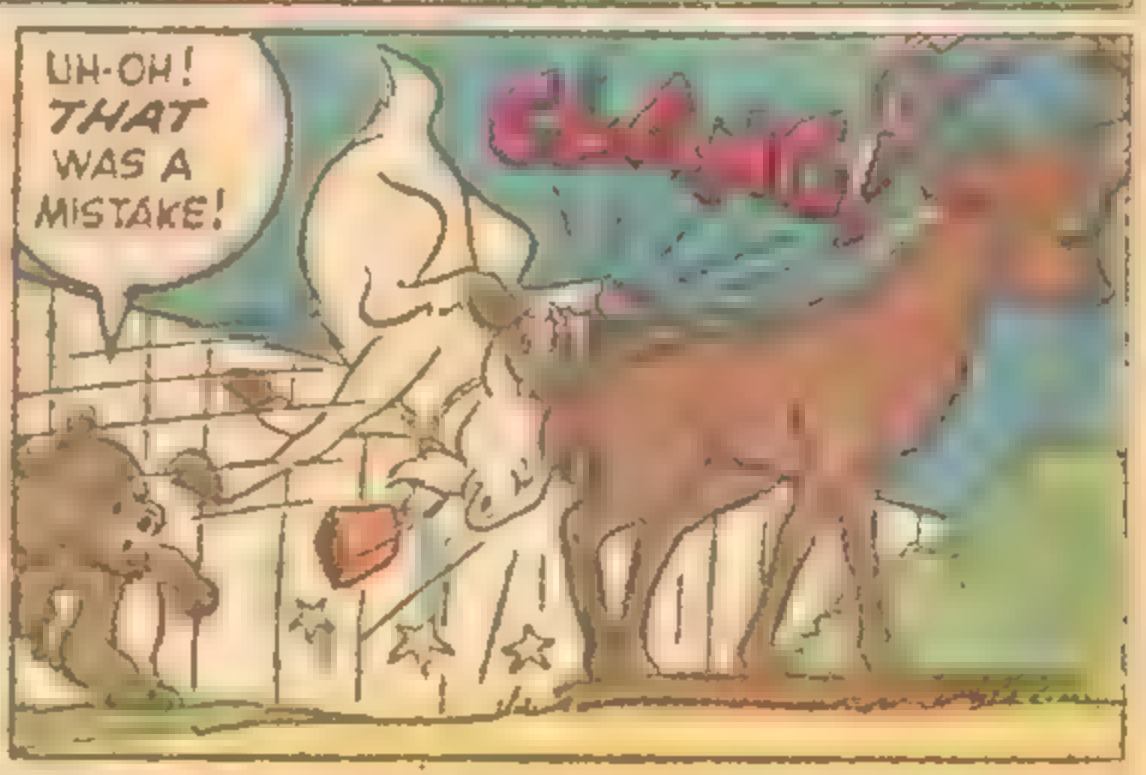

WONDER WHAT'S AILING YOU TODAY, POOCH?
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER, TOO!

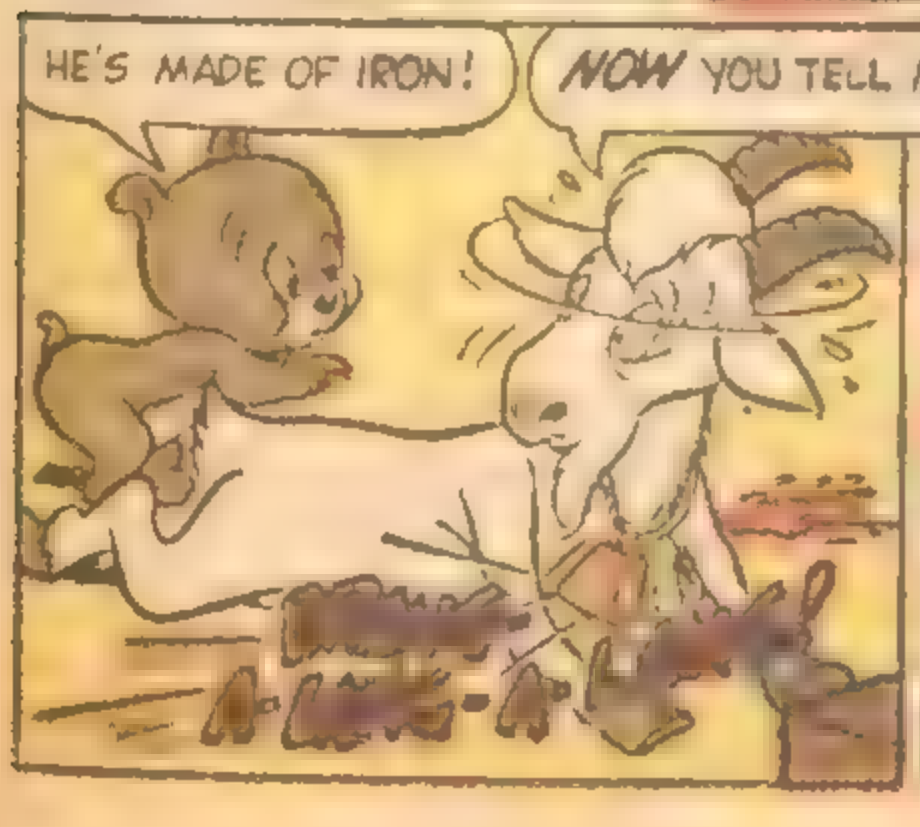
POP HAS A STRANGE LOOK IN HIS EYES...

MAYBE WE'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HIM, DINGY!
HOPE I DON'T HEAR ANY MORE BELLS!


I'LL SHOW YOU THE FRONT YARD!
OHO!

I CAN HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS CHARACTER!
!


UH-OH! THAT WAS A MISTAKE!
CLANG!


HE'S MADE OF IRON!
NOW YOU TELL ME!

NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT RING!

NOW POP'S WEARING MIKE'S FIREMAN'S HAT!

I'LL FOLLOW THE FIRE ENGINE WHEN IT GOES BY!

HE'S A DOGGONE GONE DOG!

CHIEF 13

NOTHING'S COMING!

CHIEF 13

THAT DOES IT!

IF I HEAR ANY MORE BELLS, I'LL JUST IGNORE THEM!

LATER...

DING-A-LING!

HMMPH! THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE DINNER BELL AGAIN!

BUT IT *ISN'T*, OF COURSE!

MMM.. SPIKE'S LOST HIS APPETITE, I GUESS!

YOU POOR THING! YOU MUST BE SICK!

THERE *REALLY* MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME: EVEN *SHE* NOTICES IT!

POP'S NOT A WELL DOG ...I CAN SEE THAT!

I KNOW WHAT WILL HELP HIM!

TELL ME AND I'LL SUGGEST IT TO HIM!

POP, THEY SAY EATING GRASS IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU!

HMM...YES, I'VE HEARD OF THAT!

SNIFF!

I DON'T SEE HOW IT'LL STOP RINGING IN THE EARS, BUT I'LL TRY IT!

MUNCH! MUNCH!

AAACHOo!

SO THAT'S IT!

DINGA LING!

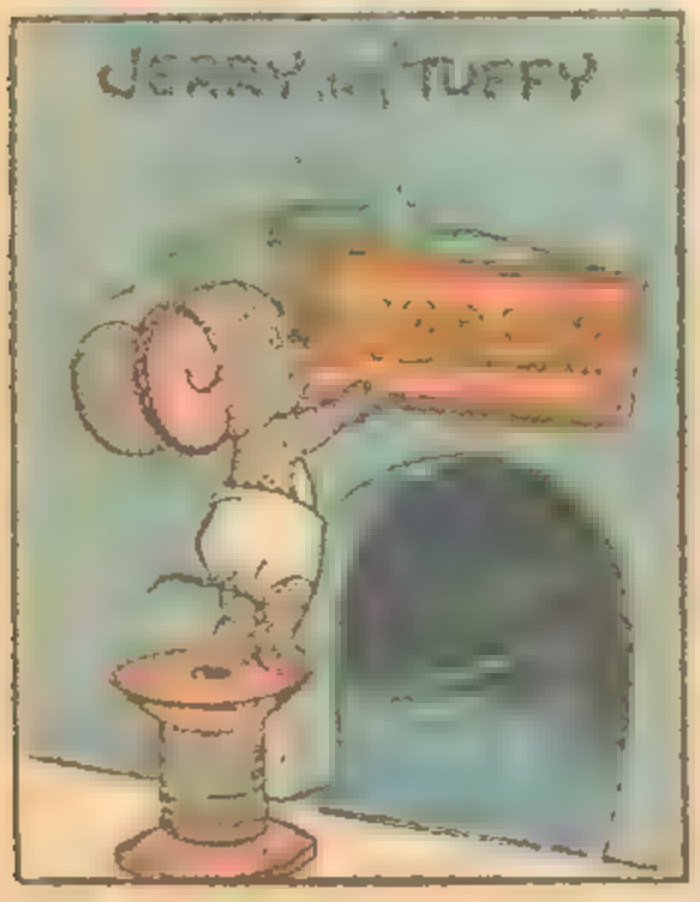
SPIKE SEEMS TO BE HIS OLD SELF AGAIN!

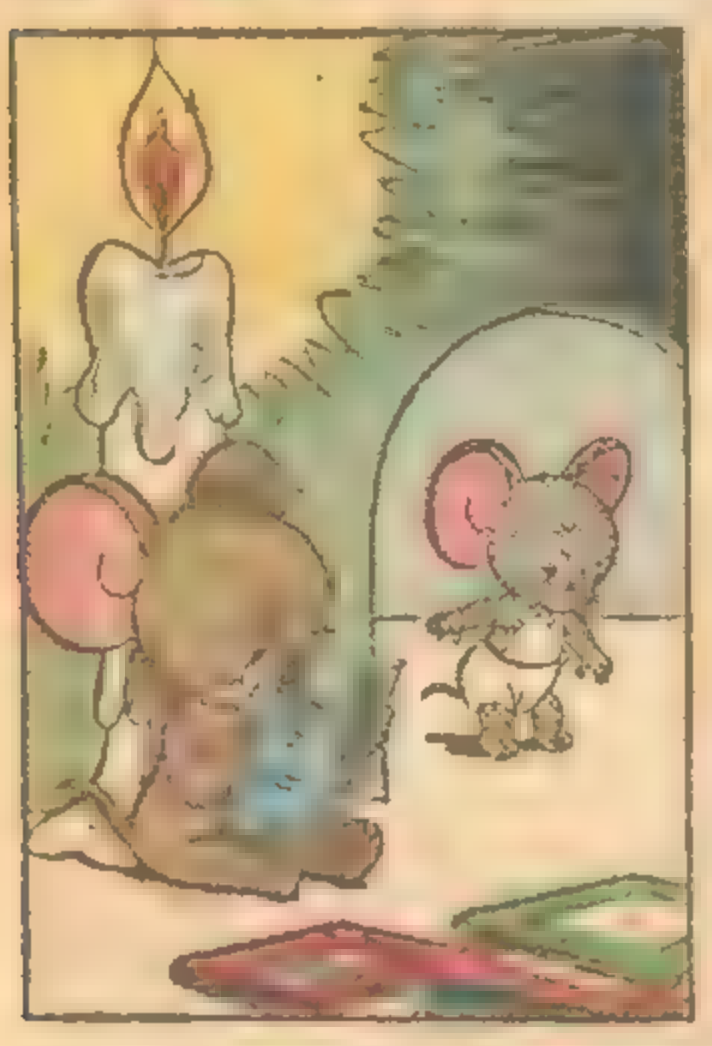
GET OUT OF HERE!

THAT GRASS SURE PUT THE PEP INTO POP!

BOW WOW!

A GOLDEN GIGGLE





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Mention the word "octopus" and nine out of ten people will shudder with horror and revulsion. They will recall scenes from motion pictures in which hideous, evil, squirming octopi crept from hiding places on the ocean floor and attacked unwary divers. In motion pictures, all octopi seem to be at least fifty feet long and very short-tempered. They are also very sneaky; they hide behind things and swarm out suddenly and without provocation to frighten divers and audiences half to death.

Truth to tell, even the most tolerant and devoted naturalist will admit that no octopus will ever win a beauty prize. With its eight snake-like tentacles, its bulging elastic head and body, and its prominent eyes, the octopus is definitely unlovely. However, it is not usually dangerous. The average run-of-the mill octopus is a shy beast and is only about the size of a pie plate. It is far better equipped to hide or to run away than it is to fight.

The octopus can squeeze its pliable body into inaccessible places. It is one of nature's most accomplished disguise artists, for it can change color so that it blends perfectly with its surroundings. If a disguise fails, and a passing eel dis-

covers that the octopus is real and not a lump of coral, the elusive octopus squirts a jet of inky fluid into the water. The bewildered eel then attacks the inky cloud, while the octopus, now almost invisible, makes its escape. Sometimes an octopus will lose a tentacle in the encounter, but no serious harm is done. A new tentacle will grow to replace the lost one.

Although it is a fair swimmer, the octopus really prefers to walk. A bottom dweller, it strolls along the ocean floor on three or four of its eight tentacles, using the others to turn over stones in search of shellfish and crabs. When it's frightened, however, it can move very rapidly. It squirts water from its body out through a siphon-like tube, thus moving by a sort of jet propulsion.

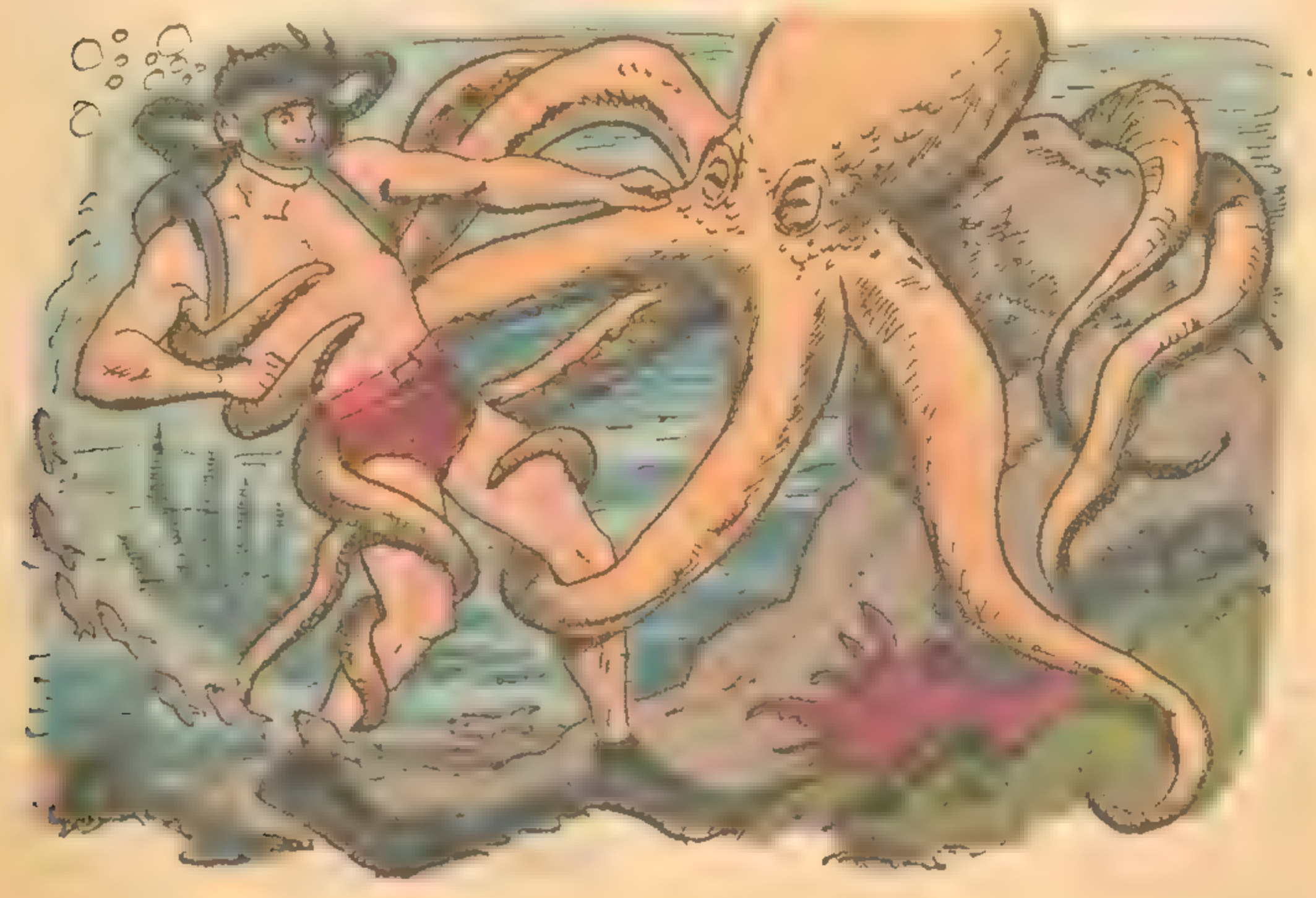
The eyes of the octopus are superior to those of most ocean creatures. They are almost as highly developed as the eyes of man. Oddly, they are most disturbing; people who have encountered octopi ofter refer to the "baleful, evil eyes." Actually, the octopus isn't really smart enough to be baleful. Mother octopi have been known to brood and keep watch over their eggs long after the young have

hatched and squirmed away. To say the very least, watching empty eggs is a terrible waste of time.

All of this does not mean that all octopi are harmless, much-misunderstood little creatures. Any animal will fight if it is cornered, and the octopus is no exception. The experienced diver knows that a bite from the parrot-beak of the octopus can be poisonous, and he carefully avoids even the mouth of a small octopus.

Not all of them are small. In the Mediterranean, the octopus can grow to be ten feet across. More than one bather has lost his life to these octopi. In the warm waters of the Pacific, the octopus is sometimes even larger.

Each of its eight tentacles is lined with disc-shaped suction cups. In a small animal, these are amazingly strong. In a large octopus, they have enormous gripping power. If an octopus of fair size anchors itself to a rock with two or three of its arms, then encircles a diver with the remaining ones; the man has little chance to break away. The large octopus, rare and rarely met, cannot be laughed off as harmless. He is to be dreaded . . . the deadly, dangerous monster of the deep.



WOODY WOODPECKER

THE MYSTERY OF MOUNT MYSTIC

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, WOODY!

WE'D BE GONERS IF WE EVER FELL INTO THOSE RAPIDS!

MOUNT MYSTIC CROSS AT OWN RISK!

RELAX, KIDS! WE'RE NOT GOING TO...(ULP!)

WOODY! THE BRIDGE IS GOING DOWN... SLOW BUT SURE!

MY TUMMY JUST TOLD ME THE SAME THING!

LOOK! SOMEONE IS LOWERING THE BRIDGE...LIKE AN ELEVATOR!

FIRST FLOOR... RAPIDS! EVERYBODY OUT! HA HA HA-A-A-A!

GULP!

WOODY, YOU'D BETTER GIVE US SOME EXPERT SWIMMING LESSONS QUICK!

HM-M! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!

ROPE-CLIMBING LESSONS MIGHT PAY OFF BETTER!

C-CLIMB UP TO WHOEVER LOWERED THE BRIDGE?

≡GULP!≡

THERE'RE THREE OF US TO ONE OF HIM SO FAR AS I CAN TELL!

≡GULP!≡ THIS GANG IS PART MONKEY!

I WASN'T COUNTING ON THIS! I'D BETTER MAKE MYSELF SCARCE!

SLAM!

SEE, KIDS? WE'VE GOT HIM ON THE RUN!

OH, BOY! HE'S SCARED OF US!

OPEN UP, YOU..,YOU...YOU...

ONE SIDE, KIDS! LET ME GET MY BIG EAGER BEAK IN THERE!

HEH! REMEMBER... ALL DOORS OPEN TO WOODPECKERS WHO LEAD WITH THEIR BEAKS!

SEE? I POPPED OUT A KNOTHOLE ALREADY!

SH-H! GENIUS HIDING OUT!

GROAN! AND I THOUGHT I WOULD BE **SAFE** HERE ON MYSTIC MOUNTAIN!

NOW IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER FOR ME TO REACH IN AND UNLOCK THE DOOR!

I MUSTN'T LET THEM GET THE FORMULA!

CREAK! THE DOOR IS SWINGING OPEN! I'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!

YOU'LL NEVER, NEVER GET MY HAIR-GROWER, YOU AWFUL CROOKS!

OW! HAIR-GROWER?

WHO NEEDS IT?

AND LOOK WHO'S CALLING WHO AWFUL!

BLONK!

I'LL DUMP IT ALL INTO THE RAPIDS, FIRST!

NOW DO WHAT YOU MAY! THE FORMULA'S NOT WRITTEN DOWN EXCEPT IN MY BRAIN!

YOU'RE WHACKY, CHUM! WE DON'T WANT ANY HAIR-GROWING FORMULA!

WE JUST WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU DROPPED THE BRIDGE UNDER US!

Y-YOU'RE NOT **CROOKS**... LIKE FLY FINNEGAN?

WOODY WOODPECKER'S THE NAME! AND HERE'S MY MOUNTAIN CLIMBER'S CLUB IDENTIFICATION CARD!

YEAH! WE JUST CAME HERE TO DO A LITTLE CLIMBING!

TCH-TCH! I APOLOGIZE! FLY FINNEGAN HAS BEEN AFTER MY HAIR-GROWER, AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKING FOR HIM!

FLY FINNEGAN? NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

WELL, HE WAS A LITTLE BEFORE YOUR TIME! HE WAS A BURGLAR WHO COULD CLIMB UP THE TALLEST BUILDINGS... THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE NICKNAME, **FLY!**

THIS NEWSPAPER TELLS ABOUT HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON!

DAILY **BULLETIN**

NOTORIOUS FLY FINNEGAN FREE AFTER SERVING SO-YEAR TERM AT STATE PRISON!

"I'M ALL WASHED UP! I'M TOO OLD NOW FOR CLIMBING UP BUILDINGS LIKE A FLY," SAYS FLY!

UH-HUH! AND HE'S **BALD-HEADED** NOW!

SO THAT'S WHY HE'S AFTER YOUR **HAIR-GROWING** FORMULA!

OH, IT'S MUCH MORE THAN **HAIR** THAT HE'S AFTER... READ ABOUT ME ON THE NEXT PAGE!

DR. POMPY'S HAIR GROWER IS A DOUBLE SUCCESS!

"SURPRISE," SAYS DOC. "THIS STUFF GROWS HAIR BECAUSE IT MAKES YOU GROW YOUNGER! GUESS I'M 93 YEARS OLD!"

WOW! WHAT A DISCOVERY!

SO NOW YOU CAN SEE WHY FLY FINNEGAN WANTS MY FORMULA!

AND HOW! IF HE COULD REGAIN HIS YOUTH HE COULD GO BACK TO BEING A HUMAN **FLY** TYPE BURGLAR AGAIN!

SAY, DOC... WHILE WE'VE BEEN TALKING, YOUR HAIRLINE HAS BEEN RECEDING!

OH, OH! I FEEL A LITTLE **OLDER**, TOO!

THE EFFECTS OF MY FORMULA WEAR OFF AFTER A WHILE!

GOLLY! YOU'RE SETTING A **SPEED** RECORD FOR GOING **BALD**!

I NEVER SAW ANYBODY **AGE** SO **RAPIDLY**, TOO!

YES! I'LL SOON LOOK MY AGE... NINETY-THREE YEARS OLD, THAT IS!

BUT, THERE! I'VE MIXED UP A NEW BATCH, AND NOW I'LL REGAIN MY YOUTH AGAIN!

WELL, BOTTLES UP!

HEH! NOW I LOOK MORE LIKE TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD... EH?

LIKE MAGIC, MAN!

BUT I'VE DETAINED YOU WOODPECKERS LONG ENOUGH! I'LL PULL UP THIS END OF MY BRIDGE SO YOU CAN EASILY LEAVE!

WELL, WE'D STILL LIKE TO DO A LITTLE MOUNTAIN CLIMBING!

CLIMB AWAY THEN! THE BRIDGE WILL BE UP WHEN YOU'RE READY TO GO!

EEK! FLY FINNEGAN AND ANOTHER HOODLUM!

RIGHT! WE SLID DOWN THE BRIDGE FROM THE OTHER SIDE! FIGURED YOU'D PULL IT UP AGAIN!

GO GET THE FORMULA FOR ME, BICEPS!

IN A JIFFY, BOSS!

QUICK! INTO MY CAVE LAB!

OH, OH! THE BIG CREEP IS STICKING HIS ARM THROUGH THE KNOTHOLE I OPENED EARLIER!

HE'LL FLIP THE LATCH!

UGH! IT'S A TIGHT FIT! DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING MORE MY SIZE?

HM-M... THIS HOODLUM DOESN'T IMPRESS ME AS BEING THE BRILLIANT TYPE!

YOU DESERVE A SECOND CHANCE, BIG BOY!

THERE! TRY YOUR OTHER ARM IN THIS HOLE AND SEE IF IT FITS ANY BETTER!

CHEE, THANKS!

UGH! THIS ONE IS TOO TIGHT, TOO!

IT LOOKS **JUST RIGHT** FROM WHERE I STAND!

SURPRISE! YOU'RE NOW A PRISONER IN **STOCKS**... OLD-FASHIONED, BUT FOOLPROOF!

WHAT A JAM!

TEE-HEE! SORT OF A **DOOR JAMB**, ISN'T IT?

NOW LET'S GO OUT AND GRAB FLY FINNEGAN! HE'S TOO OLD TO PUT UP MUCH OF A BATTLE!

WAIT! I WON'T TAKE A CHANCE LEAVING THE FORMULA IN HERE!

THIS CHARACTER MIGHT TEAR LOOSE SOMEHOW... HE'S STRONG!

I'LL FEEL SAFER WITH THE FORMULA IN MY HANDS WHERE...

AWK!

HEE-HEE! THIS TELESCOPIC CANE MAKES UP FOR ME NOT BEING VERY AGILE!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO BECOME YOUNG AND ATHLETIC... A HUMAN **FLY** AGAIN!

STOP HIM!

GR-R-R! WHAT A DIFFERENCE A LITTLE HAIR TONIC MAKES!

YEEK! IT MAKES AN **AWFUL** DIFFERENCE!

NOW I'M GONNA BOP YOUR HEADS TOGETHER TILL THE DOC **WRITES DOWN** THE FORMULA FOR ME SO I CAN **STAY** THIS WAY!

I'M NOT A **BOP** FAN!

HERE'S WHERE WE'D BETTER DO SOME ZIPPY MOUNTAIN CLIMBING!

HA-HA! FOOLS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN OUTCLIMB **ME**, THE **FLY**!?

(GULP!) THIS GUY TAKES ALL THE SHORT CUTS!

I'LL BET HE COULD WALK ON THE **CEILING** IF THERE WAS ONE!

ZOOM!

YOU'RE CUT OFF! GIVE UP?

SWOOSH!

HEY, WATCH IT! YOU'RE STARTING AN AVALANCHE!

LOOK OUT, KIDS!

DON'T PUSH!

HALP! WE'RE GOING OVERBOARD!

DOGGONE! THERE GOES THE ONLY GUY WHO KNOWS THE FORMULA!

WHEW! WHAT LUCK! WE'RE GONNA LAND ON THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE!

OOF! NOT A BAD LANDING! THIS THING'S GOT A LOT OF GIVE!

CREAK!

SNAP! TWANG!

YIKE! IT'S GOT TOO MUCH GIVE!

IT COULDN'T STAND ALL OUR WEIGHT AT ONCE!

I HOPE THE RAPIDS AREN'T TOO COLD!

I HOPE IT'S SOFT WATER!

SNAP! CRACK!

SPLAT!

HEY! W-WE'RE NOT SINKING!

WELL, THE BRIDGE IS MADE OF WOOD!

BUT, STILL, WOODY... EVEN A BOAT WILL CAPSIZE IN RAPIDS!

HEH! THIS BRIDGE IS BETTER THAN ANY BOAT!

THIS IS SUCH A **LONG** THING THAT IT CAN'T BE UPSET BY ROUGH WATER... IT JUST **BENDS** TO FIT THE WAVES!

YAHOO! IT'S LIKE RIDING A BIG SEA SERPENT!

BUT, WOODY... I HEAR **WATERFALLS** AHEAD!

NO PROBLEM, FELLA...

IT'S JUST LIKE HOPPING DOWN DADDY-SIZE STAIRS!

?

ARE YOU FOLKS OKAY?

SURE, BUT YOU'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE! A COUPLE OF CROOKS ARE MAROONED ON MYSTIC MOUNTAIN!

HEH! ONE THING THAT HUMAN FLY CAN'T DO IS FLY! HE'S TRAPPED!

AND LATER, WITH THE HELP OF POLICE HELICOPTERS...

OFF TO PRISON YOU MUST GO!

AND HERE'S YOUR BRIDGE, BACK IN PLACE!

EVERYTHING'S DANDY!

WELL, **ALMOST!** I STILL HAVE A PROBLEM! I'VE HAD A BUSY DAY, BUT KNOTHEAD AND SPLINTER WANT TO MOUNTAIN CLIMB!

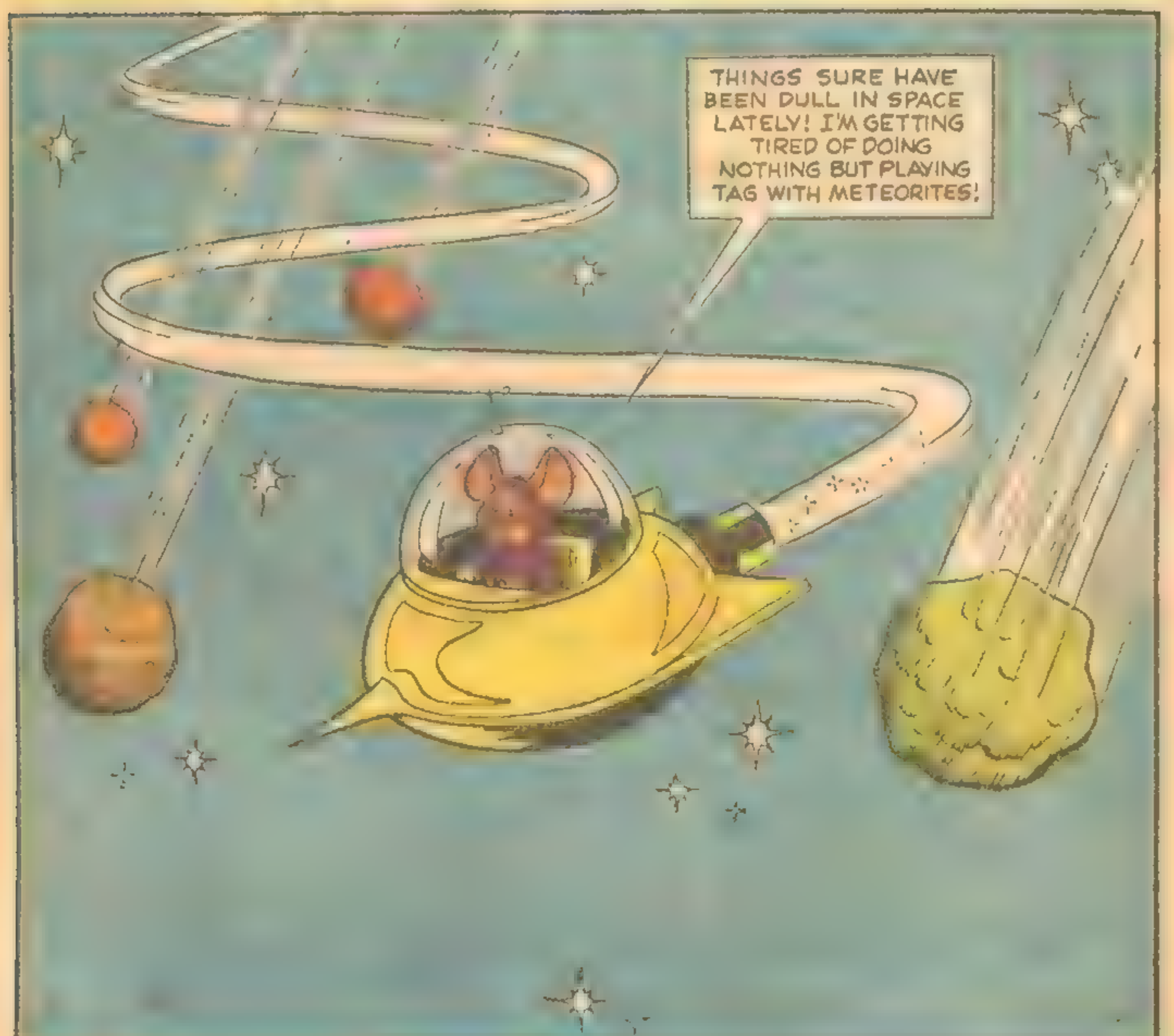
MAYBE THAT FLYING POLICEMAN CAN HELP ME OUT!

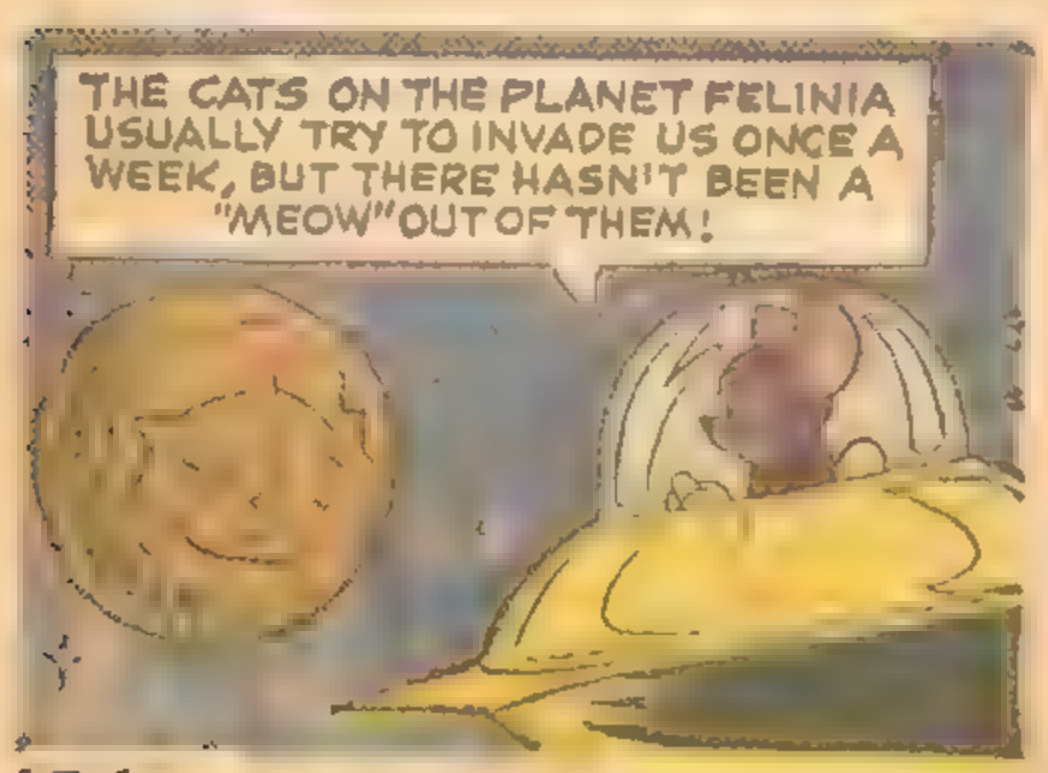
AND SO...

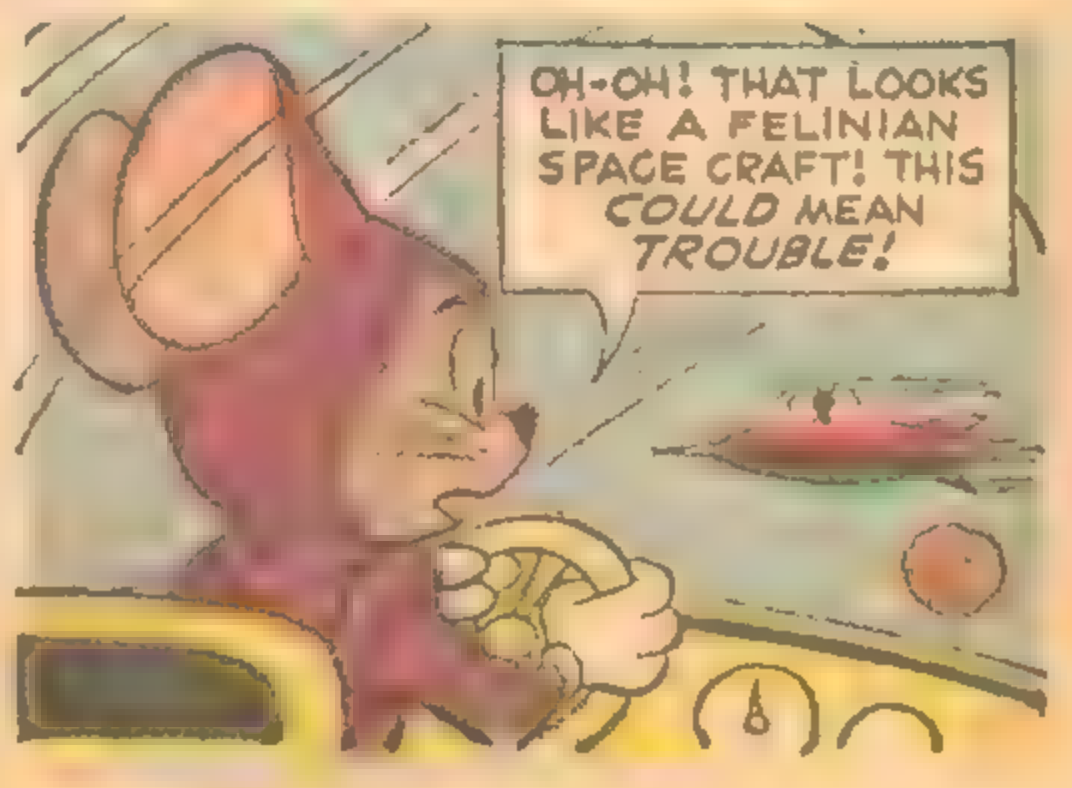
STOP COMPLAINING, KIDS... I'M CLIMBING RIGHT ALONG WITH YOU! I'M JUST DOING IT THE **EASY** WAY! HEH, HEH!

SPACE MOUSE

METEOR MENACE







WHY, THEY COMPLETELY *IGNORED ME*! THIS *MUST* MEAN TROUBLE! I BETTER CHECK ON THIS THROUGH MY ELECTRA BELT-VIEWER!

ZOOM!

WHY, THEY'RE LAUGHING! I WONDER WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

HAW! GET A LOAD OF THAT SILLY SPACE MOUSE ON PATROL!

YEAH! IF HE ONLY KNEW HE HASN'T GOT A THING TO WORRY ABOUT ... FROM *US!*

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANET RODENTIA WILL BE *HELPLESS* AS A NEW BORN MOUSE!

AND WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO LIFT A PAW! *HAW!*

THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON THAT I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT! I BETTER GIVE FELINIA THE ONCE-OVER WITH MY BELT-VIEWER!

SHORTLY...

THERE'S KING CATNIP TALKING WITH HIS ROYAL ASTRONOMERS!

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY SURE? NO MISTAKING?

ABSOLUTELY! IT WILL REACH RODENTIA IN EXACTLY 72 HOURS, 10 MINUTES, AND 1 SECOND!

!?

THEN WE CAN MOVE IN AND TAKE OVER WITHOUT HARMING A WHISKER! THEY'LL BE TOO SHOOK UP TO FIGHT BACK!

I BETTER GET TO RODENTIA AND SEE IF THEY KNOW ABOUT THIS! IT SOUNDS LIKE A *SPACE COLLISION!*

SHORTLY...

YES, YOUR MOUSEJESTY! A GIANT ASTEROID IS DUE TO MEET OUR ORBITAL PATH: A COLLISION IS INEVITABLE!

WE WERE SO BUSY KEEPING AN EYE ON FELINIA, WE FAILED TO NOTICE IT!

WHAT CAN WE DO? EVACUATE THE CITY?

NO! THE FELINIANS ARE *COUNTING* ON CONFUSION SO THEY CAN TAKE OVER! WE'VE GOT TO *KEEP* THE ASTEROID FROM *HITTING* RODENTIA!

ORDINARY ASTEROIDS ARE SMALL ENOUGH SO THAT THEY BURN UP WHEN THEY HIT OUR ATMOSPHERE!

BUT THIS ONE IS TOO BIG! IT WOULDN'T HAVE TIME TO BURN UP!

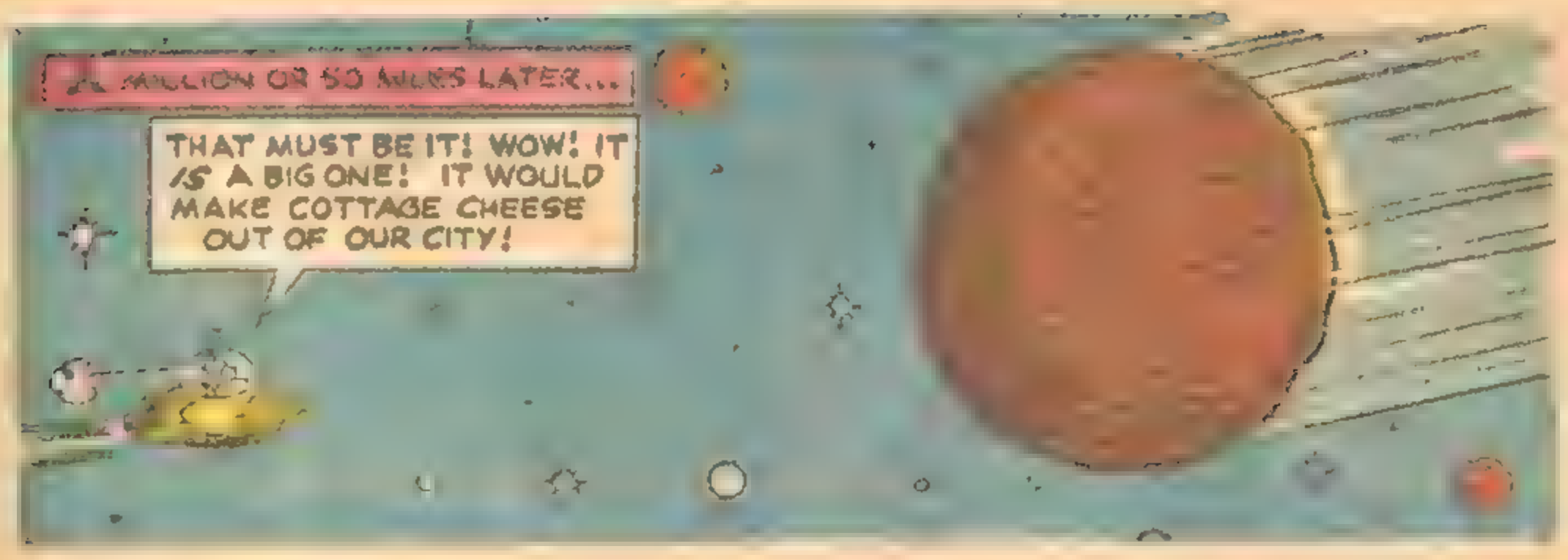
SO ALL WE CAN DO IS SIT HERE AND WAIT FOR IT TO HIT!

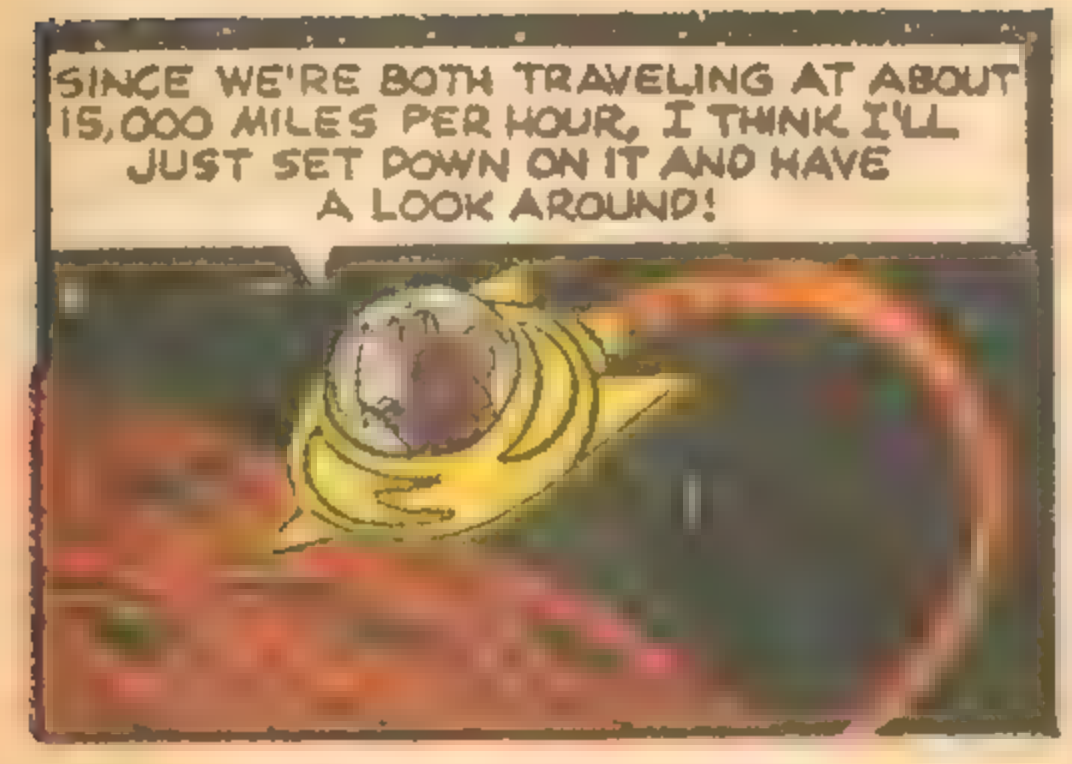
NOT NECESSARILY!

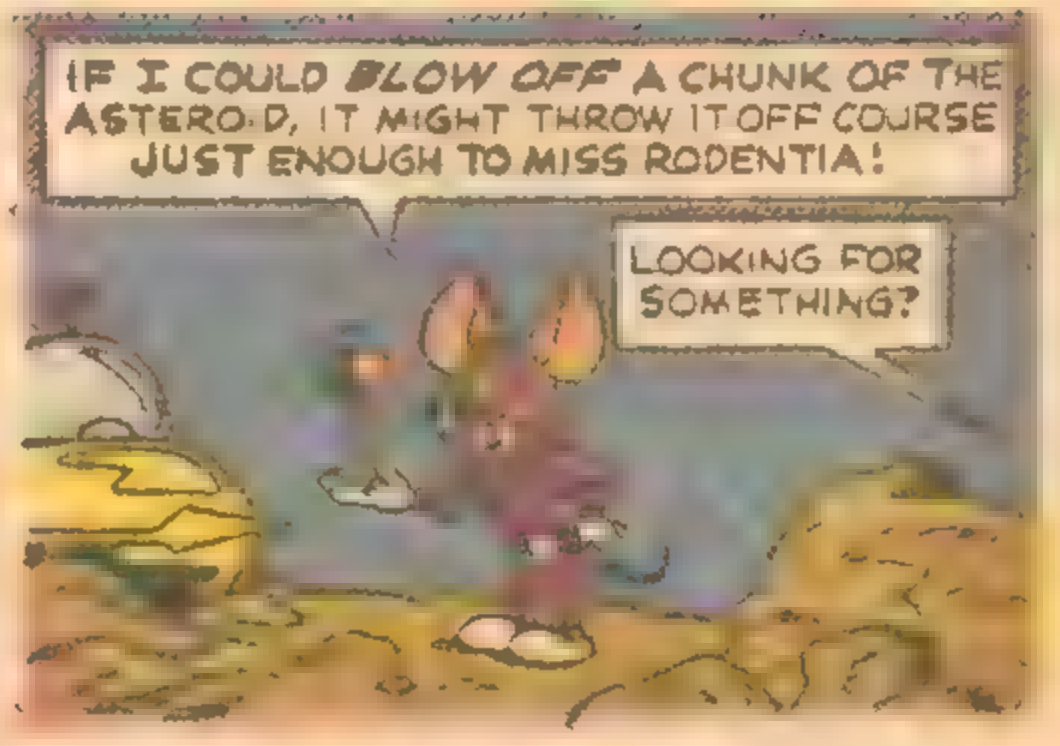
IF WE COULD FIND A WAY TO DIVERT THE PATH OF THE ASTEROID EVEN THE TEENIEST BIT... IT WOULD MISS RODENTIA!

BUT HOW?

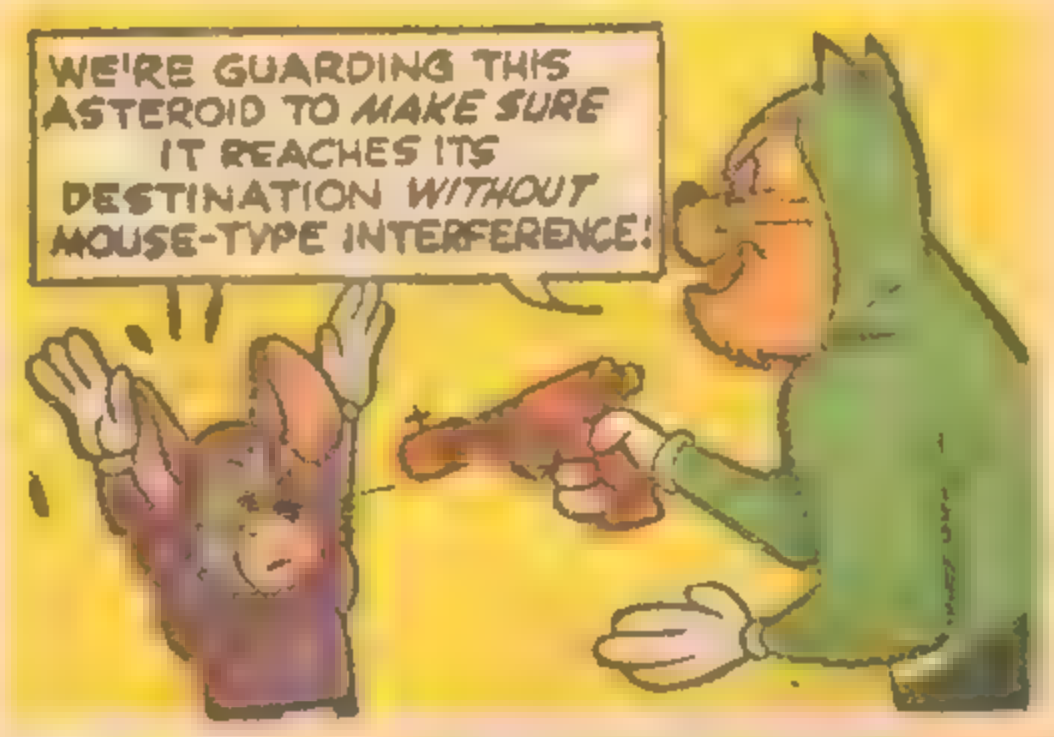
FIRST OFF, I'M GOING UP AND HAVE A LOOK AT THIS THING! NOW, IF YOU CAN JUST GIVE ME DIRECTIONS...


A MILLION OR SO MILES LATER...
THAT MUST BE IT! WOW! IT IS A BIG ONE! IT WOULD MAKE COTTAGE CHEESE OUT OF OUR CITY!


SINCE WE'RE BOTH TRAVELING AT ABOUT 15,000 MILES PER HOUR, I THINK I'LL JUST SET DOWN ON IT AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND!


IF I COULD *BLOW OFF* A CHUNK OF THE ASTERO·D, IT MIGHT THROW IT OFF COURSE JUST ENOUGH TO MISS RODENTIA!
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

YIKE! DID I WALK INTO THIS ONE!
WE FIGURED YOU MICE WOULD BE SNOOPING AROUND SOONER OR LATER!

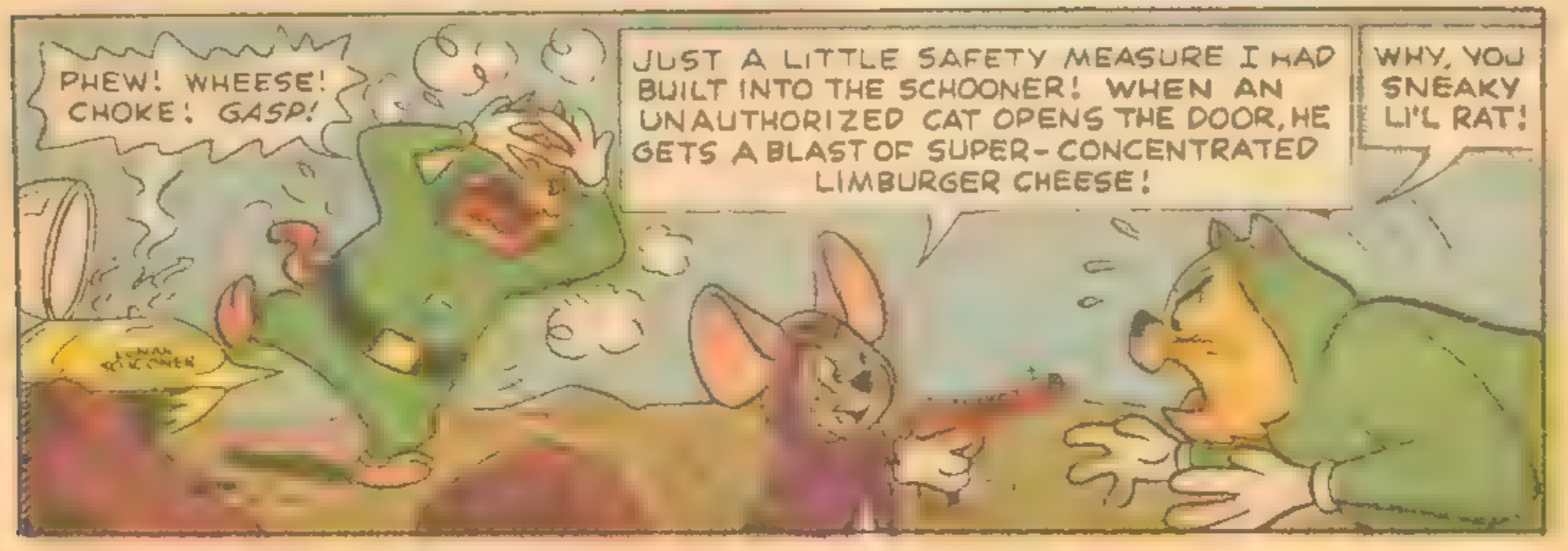

WE'RE GUARDING THIS ASTEROID TO *MAKE SURE* IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION *WITHOUT* MOUSE-TYPE INTERFERENCE!

JUST BEFORE IT REACHES RODENTIA, *WE* LEAVE, BUT YOU STAY!

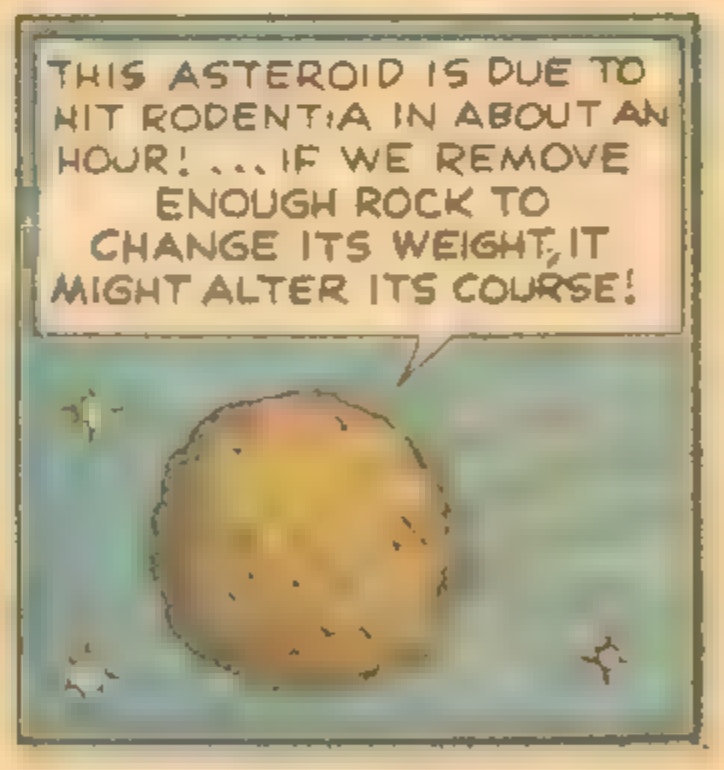
SNAGTOOTH, YOU GUARD HIM, WHILE I MESS UP THE CONTROLS OF HIS LUNAR SCHOONER!
RIGHT!
HE'S IN FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE!

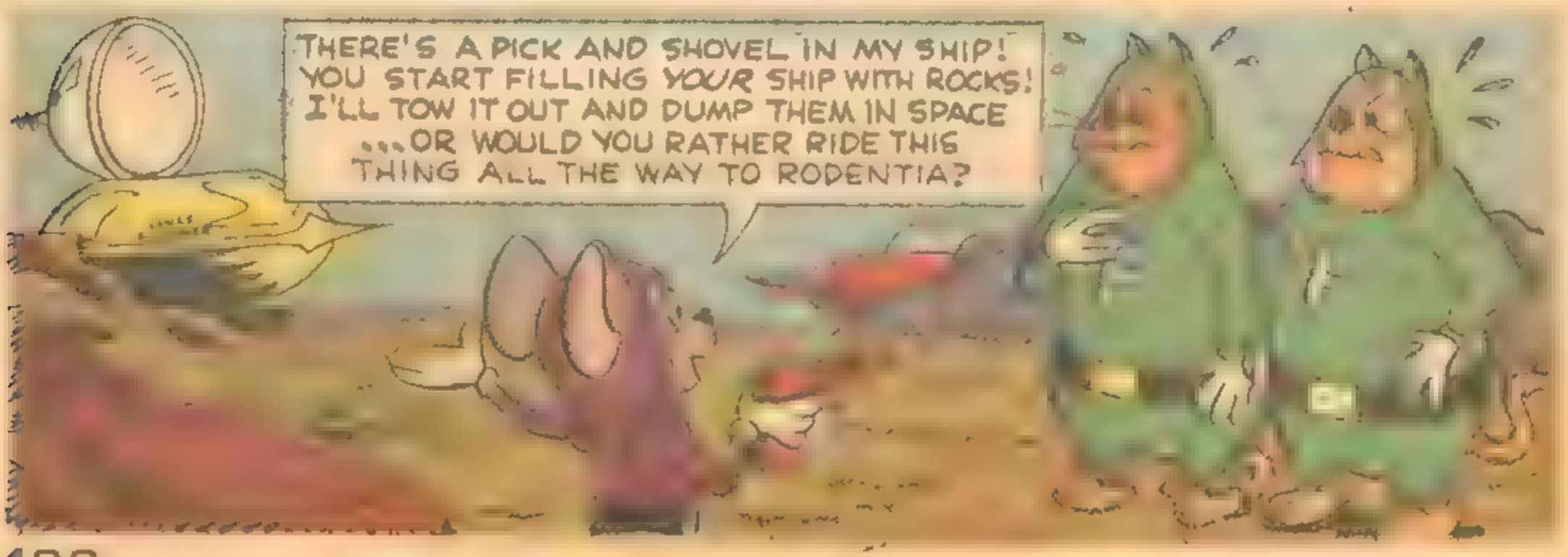
WHA... (GASP!)
C-CK.
WHOOSH!

HAK! CHOKE! GASP! WHEEZE!
?


PHEW! WHEESE! CHOKE! GASP!
JUST A LITTLE SAFETY MEASURE I HAD BUILT INTO THE SCHOONER! WHEN AN UNAUTHORIZED CAT OPENS THE DOOR, HE GETS A BLAST OF SUPER-CONCENTRATED LIMBURGER CHEESE!
WHY, YOU SNEAKY LI'L RAT!

... MOUSE, IF YOU PLEASE! NOW, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE'VE GOT TO GET BUSY!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?


THIS ASTEROID IS DUE TO HIT RODENTIA IN ABOUT AN HOUR! ... IF WE REMOVE ENOUGH ROCK TO CHANGE ITS WEIGHT, IT MIGHT ALTER ITS COURSE!


THERE'S A PICK AND SHOVEL IN MY SHIP! YOU START FILLING YOUR SHIP WITH ROCKS! I'LL TOW IT OUT AND DUMP THEM IN SPACE ... OR WOULD YOU RATHER RIDE THIS THING ALL THE WAY TO RODENTIA?

WHERE'S THE PICK AND SHOVEL?

SHORTLY...

OKAY! THAT'S ABOUT AS MUCH AS THE SHIP WILL HANDLE!

OOF!

MOMENTS LATER...

OKAY! KEEP SHOVELLING THE ROCK OUT! THEN WE'LL GO BACK FOR MORE! I'LL CHECK TO SEE IF THE COURSE OF THE BIG ASTEROID HAS BEEN ALTERED!

LUNAR SCHOONER

SHORTLY...

HURRY IT UP! KEEP MAKING LITTLE ONES OUT OF BIG ONES! THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT!

UGH!

SHORTLY...

I'LL CONTACT RODENTIA AND HAVE THEM SPOT THE ROSITION OF THE ASTEROID!

SPACE MOUSE SPEAKING! WILL THE ASTEROID MISS RODENTIA?

IF IT DOES, IT WILL BE CLOSE!

SEVERAL LOADS LATER...

OOF!

TIME'S RUNNING OUT! THIS IS THE LAST LOAD! IF THIS DOESN'T DO IT, IT'S TOO BAD!

I'M TAKING YOU ALONG! CONSIDER YOURSELVES LUCKY I'M NOT LEAVING YOU HERE!

SHORTLY...

THERE'S RODENTIA! AND *HERE COMES THE ASTEROID!!*

GOOD GRIEF! THAT WAS CLOSE!

LATER... WELL, KING SIZE, I FIGURED OUT A FITTING PUNISHMENT FOR THOSE RASCALS BEFORE WE SEND THEM BACK TO FELINIA!

WHAT, SPACE MOUSE?

...A FEW DAYS ON THE *ROCK PILE!*

OH-H-H! MY ACHING BACK!

...*YOUR* ACHING BACK!

HOMER PIGEON®

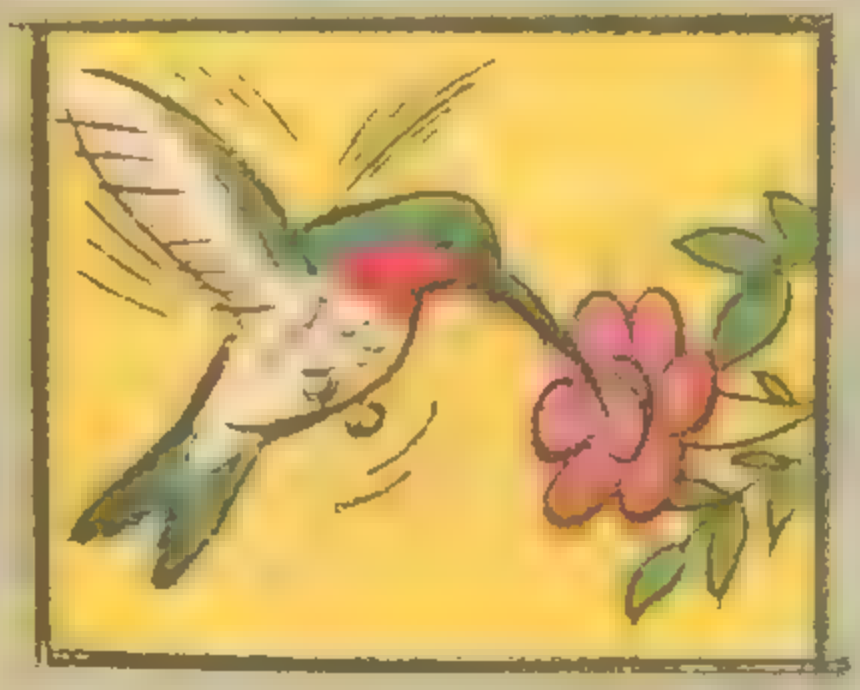
FEATHERY FACTS

A BIT ABOUT BILLS

MOST BIRDS HAVE SIMILAR BODY FEATURES, BUT THEIR BILLS DIFFER GREATLY ACCORDING TO THE BIRD'S FEEDING HABIT. ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THESE BILLS?

THE OWL'S BILL IS SHARPLY HOOKED DOWNWARD, ESPECIALLY MADE FOR TEARING APART THE OWL'S MEAT DIET.

THE NUTHATCHER'S BILL IS POINTED AND LONG, LIKE A TOOTHPICK. IT IS USED FOR DIGGING UNDER BARK FOR INSECTS AS THE BIRD HUNTS DOWNWARD ON TREE TRUNKS.



THE HUMMINGBIRD'S BILL IS AS SLENDER AND AS STRAIGHT AS A NEEDLE AND IS USED LIKE A STRAW FOR DRINKING NECTAR FROM FLOWERS.

THE GULL'S BILL IS STOUT AND CURLED DOWNWARD, ENDING WITH A SMALL, SHARP HOOK. IT IS IDEAL FOR CATCHING FISH.

Walter Lantz

WINNIE WOODPECKER

SPY BAIT

CHIC, ISN'T IT, KIDDO?

WELL, ER...

SAY, YOU'RE WINNIE WOODPECKER, THE DESIGNER OF THAT AND MANY OTHER FABULOUS FASHION DESIGNS!

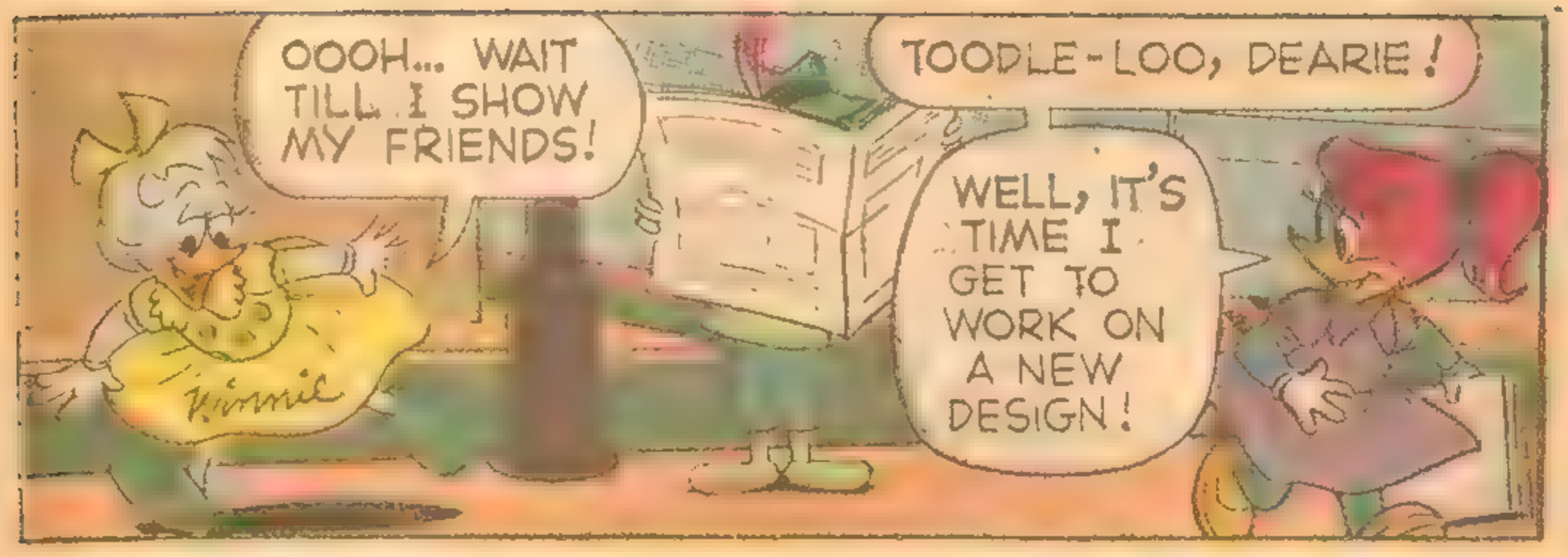
YES, I'M WINNIE!

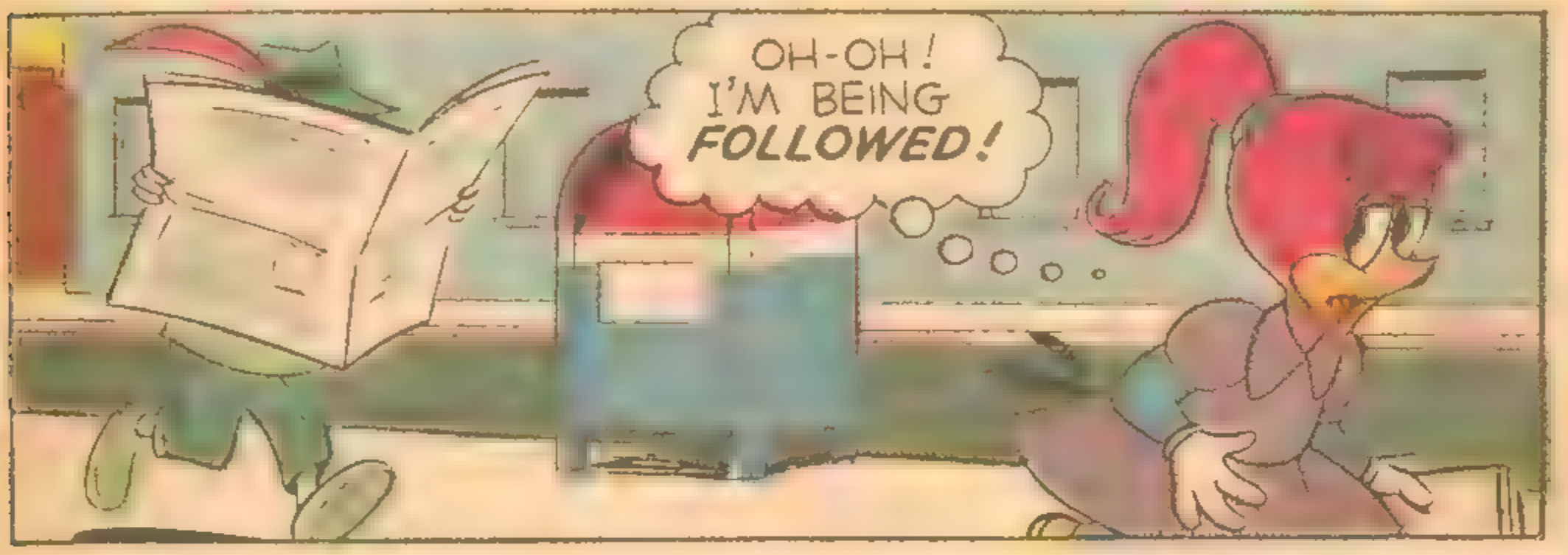
TELL ME... WHERE DO YOU GET ALL OF YOUR STUNNINGLY ORIGINAL IDEAS?

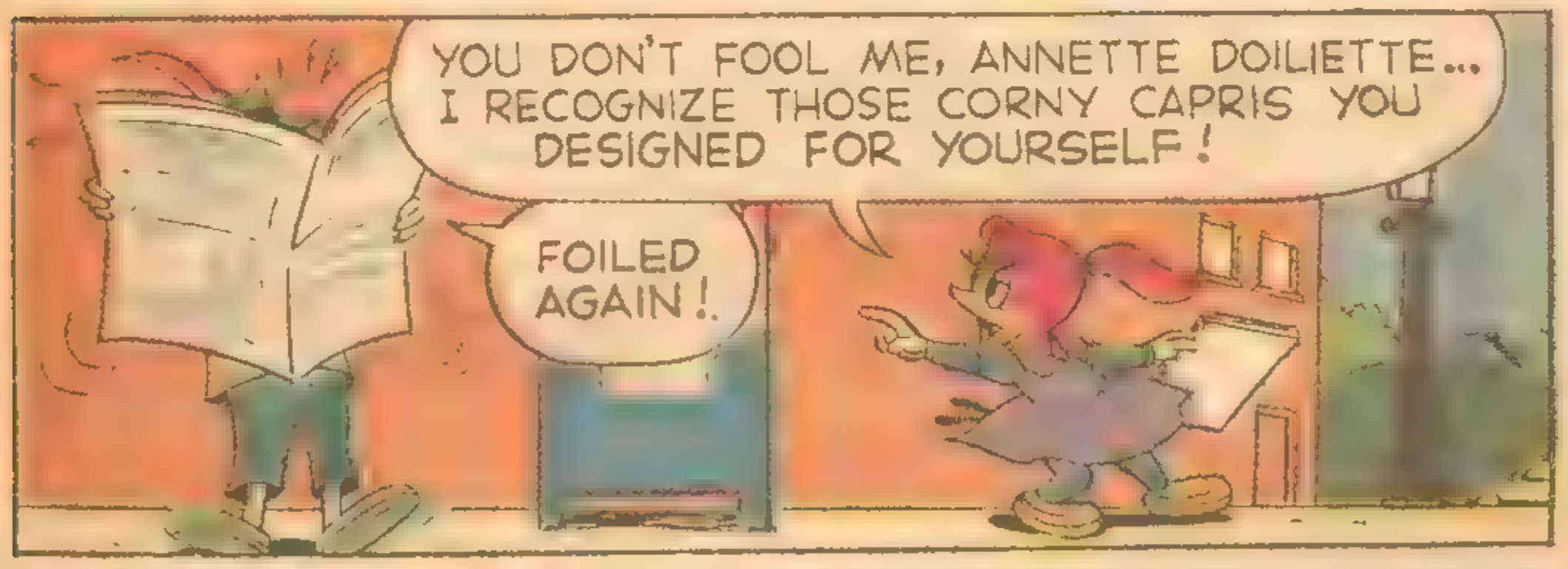
TEE-HEE! THAT'S WHAT ALL THE ***OTHER*** FASHION DESIGNERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, TOO!

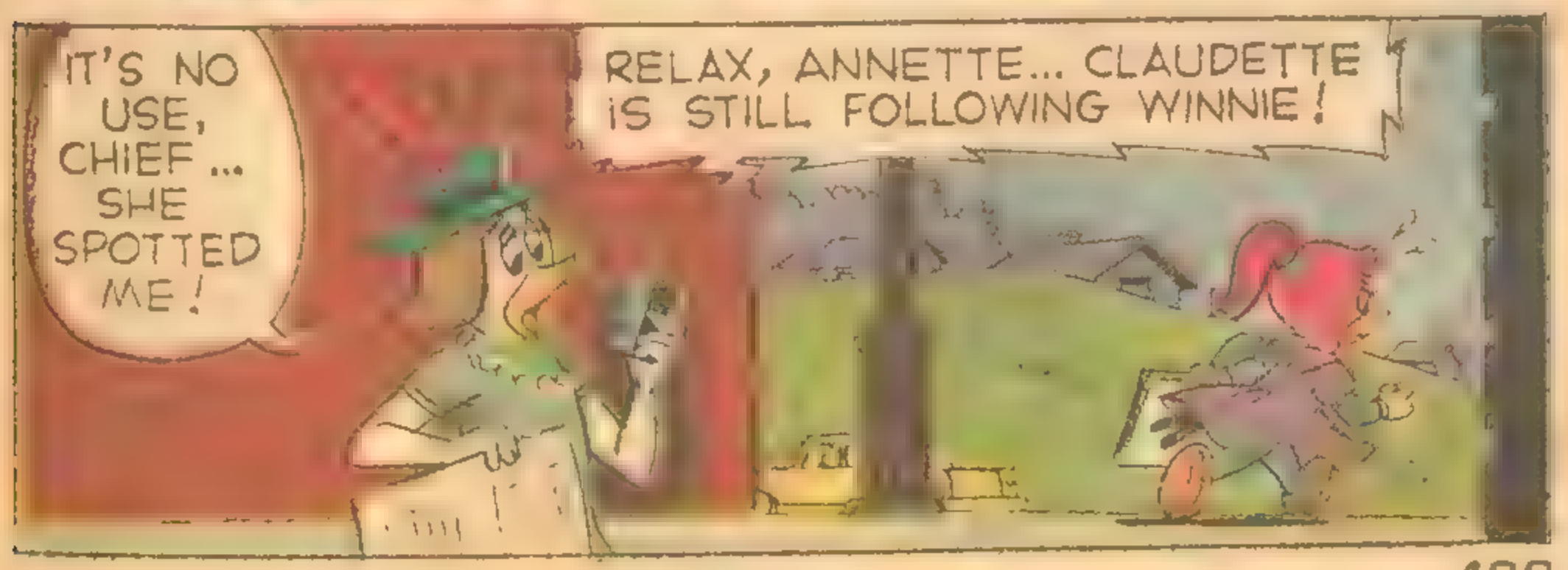
THEN THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS AUTOGRAPH MY W.NNIE-SKRT.

OF COURSE!


OOOH... WAIT TILL I SHOW MY FRIENDS!
TOODLE-LOO, DEARIE!
WELL, IT'S TIME I GET TO WORK ON A NEW DESIGN!
Winnie


OH-OH! I'M BEING FOLLOWED!


YOU DON'T FOOL ME, ANNETTE DOILIETTE... I RECOGNIZE THOSE CORNY CAPRIS YOU DESIGNED FOR YOURSELF!
FOILED AGAIN!.


IT'S NO USE, CHIEF... SHE SPOTTED ME!
RELAX, ANNETTE... CLAUDETTE IS STILL FOLLOWING WINNIE!

WHERE? I DON'T SEE HER ANYWHERE!

LOOK UP, BABY... LOOK UP...

WHUP! WHUP!

CLAUDETTE IS POSING AS A TV-TRAFFIC REPORTER IN THAT COPTER OVERHEAD!

A CUTE CUTE IDEA!

MEANWHILE, WINNIE TAKES A DIFFERENT ROUTE TO HER DESTINATION...

... JUST IN CASE ANY FASHION *SPIES* ARE STILL AROUND!

UNTIL SHORTLY...

WHUP! WHUP!

HERE I AM "AT WORK" AND NOBODY'S FOLLOWING ME! TEE-HEE!

WHUP!

WHUP!

THE CITY *ZOO*? WHY DID SHE GO TO THE *ZOO*?

MAYBE SHE'S NOT GOING TO DESIGN FASHIONS TODAY... MAYBE IT'S HER *DAY-OFF!*

HI, BUFFALO, OL' BOY! OR SHOULD I CALL YOU "SHAG-LINE-O-13," THE NAME OF THE WINTER OUTFIT YOUR APPEARANCE INSPIRED ME TO CREATE!?

TEE-HEE! THEN *YOU* SHOULD BE CALLED "FLAIR D' PARIS" LIKE THE *HAT* YOU INSPIRED ME TO DESIGN RECENTLY!

HMM... LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH *THIS* FELLOW TODAY...

BABOON

WHUP! WHUP!

EH? WINNIE IS *DRAWING* ON HER SKETCH PAD! SHE *IS* DESIGNING TODAY AFTER ALL!

WHUP! WHUP!

WHUP.

I WISH I COULD MAKE OUT WHAT IT IS THAT SHE'S DESIGNING...

THE EXHAUST FUMES FROM THE LOW FLYING COPTER IRRITATE THE BIGGEST NOSE IN THE PLACE...

AH... AH... AH...

WHUP! WHUP!

THE SUDDEN 'GUST' THROWS THE COPTER OUT OF CONTROL...

AH-CHOO!

EEK! I'M GOING TO CRASH!

HOPPIN' HEMLINES! WHY IS AN AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL COPTER OVER THE *ZOO*, ANYWAY?

CRASH!

CLAUDETTE FROM *PIERRE'S*... THE SNEAKY LITTLE SPY!

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT... SHE'S ONLY SHOOK-UP!

HMM... SHE'LL BE *SHOOK-UP* ALL RIGHT WHEN SHE AND HER BOSS SEE MY *NEXT DESIGN*...

?

?

A.VD SO...

NEW WINNIE-HAT ROCKS FASHION WORLD

I GOT THE IDEA FROM YOUR WRECKED HELICOPTER! TEE-HEE!

FOILED SOME MORE!

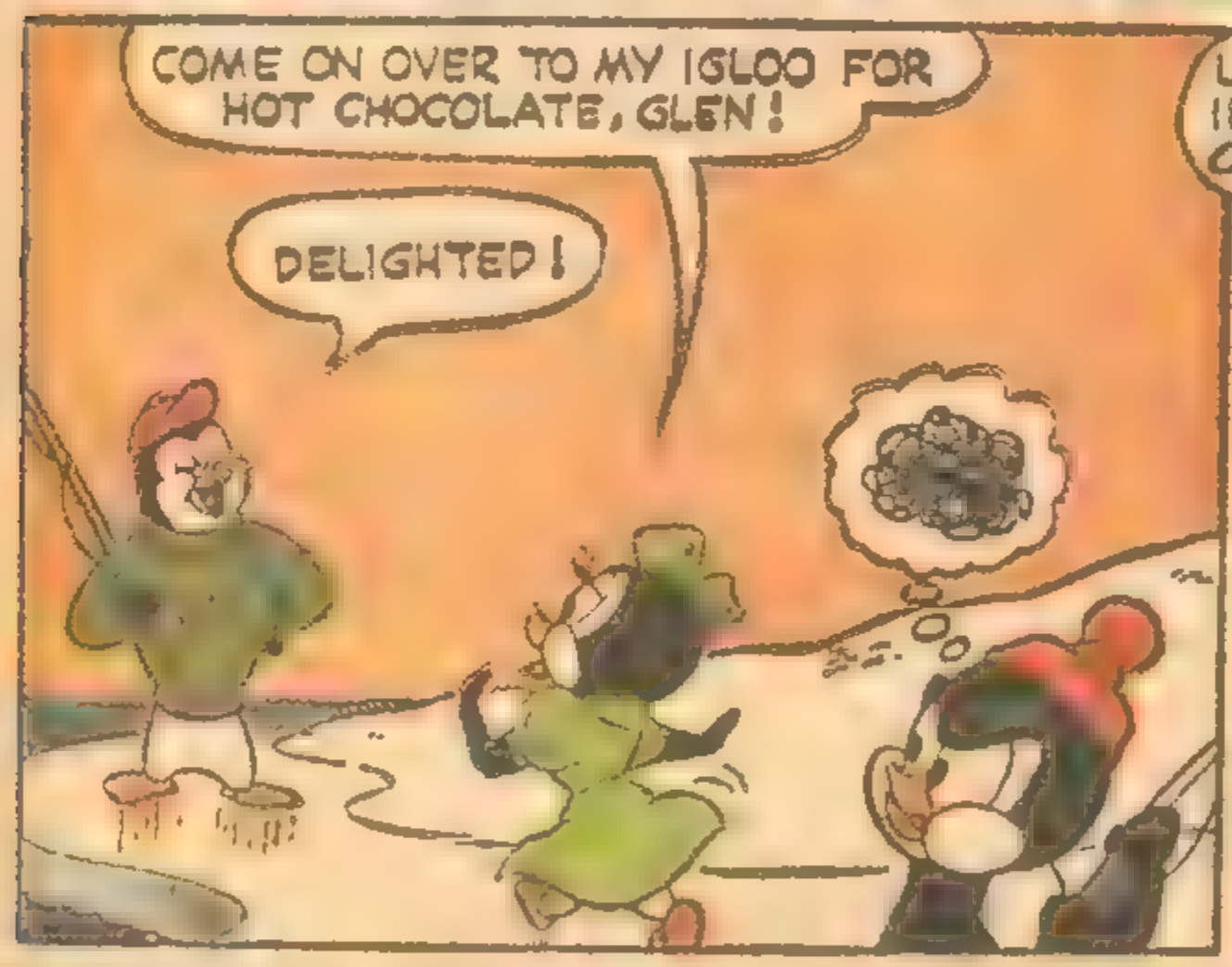
PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ZERO

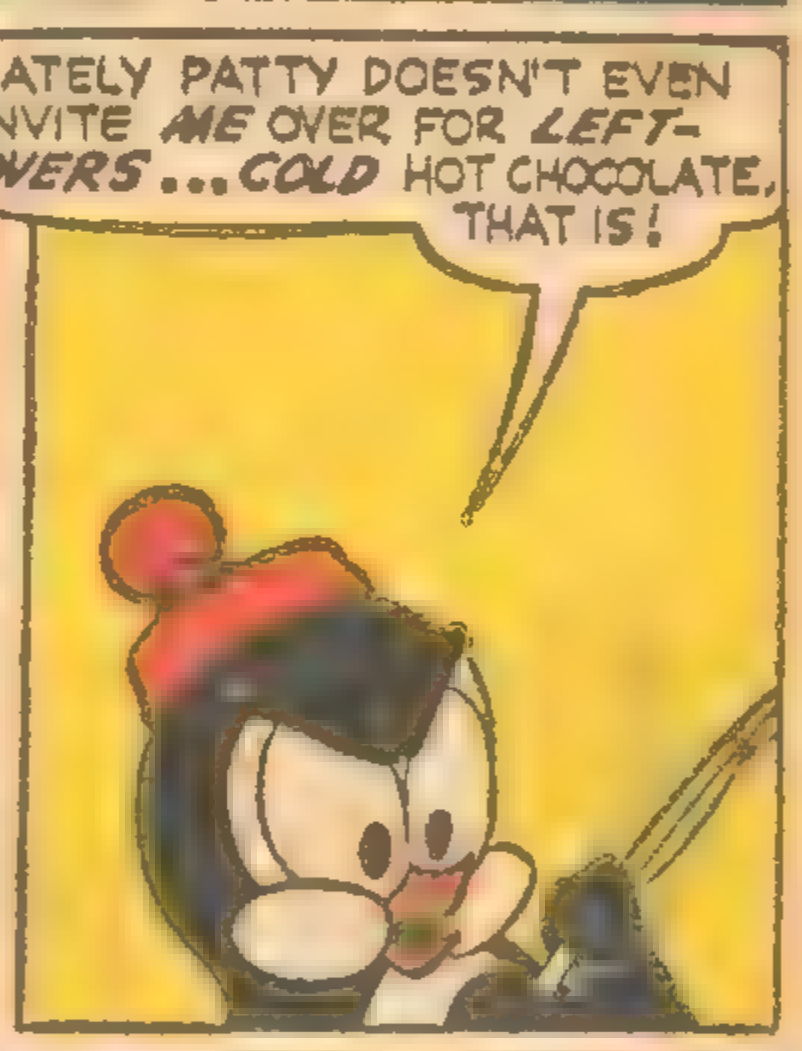
I SURE ADMIRE GLEN PENGUIN FOR THE WAY HE FISHES!

AW, LOOK AT *ME*, PATTY... I'M QUITE A FISHER, TOO!

SCAT, SHARK!
BUT THE WAY GLEN OPERATES... HE RIDS THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF UNDESIRABLES!
ER... SO DO I!
SPLAT!

SCAT, YOU OLD NO-GOOD BOOT!
HUMPH!
SPLAT!


COME ON OVER TO MY IGLOO FOR HOT CHOCOLATE, GLEN!
DELIGHTED!


LATELY PATTY DOESN'T EVEN INVITE ME OVER FOR LEFT-OVERS... COLD HOT CHOCOLATE, THAT IS!

IF I DID SOMETHING GREAT TO BENEFIT THE COMMUNITY, PATTY WOULD PAY ATTENTION TO ME...

HMM... THERE'S AN OVERHANG OF SNOW BUILDING UP ON THE GLACIER!

NOTHING TO FRET ABOUT, NOW ... BUT IN TIME IT COULD THREATEN TO BURY OUR VILLAGE IN A GIANT AVALANCHE!

I'LL GO AROUND THE BACK WAY AND MAKE THE SNOW PLUME FALL NOW WHILE IT'S STILL SMALLISH!

BUT...

SNOWBALLS AREN'T ENOUGH TO DISLODGE IT, SO...

I'LL BE A REAL LIVIN' AVALANCHE STARTER!

WUP! HERE GOES HERO MATERIAL!

FLOOMP!

HEAR THAT, PATTY? A LITTLE AVALANCHE!

OH, MY!

SOME POOR FOOL IS SNOWED UNDER!

GOOG!

CHILLY!

:SPUTTER:: YEAH... I PURPOSELY WALKED OUT ON THAT SNOW PLUME AND...

BAH! YOU'RE THE CARELESS TYPE WHO DOESN'T DESERVE TO BE SAVED!

STAY HOME WITH YOUR HOT WATER BAG!

B-B-T...

HAVE ANOTHER MUG OF HOT CHOCOLATE, GLEN.

DOGGONE! THEY DON'T GIVE A GUY A CHANCE TO FINISH BRAGGING!

HEY! THERE'S TITUS TIDAL WAVE BUILDING UP STRENGTH OUT THERE!

IF HE MAKES IT TO SHORE, OUR VILLAGE WILL BE SWAMPED S'LLY.

I ONCE SAW HOW KING NEPTUNE DEALT WITH THAT ROGUE!

A GOOD HARD *PADDLING* SENDS THE BULLY OFF HARMLESSLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

SWAT! SWAP! SMACK!

OOPS! LEANED OUT TOO FAR FOR MY FINAL PADDLE!

AHA!...I TOLD YOU THAT WAS THE SOUND OF SOME SIMPLE SIMON SMACKING THE SEA!

IT'S SIMPLE CHILLY AGAIN!

SISSIES SHOULD STAY IN SHALLOW WATER!

LIKE YOUR BATH-TUB!

:GURGLE:

MORE HOT CHOCOLATE, GLEN?

DELIGHTED.

I'D GIVE ANYTHING NOT TO BE FULL OF WATER RIGHT NOW!

CHILLY

OH, WELL... THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE MY STORY, ANYHOW!

'BYE, GLEN! COME AGAIN!

(YAWN!) THANKS FOR ALL THE HOT CHOCOLATE, PATTY!

CHILLY

HO-HUM! SO MUCH HOT CHOCOLATE MAKES A FELLOW SNOOZY!

I HOPE HE HIBERNATES FOR NINETY YEARS!

HUMPH! HOTSHOT COULDN'T EVEN MAKE IT TO HIS IGLOO BEFORE...

Z Z Z Z Z Z

OMIGOSH! HE'S SLUMPED-OFF TO SLEEP RIGHT IN THE EXPRESS SLEDWAY... AND THERE'S THE 2:15 NOW!

Z Z Z Z Z Z

A QUICK FLYING DIVE IS MY ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE HIM!

HEY, THERE!

TOOT-TOOT!

FUN!

CRASH!

CHILLY! WHAT ON EARTH?!

(WHEW!) I JUST DID SOMETHING SPECTACULAR!

HUMPH! LOONY FOOL... LEAPED RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE EXPRESS SLED!

CHILLY!

Y-YOU DIDN'T SEE IT ALL!

I SAW IT ALL FROM ABOVE! HE LEAPED IN YOUR PATH TO PUSH GLEN OUT OF THE WAY!

THEN YOU'RE NOT A LOONY FOOL... YOU'RE A LOONY *HERO!*

CHILLY, YOU MUST STAY FOR HOT CHOCOLATE!

KEEN! ER... FIRST I'LL GO HOME AND CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE APPROPRIATE.

...SO...

CHILLY! MUST YOU WEAR A SWEATER JUST LIKE GLEN'S?

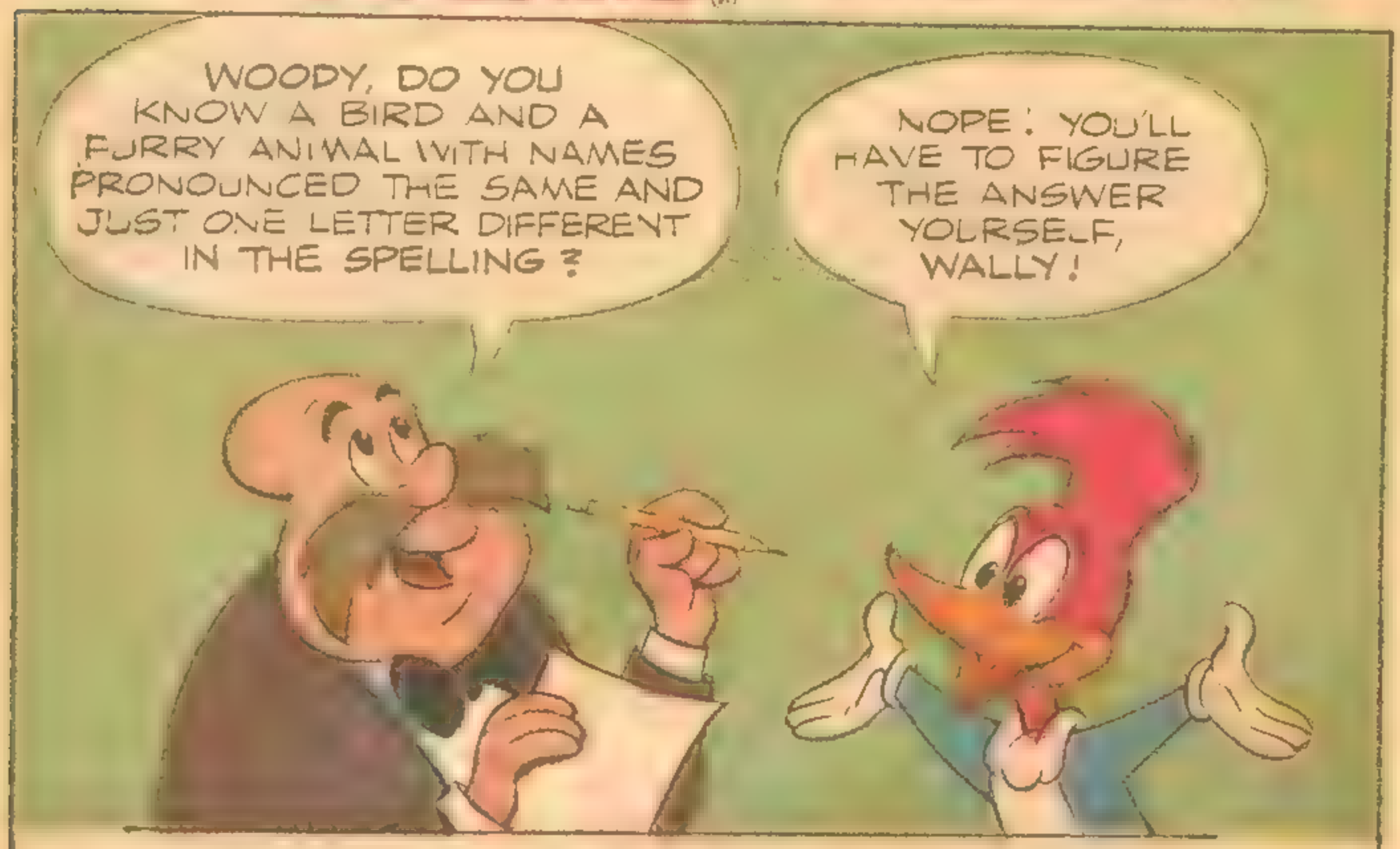
GOSH. I'M NOT TRYING TO COPY *HIM*...

I'M GONNA PLAY IT SAFE AND ONLY DRINK EVERY OTHER CUPFUL!

Robert Lentz

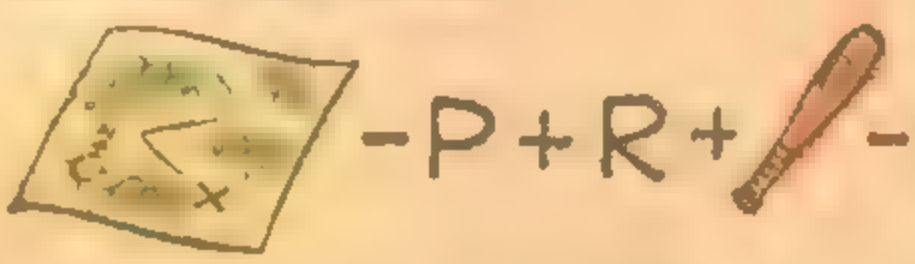
WALLY WALRUS®

THE NAME'S THE SAME


WOODY, DO YOU KNOW A BIRD AND A FURRY ANIMAL WITH NAMES PRONOUNCED THE SAME AND JUST ONE LETTER DIFFERENT IN THE SPELLING?
NOPE! YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGURE THE ANSWER YOURSELF, WALLY!

HELP WALLY FINISH HIS PUZZLE BY WORKING THIS "NAME'S THE SAME" REBUS.

1. ANIMAL:



2. BIRD:

ANSWER: 1. MARTEN 2. MARTIN

Dale Lang's

THE BEAR FAMILY.

HO, HO, UFO!

RIDICULOUS! PREPOSTEROUS! STUPID!

NOW WHAT'S RIDICULOUS, PREPOSTEROUS AND STUPID, POP?

DAILY WARMONGER

OH, SOME CLOWN CLAIMS HE SAW A FLYING SAUCER, COMPLETE WITH LITTLE GREEN MEN!

WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND ON THINGS LIKE THAT, I ALWAYS SAY!

SHLURP!

DAILY WARMONGER

BAH! NOBODY'S EVER *PROVED* UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS EXIST!

NOBODY'S PROVED THEY DON'T! DON'T KNOCK IT, I ALWAYS SAY!

WELL, I'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF, I ALWAYS SAY! WHEN ONE LANDS IN THE FRONT YARD, I MIGHT BELIEVE IT!

I SAW ONE ONCE: A BIG, SHINY SAUCER-SHAPED THING

SHLUP!

YOU PROBABLY SAW AN OPTICAL DELUSION!

ILL-USION, POP! BUT THIS WAS NO ILLUSION!

ILLUSION, SHMILLUSION! YOUR IMAGINATION WAS WORKING OVERTIME, AND I'LL PROVE IT! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW YOUR EYES CAN PLAY TRICKS! COME ON!

?

JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY DISHES, CHARLIE?

OH, JUST BORROWING SOME THINGS TO CONDUCT A LITTLE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT!

IF YOU BREAK ANY OF THOSE...

BESSIE, THIS IS IMPORTANT! IT'S PART OF OUR SON'S EDUCATION!

SHORTLY...

THIS IS WHERE I SAW THE UFO! IT WAS SORT OF SKIMMING ALONG THAT RIDGE OVER THERE!

WAIT THERE AND TELL ME, ON THE WALKIE-TALKIE, EXACTLY WHAT YOU SEE! AND BE HONEST!

HUH? I KNOW WHAT I'LL SEE— A BUNCH OF JUNK POP'S THROWING INTO THE AIR, TRYING TO PROVE THAT'S WHAT I MIGHT HAVE SEEN!

FIRST, A FEW PIE TINS! THEY MAKE GOOD IMITATION UFO'S!

SIX PIE TINS! FOUR SAUCERS! THREE FRYING PANS, ONE DISH-PAN! NOTHING SO FAR THAT LOOKS LIKE THE THING I SAW! HO-HUM! WHAT A DRAG!

WELL, SEEN ANY UFO'S YET, JUNIOR?

NOPE: JUST A LOT OF KITCHENWARE! I HATE TO ADMIT!

GLISTENING, SILVERY WEATHER BALLOONS HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN FOR UFO'S! I'LL BET THIS IS WHAT JUNIOR SAW!

LET'S SEE... "TO INFLATE, TURN KNOB"!

WRAAACK!

ACME SELF INFLATING WEATHER BALLOON

CAUTION! TURN KNOB SLOWLY

YIPE! IT SURE INFLATES IN A HURRY!

WHOOSH!

YEOW!

SNAG!

HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE THING I SAW! IT'S GLISTENING, SILVERY, AND SKIMMING ALONG THE RIDGE!

HELP! HELP!

GOSH! THAT SOUNDED LIKE POP YELLING FOR HELP! MAYBE HE'S IN TROUBLE!

N-N-NOW, D-DON'T P-P-PANIC, CH-CHARLIE BOY! TRY AND GRAB SOMETHING SO'S YOU WON'T GO INTO ORBIT!

GRAB!

GRAB!

UP AHEAD...

GOODNESS! WHAT A STRONG WIND! IT CAME UP SO SUDDENLY!

HAPPY WANDERERS ANNUAL PICNIC

WATCH OUT THE FOOD DOESN'T BLOW AWAY!

LOOK! WHAT'S THAT THING?

A FLYING SAUCER!!

EEEK!

HELP!

IT WAS A UFO!

A HORRIBLE GREEN MONSTER TRIED TO GRAB ME!

CALL THE POLICE!

SNAP!

THUD!

SHORTLY...

POP! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? A GREEN MONSTER IN A UFO ATTACKED A BUNCH OF PICNICKERS! TRIED TO KIDNAP 'EM, BUT THEY DROVE HIM OFF!

MAYBE I BETTER EXPLAIN IT TO THEM!

BOY, ARE THEY MAD! THE PICNIC'S A MESS! IF THEY SEE THAT MONSTER AGAIN, THEY'LL SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT!

MAYBE I BETTER *NOT* EXPLAIN!

WELL, ARE YOU CONVINCED THERE ARE UFO'S NOW, POP?

NO! BUT I'M CONVINCED THERE ARE *VDB'S*...

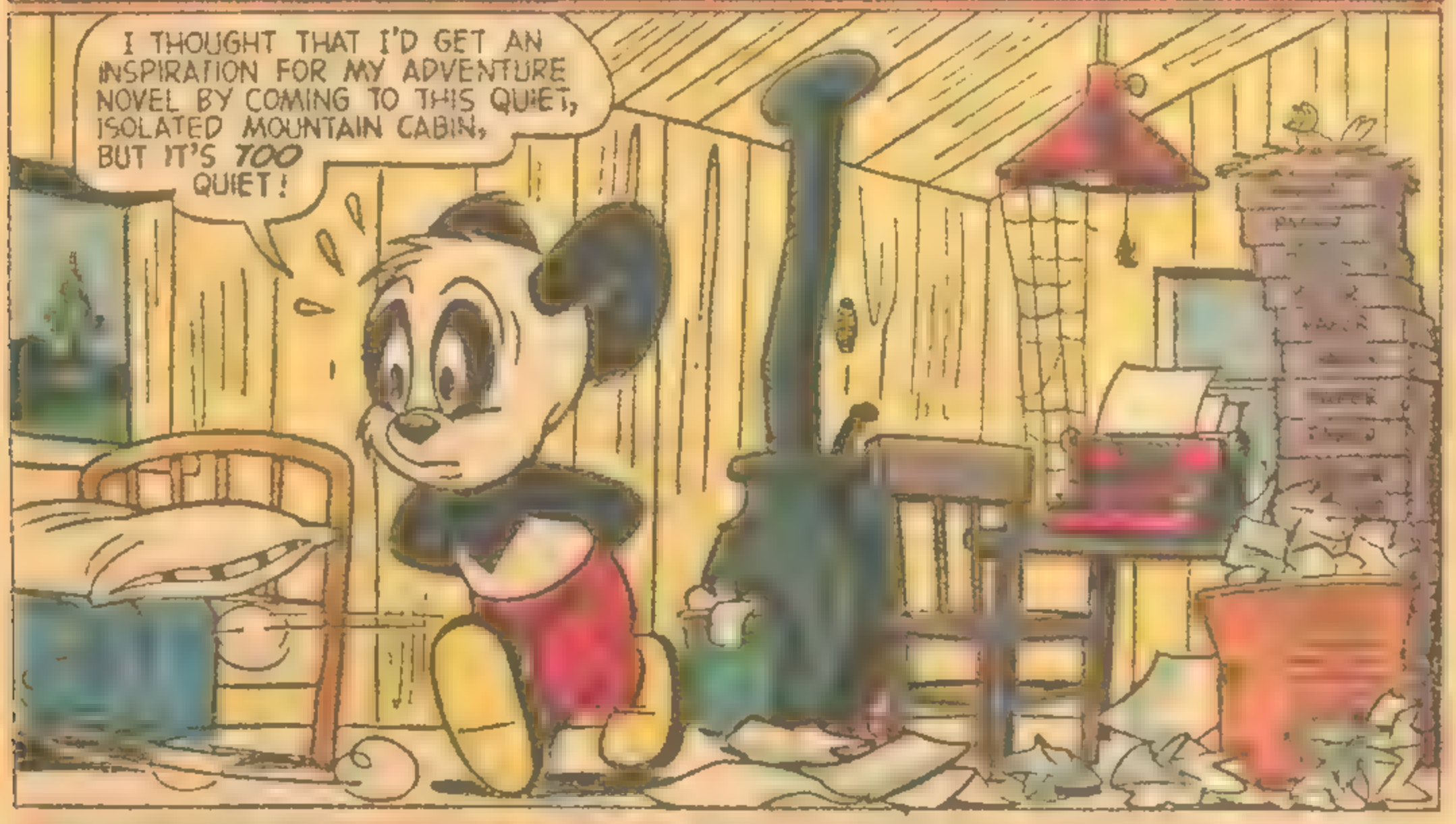
VERY DUMB BEARS, THAT IS!

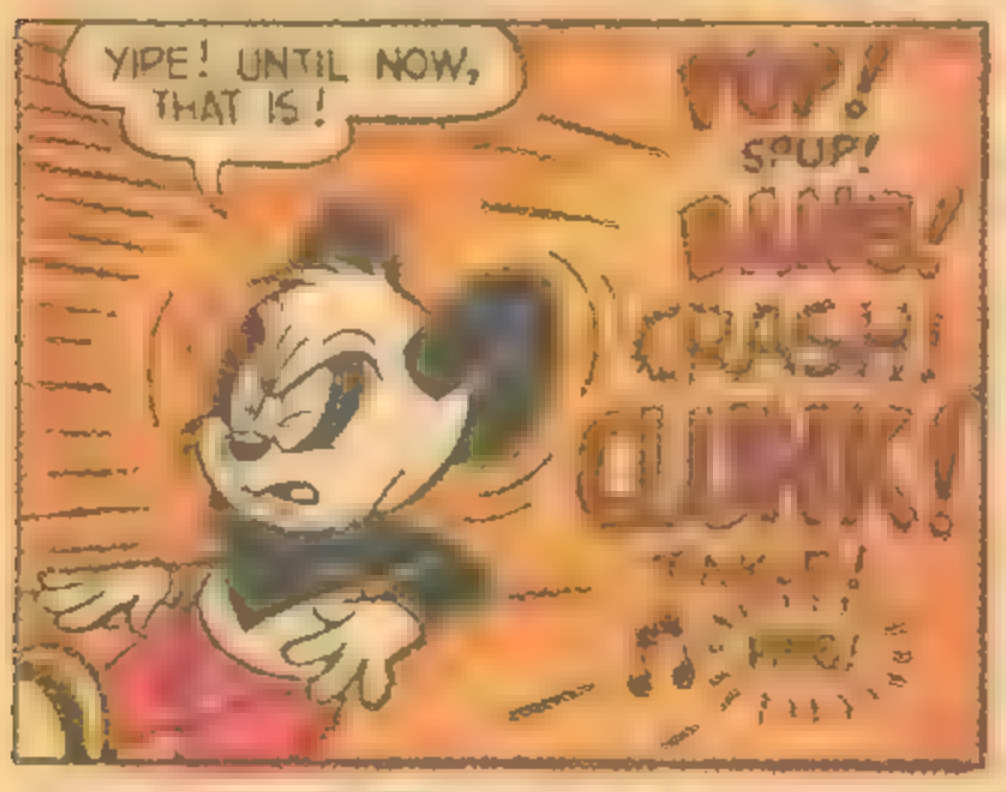
?

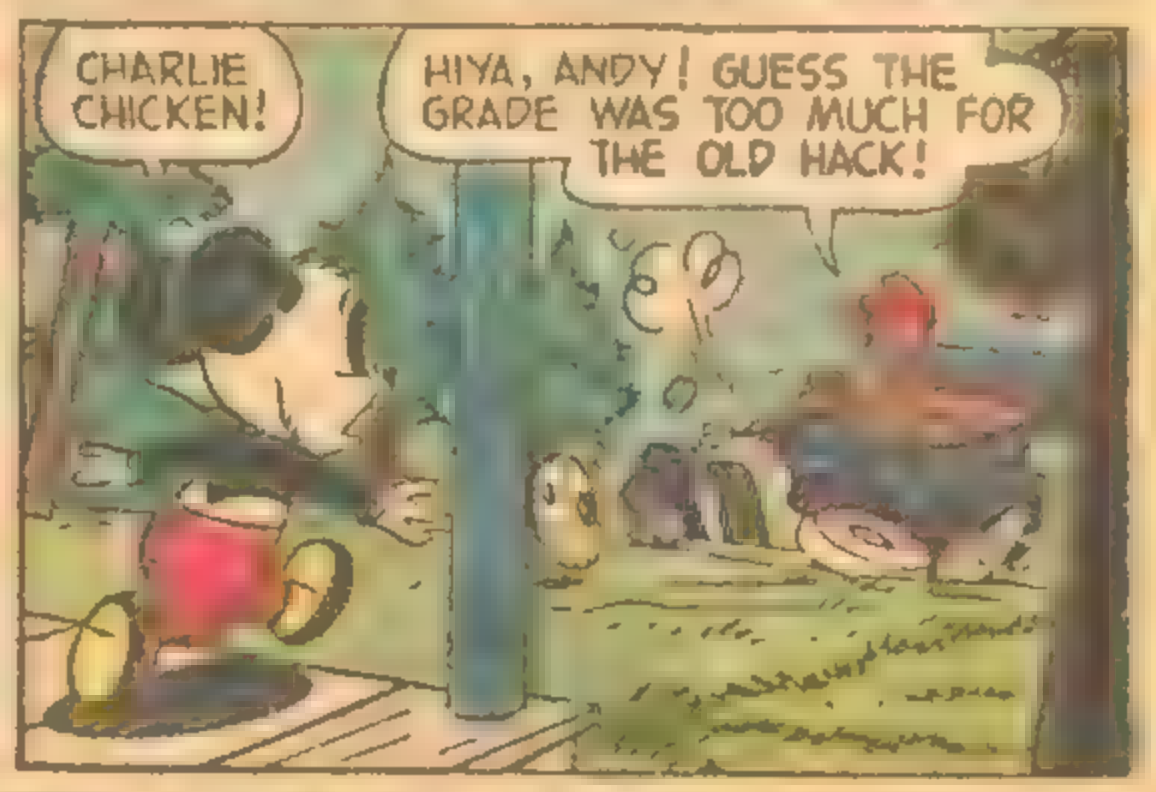
The End

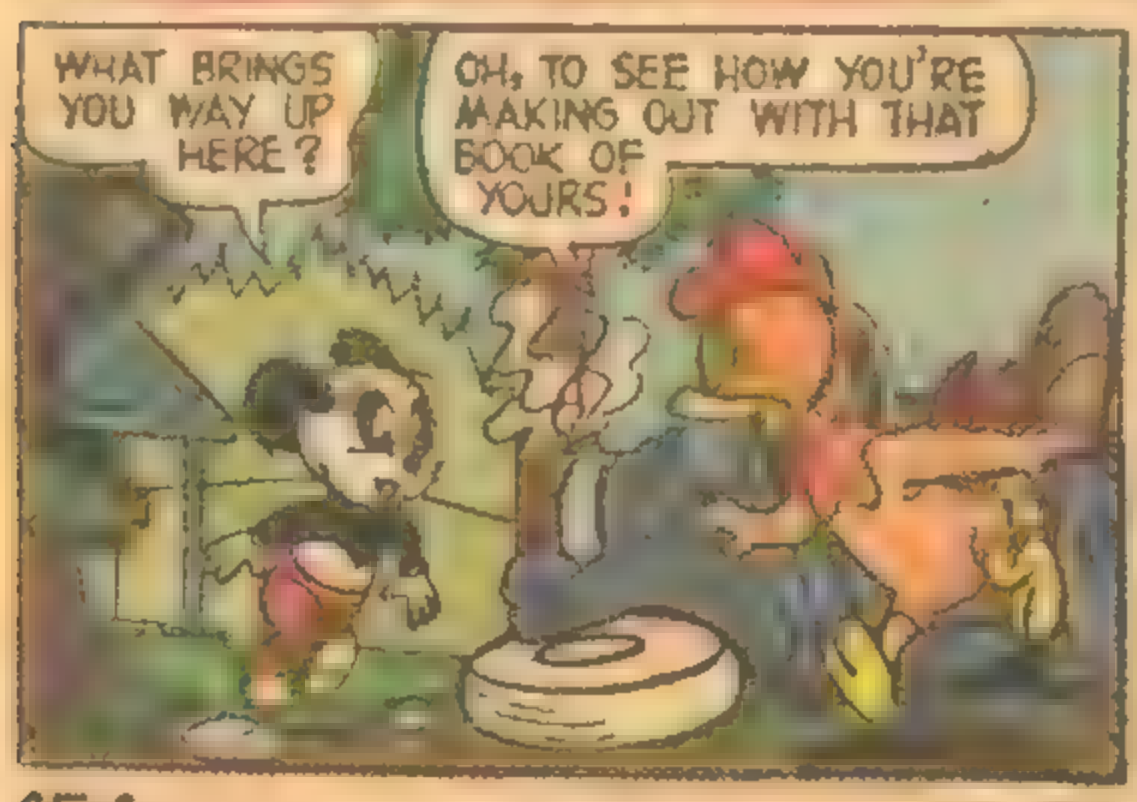
Walter Lantz ANDY PANDA and CHARLIE CHICKEN

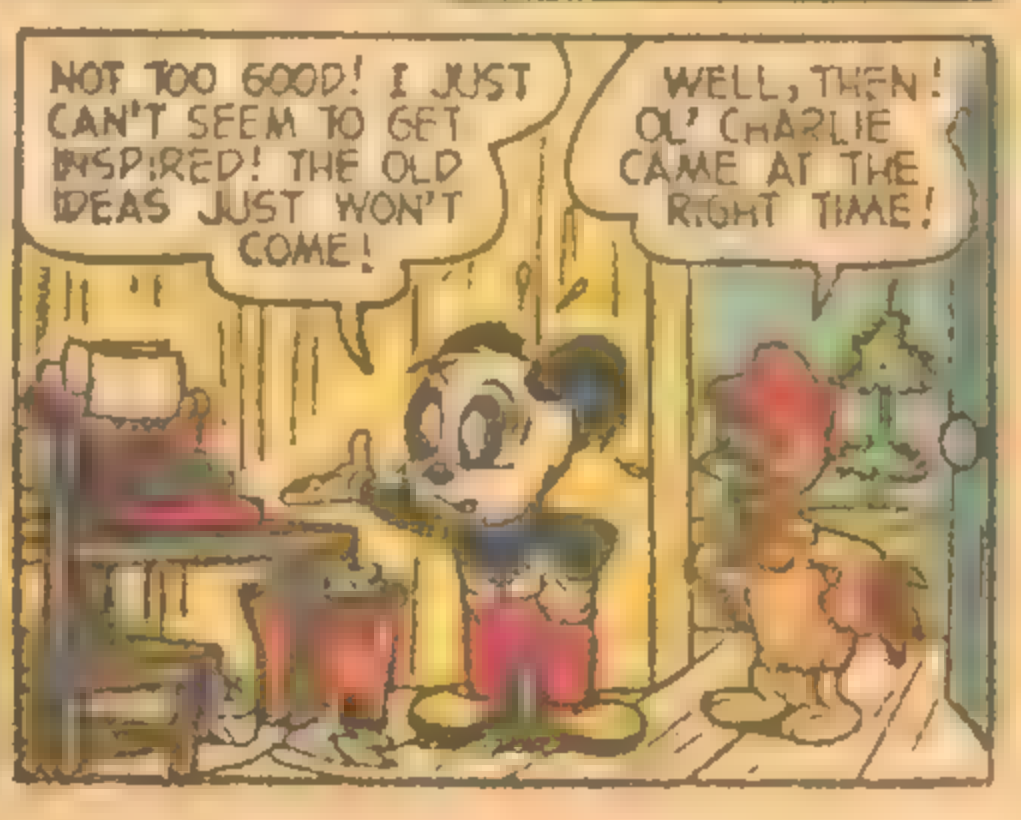
FOUND and HOUNDED


I THOUGHT THAT I'D GET AN INSPIRATION FOR MY ADVENTURE NOVEL BY COMING TO THIS QUIET, ISOLATED MOUNTAIN CABIN, BUT IT'S TOO QUIET!









I'LL STIMULATE YOUR TIRED BRAIN WITH A FEW DROLL STORIES!... DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE TURTLE SAID TO THE HARE?

BLANK

Z

HE SAID... HA HA! H-HE! OH-H-H-H! HEE, HEE! HO HO! HA HA HA HA-A-A-A-A-A!

H-HE SAID... HA-HA! IT'S SO FUNNY I START LAUGHING BEFORE I CAN TELL YOU WHAT HE...

SAID!

URK!

SLAM!

HMPH! HIS TIRED BRAIN HAS BROUGHT OUT THE TEMPER IN HIM!

WELL, C. CHICKEN IS NOT ONE TO DESERT A FRIEND IN NEED! SO HE LACKS INSPIRATION, EH? THE IDEAS WON'T COME, EH?

THE WHOLE TROUBLE WITH THIS PLACE IS IT'S TOO DEAD! HOW CAN HE GET ANY IDEAS IF NOTHING *HAPPENS* AROUND HERE?!

CLANG! CLANG!

SOUNDS LIKE HE'S FIXING HIS CAR! I TRUST HE'S ALSO FIXING TO LEAVE! I NEED HIM LIKE I NEED FORTY MORE TYPEWRITERS!

BANG! CLUNK! WR-R-A-A-K!

A BIT LATER...

M-M-M! IT'S PEACEFUL! CHARLIE'S BRIEF BUT HECTIC VISIT SHOWED ME THAT ALL THIS QUIET MIGHT NOT BE SO BAD AFTER ALL!

IN FACT, I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA FOR THE START OF MY NOVEL! I BETTER GET IT DOWN BEFORE I FORGET IT!

I'LL USE A NICE FRESH SHEET OF PAPER! GEE! I FEEL LIKE I'M FINALLY GOING TO ROLL!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

PUT-PUT-PUT-

YEOWP!

DON'T TELL ME THAT CHICKEN IS BACK! I'M GOING TO GET RID OF HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!

BANG!

BANG!

GASP!

THAT'LL SLOW 'EM DOWN!

COME ON! WE'LL TAKE COVER IN THE CABIN AND FIGHT IT OUT!

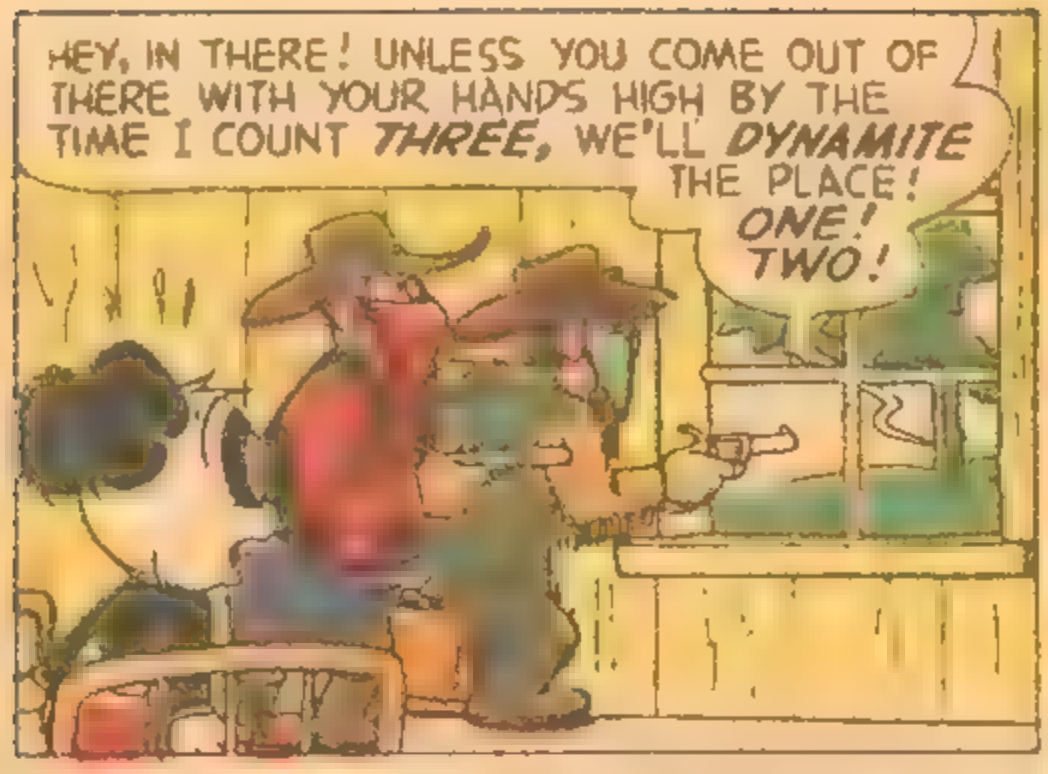
INSIDE, YOU! AND NO TRICKS! WE'RE DESPERATE MEN!

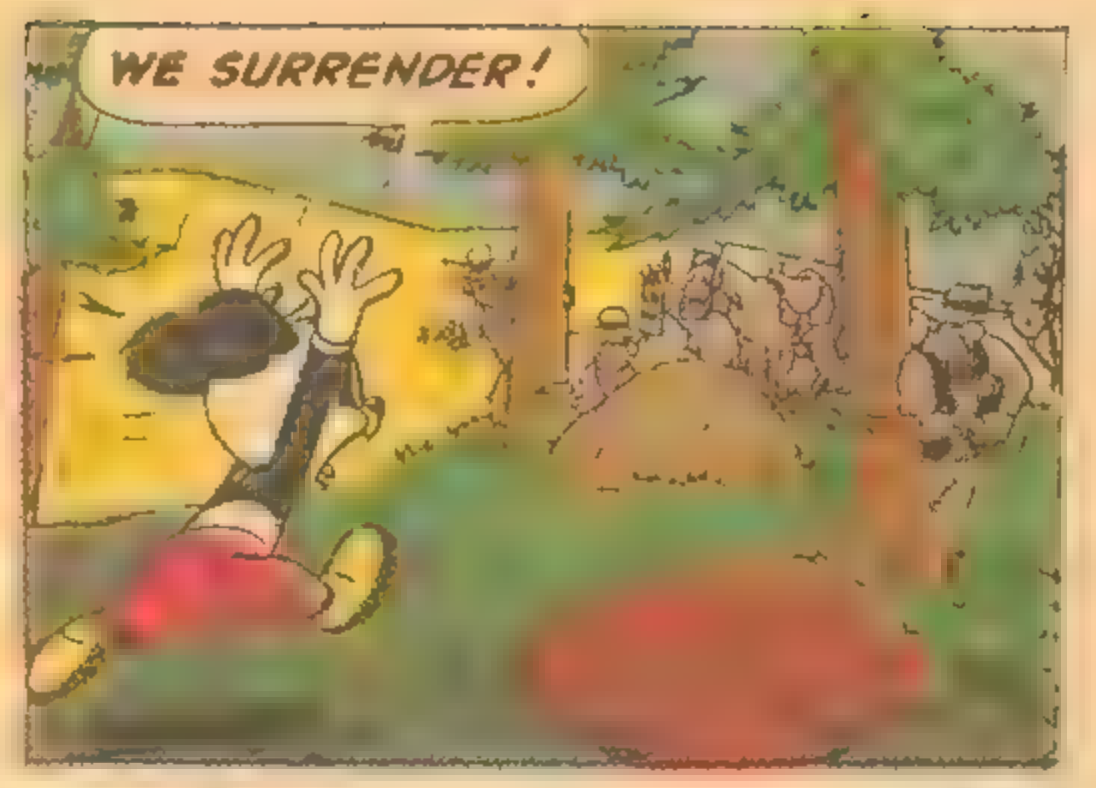
Y-Y-YESSIR!

HERE THEY COME! BY THUNDER! THEY'LL NOT TAKE US WITHOUT A FIGHT!

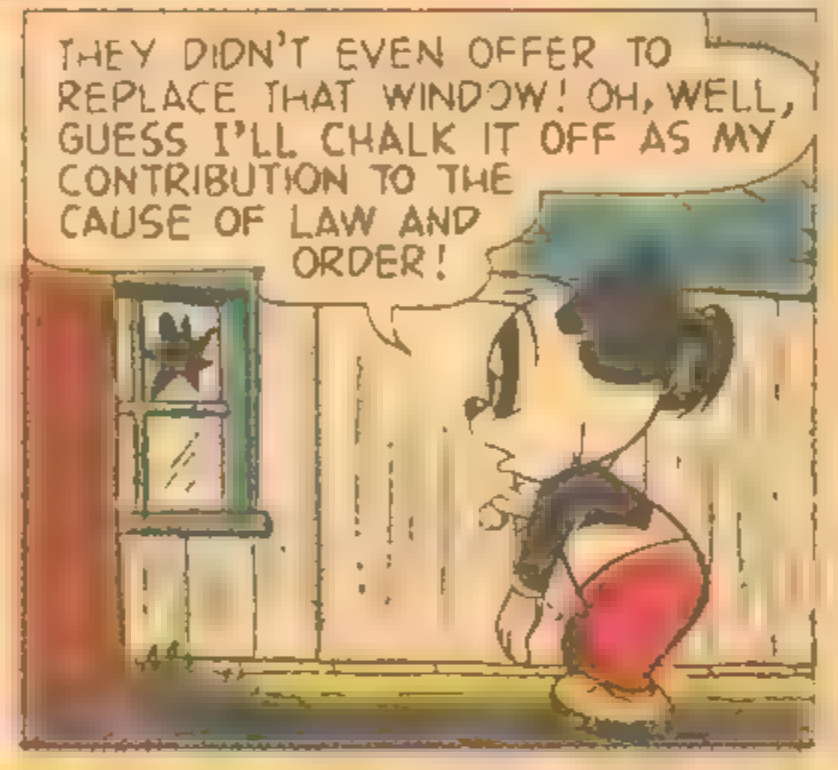
GULP!

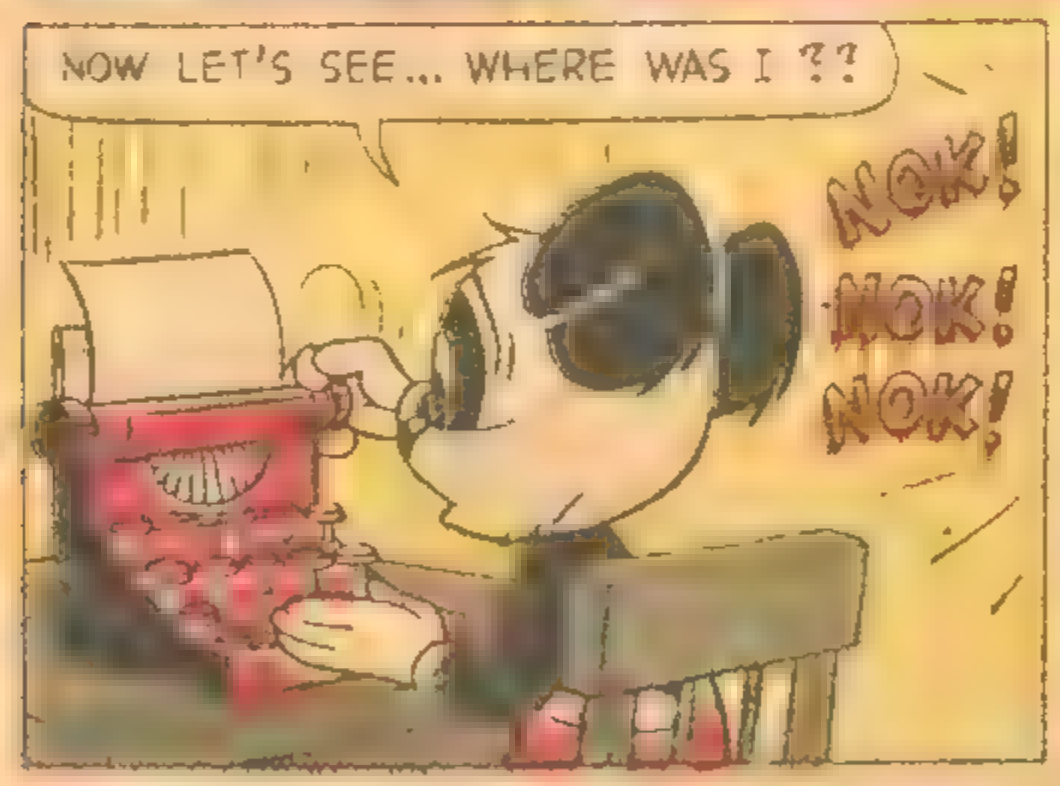
CRASH!

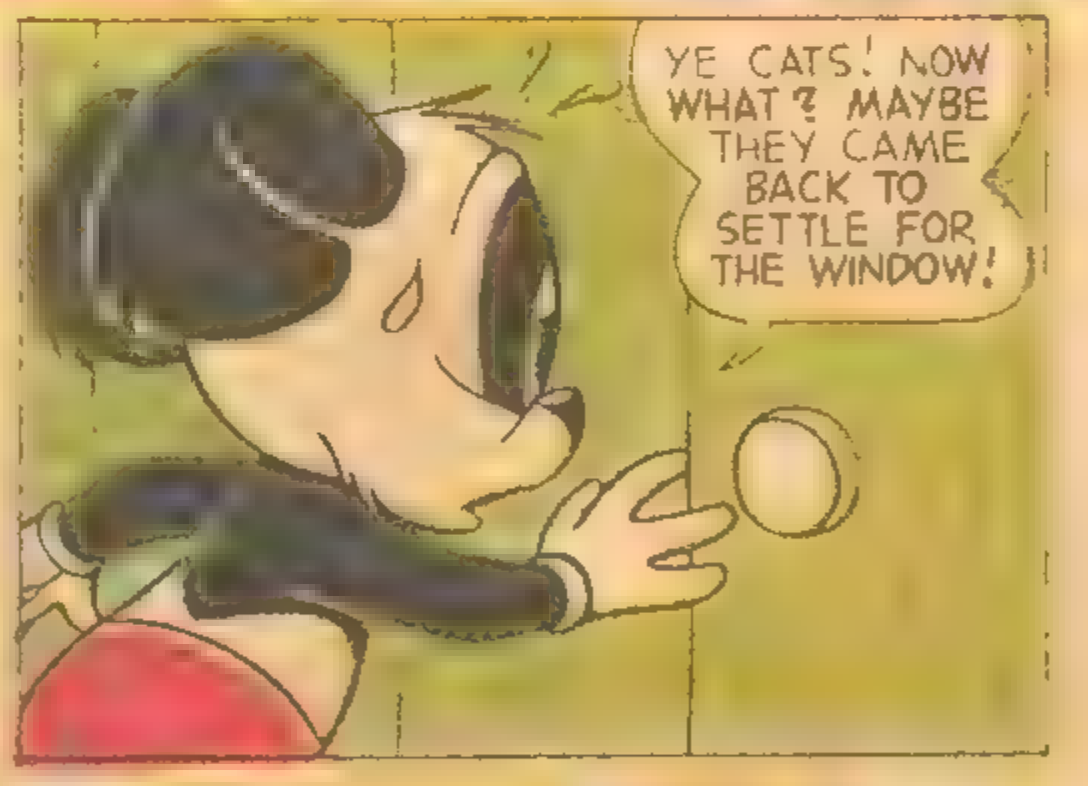

HEY, IN THERE! UNLESS YOU COME OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH BY THE TIME I COUNT THREE, WE'LL DYNAMITE THE PLACE! ONE! TWO!


WE SURRENDER!

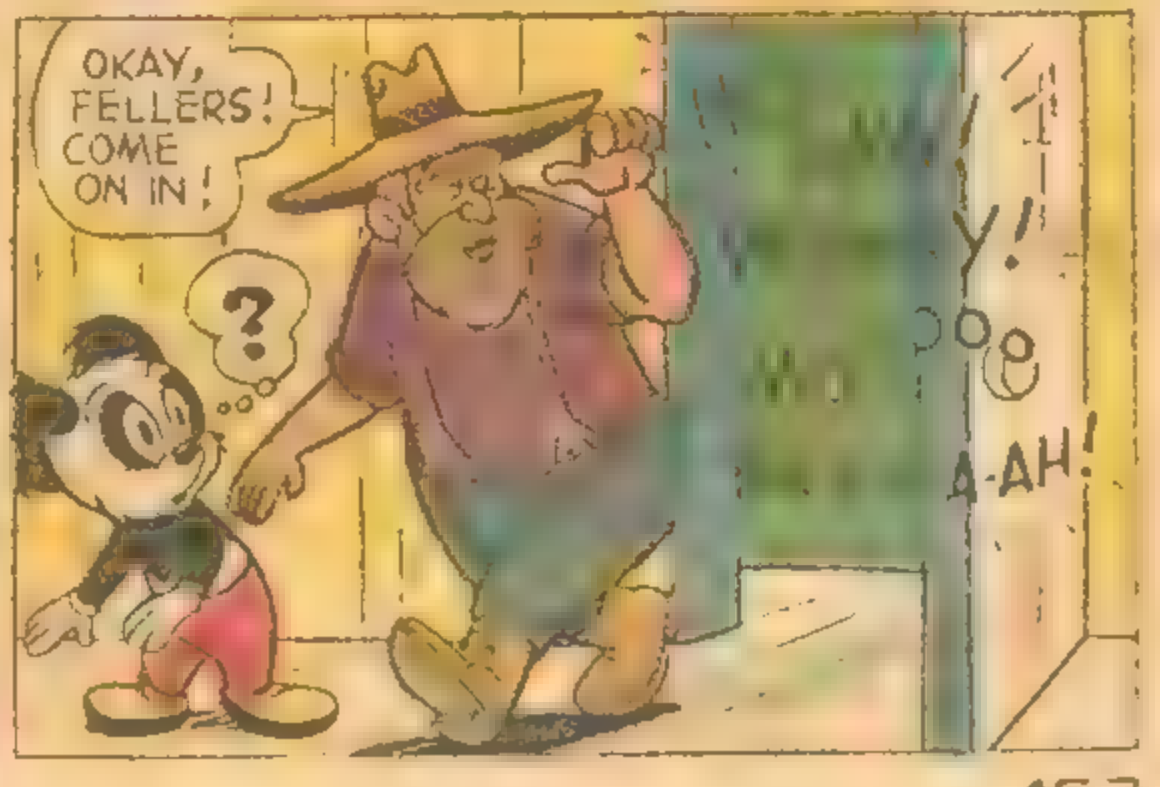
MINUTES LATER...
YOU JASPERS ARE GOING TO BE OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR A LONG SPELL!
BAH!
BAH!


THEY DIDN'T EVEN OFFER TO REPLACE THAT WINDOW! OH, WELL, GUESS I'LL CHALK IT OFF AS MY CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF LAW AND ORDER!


NOW LET'S SEE... WHERE WAS I ??
NOK!
NOK!
NOK!


YE CATS! NOW WHAT? MAYBE THEY CAME BACK TO SETTLE FOR THE WINDOW!

PARDON, BUB! CAN ME AN' MY FRIENDS HAVE A DRINK OF WATER?
WHY, ER, SURE! HELP YOURSELF AT THE SINK!


OKAY, FELLERS! COME ON IN!
?
Y!
A-AH!

DON'T CROWD! GET IN LINE!

SOMEWHAT LATER...

MUCH OBLIGED!

Y-YOU'RE WELCOME, I'M SURE!

SUFFERING CYCLONES! IT'LL TAKE A WEEK TO GET THIS PLACE BACK IN SHAPE AFTER THAT STAMPEDE! WHAT A DAY!

RATS! I'VE COMPLETELY LOST THAT IDEA I HAD! NOW I'LL HAVE TO SIT HERE FOR ANOTHER MONTH STARING AT THIS PIECE OF BLANK PAPER!

NOK! NOK! NOK!

OH, NO!

WHO COULD IT BE *THIS* TIME? A MAN FROM MARS?

YEOW!

FEAR NOT, EARTHLING! I COME IN PEACE!

MY SPACE SHIP IS IN THE FOREST! I WISH TO FIND YOUR LEADER!

IT CAN'T BE... BUT AFTER TODAY, I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING!

F-FOLLOW THE ROAD 40 MILES TO THE F-FREEWAY... TURN LEFT FOR ABOUT 2,000 MILES OR SO TO W-W-WASHINGTON!

THANK YOU, ANDY!

CLINK! CLANK!

WHEW! WAIT JUST A SUN-ORBITING MINUTE! HOW DID HE KNOW MY NAME? IT'S NOT ON THE MAILBOX OR ANYTHING!

I SMELL A LARGE RAT!

OH, MISTER SPACE MAN!

YES?

HAVE A NICE TRIP!

CRASH!

UGH!

SO! A BUCKET, AN OLD WASH TUB, AND SOME HUNKS OF STOVEPIPE PLUS CHARLIE CHICKEN EQUAL ONE PHONY MAN FROM MARS!

L-LET ME EXPLAIN!

I GUESS THAT BANDIT BIT AND THE THIRSTY STAMPEDE WAS YOUR DOING, TOO!

Y-YES! THEY'RE FROM A RANCH DOWN BELOW! I TALKED THEM INTO IT AS A GAG!

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP STIR UP A LI'L EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE, SO'S YOU'D HAVE SOMETHING ADVENTUROUS-LIKE TO WRITE ABOUT!

OH, BUT I *HAVE!*

MY BOOK IS GOING TO BE CALLED, "HOW I CHASED A CHICKEN FROM HERE TO TIMBUKTU!"

MAKE IT SIBERIA! IT'S *FARTHER!*

Knothead and Splinter

CHUCKLE CHEST

Tom: Why do you keep your bike near your bed at night?
John: Because I get tired when I walk in my sleep.

Riddle: When does a ship show affection?
Answer: When it hugs the shore.

Lady: I'd like to buy a ticket to Chicago.
Man: Would you like to go by Buffalo?
Lady: No, the bus will do.

Riddle: What has more lives than a cat?
Answer: A frog. It croaks every night.

Hank: A tramp came to our door and said he had not had a bite for three days.
Mack: What did you do for him?
Hank: I bit him, of course!

Riddle: Why is snow different from Sunday?
Answer: Because it can fall on any day of the week.

Jim: I haven't slept for days!
Tim: You must be very tired.
Jim: No. I sleep well at night!

Riddle: How do sailors clean their uniforms?
Answer: They toss them overboard and let them wash ashore.

Mike: I have been seeing spots before my eyes!
Pat: Have you ever seen your doctor?
Mike: No, just the spots!

Riddle: What happens to little girls who eat bullets?
Answer: Their hair grows out in bangs!

Mary: What would you do if you were in my shoes?
Suzy: I'd polish them!

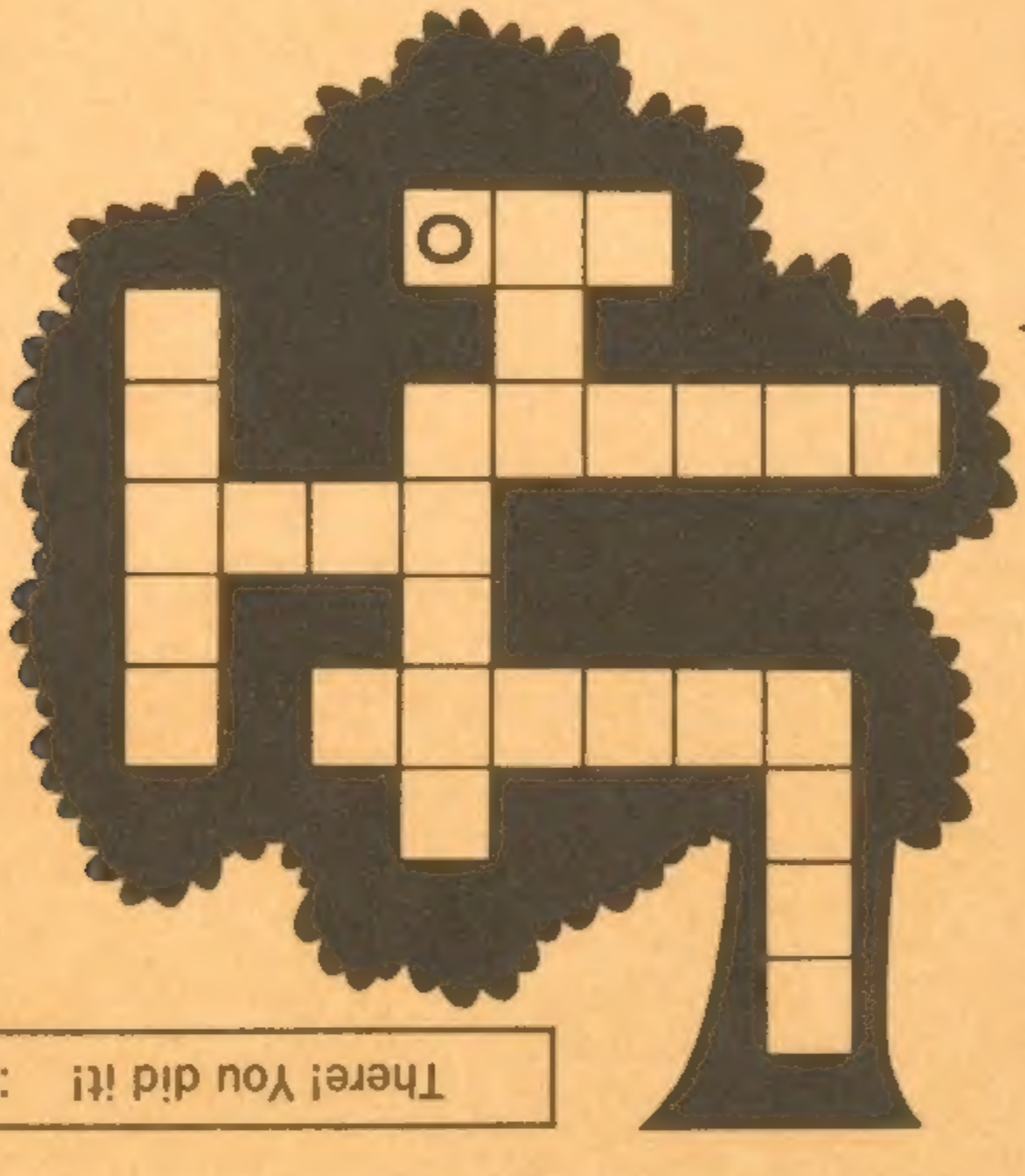
Man: Why did your railroad build this station so far out of town?
Conductor: They wanted it near the railroad tracks.

WOODY WOODPECKER®

PUZZLE TREE

Woody is an authority on trees. He has listed eight trees here, and there is only one way to fit them into the puzzle below. Try your luck . . . one letter has already been put in to get you started.

OAK
ASH
PINE
TEAK
CEDAR
MAPLE
CHERRY
WALNUT



ANSWER: There! You did it!

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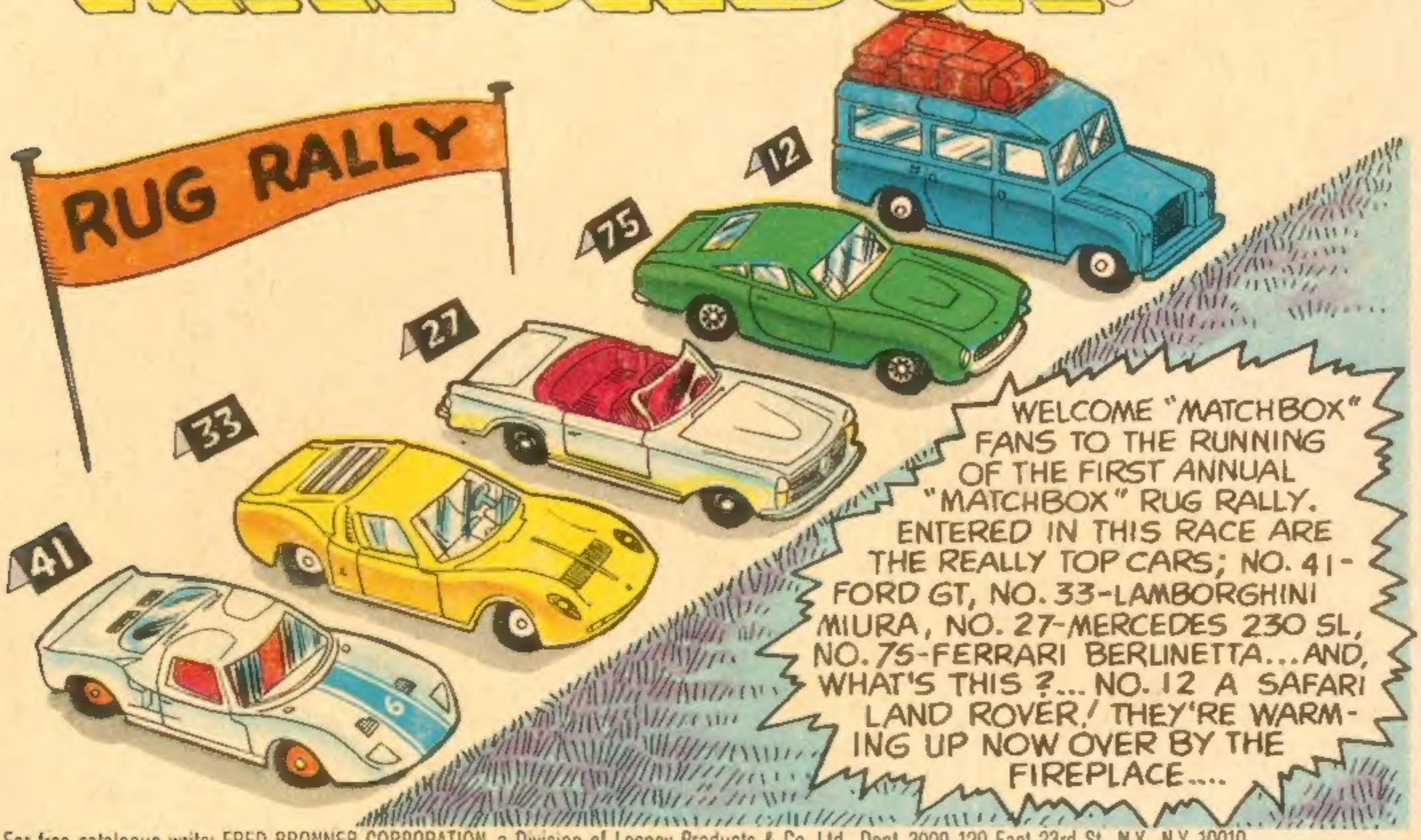
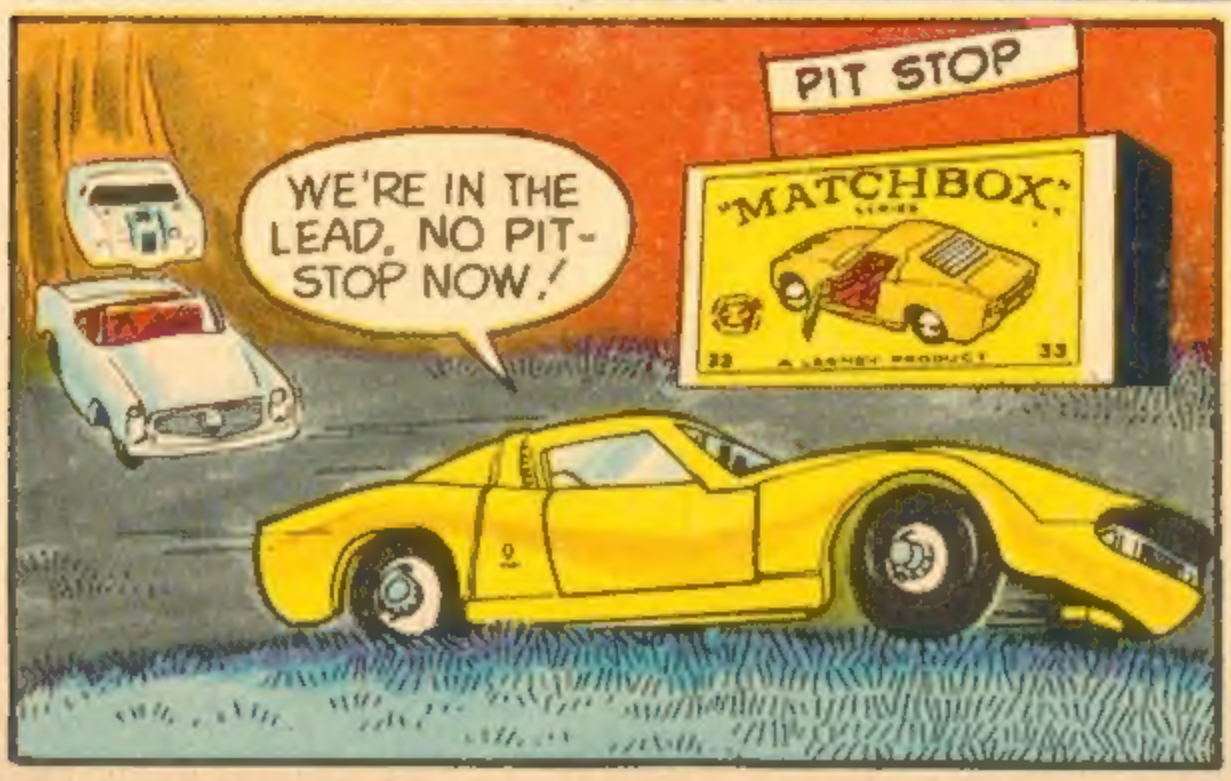
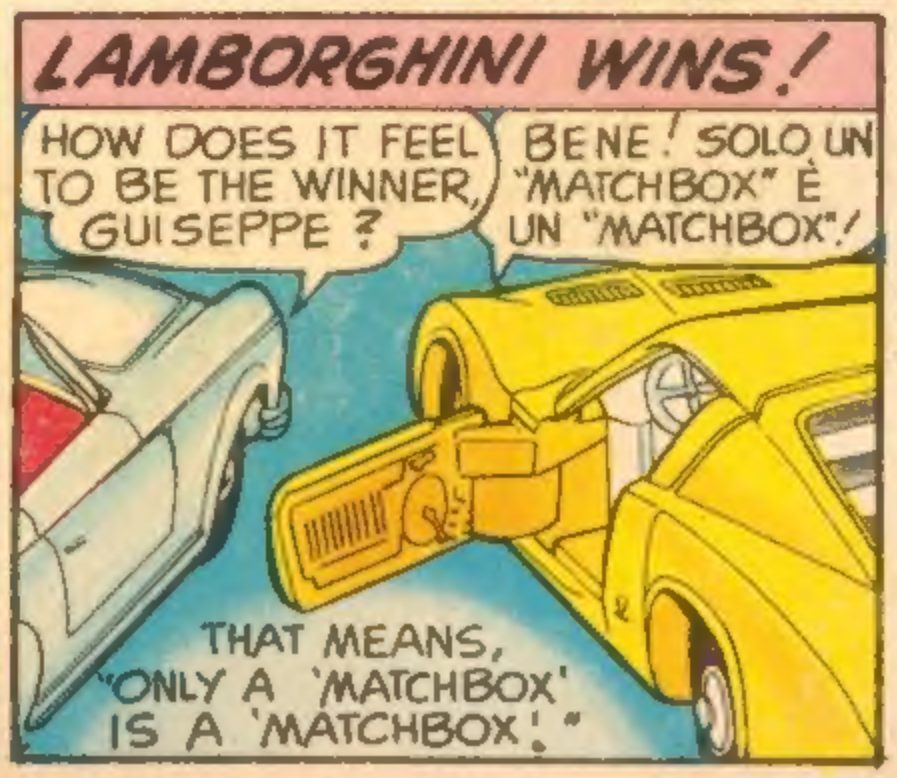
MIGHTY "MATCHBOX"®


RUG RALLY
12
75
27
33
41
WELCOME "MATCHBOX" FANS TO THE RUNNING OF THE FIRST ANNUAL "MATCHBOX" RUG RALLY. ENTERED IN THIS RACE ARE THE REALLY TOP CARS; NO. 41-FORD GT, NO. 33-LAMBORGHINI MIURA, NO. 27-MERCEDES 230 SL, NO. 75-FERRARI BERLINETTA...AND, WHAT'S THIS ?... NO. 12 A SAFARI LAND ROVER! THEY'RE WARMING UP NOW OVER BY THE FIREPLACE....

For free catalogue write: FRED BRONNER CORPORATION, a Division of Lesney Products & Co. Ltd., Dept. 3000, 120 East 23rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

THEY'RE OFF!
OOPS! TOUGH GOING THROUGH THAT SHAG!
OUR LAND ROVER HAS THE ADVANTAGE HERE.
SCREE
ECH!
LUCKY WE'VE GOT AUTO-STEER.
WHEE! WE NEED ALL THE TREAD WE CAN GET OVER PENCIL BRIDGE.




LAMBORGHINI WINS!
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE WINNER, GUISEPPE ?
BENE! SOLO UN "MATCHBOX" È UN "MATCHBOX"!
THAT MEANS, "ONLY A 'MATCHBOX' IS A 'MATCHBOX'."

titansfan scan